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THE REAL AMERICA IN ROMANCE

Volume XI

HUMBLED PRIDE

The Age of Aggression Abroad

By
JOHN R. MUSICK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
FREELAND A. CARTER

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PREFACE.

THE war of Independence gave the United States a political existence. The war of 1812 released the popular mind from any idea of a state of colonial subserviency. The war with Mexico developed the military genius of the American people, inspired confidence in their capacity to resist invasion, and elevated the republic to a position in European eyes, which a century of prosperity in the arts of peace would not have obtained for it. The campaigns of Taylor, Scott and Doniphan have few parallels in modern history. That a comparatively small body of men should penetrate into the heart of a nation, and defeat, in a dozen pitched battles, an enemy always fourfold its own in numbers is one of those events which at first appear to border on the miraculous, and which recall to memory the days when the Emins conquered Spain, when Gaul fell beneath the inroad of the Turks, when the Persian empire was shattered by the spear of Alexander.

That is one way of looking at the Mexican war,

and the way in which it was regarded forty years ago; but in the light of reason, humanity and justice, is there anything save the admiration of strategy, might and bravery in the Mexican war, to delight the patriotic heart of the honest-thinking American, who wishes to deal as fairly by nations as by individuals? Was the Mexican war really more than a war of conquest—a gigantic robbery of a nation by a nation? By it, the United States of America gained almost one-fourth of its present territory and some of its richest dominions; but was the spirit of justice and equity in the conquest?

The war of the Revolution was a war for independence and freedom from a dominant monarchy; the war of 1812 was fought to retain, or thoroughly establish what had been partially obtained in the first war; but, if not for the acquisition of territory, will some one please inform us what the war with Mexico was for? Texas, the bone of contention, notwithstanding that the treaties between Spain, France and the United States raised some nice questions of international law not to be discussed at this point, undoubtedly belonged to Mexico, when that republic gained its independence. Mexico was a nation of one religion, and certainly had a right to that religion, and when Moses and Stephen Austin and others gained per-

mission to plant American colonies in Texas, it was on the condition that the emigrants should become Catholics and teach the Spanish language in their schools. This part of the compact was violated with impunity, notwithstanding the protests of the clergy. That there were many dissolute Mexicans and half-breeds who plundered the American settlers and committed murders, one cannot doubt; but then we must remember that the Americans who hover on the frontier, are not always the best class of citizens, and when we come to look at the past with unprejudiced eyes, we suspect the Anglo-Saxon race was about equal to the Spanish. However, Texas revolted, and Mexico, just as did the United States in 1861 with her seceded States, attempted to whip her back into the Mexican Union. Santa Anna, whose authority was doubtful, was captured and forced to sign a treaty declaring the independence of Texas. There were two reasons for doubting the validity of the treaty. It is doubtful if Santa Anna had the authority to make it, and if he had, it was obtained under duress and was invalid. President Tyler, a man of vaulting ambition and flexible politics, yet a strong advocate of slavery, favored the annexation of Texas to the United States. The Senate justly rejected the proposition. President James K. Polk was elected on the issue of

annexation by the Democratic party, and annexation, war, misery and conquest were the result. As nearly all the acquired territory lies south of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes, within the slavery limits of the Missouri Compromise, there can be no doubt that the acquisition of the territory was for the purpose of extending the limits of slavery. The war was most popular in the slaveholding States, though when the call for volunteers came, other States took up the quarrel regardless of the justice or injustice of it.

The glory gained by the Mexican war is of a doubtful quality. Mexicans were not so far advanced in civilization as Americans. They were divided among themselves, and never presented a united front, and though some wonderful victories were gained by the American arms, yet, if there be such a thing as ethics in war, the American nation has little of which a nation can be proud in its struggle with Mexico.

The story of John, the runaway slave, was narrated to the author by a former resident of Boone County, Kentucky, who knew of the incident and was also acquainted with the chief actors.

The Estevans and Stevens, separated at Havana, Cuba, in 1561, are in this story united in the persons of Arthur Stevens and Madelina Estevan. As in preceding volumes of this series, the author

has endeavored to include all the history of the United States in this short period, covered by the romance "Humbled Pride."

JOHN R. MUSICK.

Kirksville, Mo., August, 1893.

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HUMBLED PRIDE.

CHAPTER I.

DR. TRUNNELS AND THE RUNAWAYS.

WITHIN an hour the sun would set behind a mass of green hills and dark forests, and a delightful day in May would close. The spring, according to the oldest settlers in Kentucky, had been "airly," and the famous "blue grass region" was now a mass of emerald and blooming flowers. Kentucky, in 1840, was, as it is to-day, noted for its hospitable men, fine horses and beautiful women. The Kentuckian's door was always open to the stranger, his board was always spread for the wayfarer, and no greater insult could be offered than pay for hospitality. That was the Kentuckian of fifty years ago. He

was brave, honest, hardy, patriotic and noble. He was an enemy to style, vanity, deceit, or treachery; but fifty years have brought new people into Kentucky, with new ideas, customs and manners, and it is no longer an insult to offer money remuneration for hospitality.

If the people have changed, the topography of the country has not. Kentucky in May is as glorious to-day as when, from the top of an eminence, Boone and his companions first beheld at a distance its beautiful lands.

> "Flowers of the fairest dyes,
> Trees clothed in richest greene,"

may greet the traveller's eyes to-day, as they did Daniel Boone.

Fernando Stevens was a well-to-do farmer in 1840. His plantation was quite extensive, for he had bought land while it was cheap, and, acting on the principle expressed by Mrs. Means in the "Hoosier School-Master" to "Git a plenty while you're a gitten," he had bought nearly a thousand acres in Boone county, built a fine country mansion on the old-fashioned southern plan, with a little village of negro quarters around it. Mr. Stevens was a slave owner; but perhaps a more generous master was never known. The agitation on the question of slavery had begun to shake the

nation, and though the moral question of slavery was seriously considered by Mr. Stevens, he had never felt its effects enough to liberate his slaves. His negroes were well-fed, well-clothed, and, when freed from the pernicious influence of white men and manipulators of "under-ground railroads," they were contented.

He never sold but one of his slaves, and that was a vicious fellow, who chose the southern market to the penitentiary. He had purchased many at their request, in order to unite separated families.

His young man John, a light mulatto, had been partially educated and could read, write and had some knowledge of arithmetic. John was eighteen years of age, just two years older than Mr. Stevens' oldest son Arthur, to whom he had been a companion more than a servant.

At the close of this bright May day, Arthur Stevens was sitting on the stiles in front of the great house, while John stood near his young master, holding a light fowling-piece in his hand. Arthur had a shot-pouch and powder-flask about his shoulder, and it was quite evident he had been hunting, as a brace of ducks lay at his feet.

It was not weariness so much as love of the picturesque and beautiful that caused Arthur to pause and gaze off to the setting sun. There was a pic-

ture to fill a poet with delight. The western horizon seemed a sea of vermilion and gold, save where the lines of green hills cut the sky. There was not in the wide world a valley more sweet than that lying on the north between those sun-clothed hills of emerald, vermilion and gold. In the bosom of the vale, the bright waters met the last ray of the departing sun, and the shadows beyond became a region of fancy, and Arthur, although he was a young, awkward country lad, gazed on the scene in silence, as if he feared to lose a single ray of the beauty.

The scene was changing rapidly, just as all things change. The valley grew from golden to gray, and the sunlight on the hill was disappearing, when the clatter of hoofs came ringing down the road.

Arthur quickly looked up and saw three mounted men coming at a gallop down the hill toward the house. They were armed with rifles, and there was something particularly savage in their appearance.

The mulatto who saw them remarked:

"There come Dr. Trunnels and Mr. Warren's two boys. I 'spect that something's gone wrong."

Before Arthur could make any response, the horsemen dashed up to the stiles and drew rein so suddenly, that the steel-toed shoes of their horses struck fire from the stony road.

"Arthur, where is your father?" asked Dr.

Trunnels, a man about forty years of age, with a fierce black eye and scowling brow. He was dressed in coarse homespun and looked like a frontier desperado.

"In the house."

"Here, fellow, go and tell your master I want to see him!" said Dr. Trunnels, turning on the negro John.

John bowed and, mounting the steps, started toward the house.

"Go quick, you rascal, or I'll stir your stumps with a whip!"

"What's the matter, Dr. Trunnels?" Arthur asked, for he could see by the flushed face of the horseman, that some event of more than ordinary moment had transpired.

"The infernal abolitionists have been at their work again."

Before he had time to say more a man about forty-five years of age came hurriedly down the white-pebbled walk, through the avenue of cedars to the stiles; while Dr. Trunnels sat on his restless spirited horse, frequently muttering some low imprecation.

"Major Stevens, things have come to a fine pass!" declared Trunnels.

"What has gone amiss, doctor?" asked Major Stevens.

"Can it be possible you have not heard the latest news?"

"I have heard nothing."

"The infernal abolitionists have run off three of Mr. Warren's niggers."

"Can it be possible?" asked the major in amazement.

"It is true. Here are the sons of Mr. Warren and they will bear me out in the statement."

James Warren, the oldest of the brothers, answered:

"It must be true, major, for three of the field hands have been missing all day."

"Have you just started in pursuit?" asked the major.

"Yes, sir."

"It seems rather late. When did you miss them?"

"They failed to come to work this morning; but one had been complaining for several days, and we thought him sick; the other two asked permission to go to Bissel's plantation last night, to see their wives."

At this, Dr. Trunnels burst forth in a towering passion.

"It was all trick, Major Stevens; there can be no mistake; it was all a trick on the part of the abolitionists to steal our niggers." The use of the

possessive pronoun on the part of Dr. Trunnels was a little out of place, considering that he had not a negro to his name. The doctor was a bachelor worth forty or fifty thousand dollars, enjoying an excellent practice, and at the same time a speculator. Fifty years ago there was no man better known in Boone County, Kentucky, than Dr. Trunnels. His wealth and his peculiar magnetism enabled him to wield a wonderful influence over people in his county. He was one of the most ardent haters of abolitionists in all Kentucky, and was never known to refuse to shoulder his gun, mount his horse and ride day and night to recover a runaway slave.

Never had Major Stevens seen Dr. Trunnels in a greater passion than now.

"Major, you must go with us," he declared. "We'll hang the abolitionists to the first tree we come to, if we find them. There comes that yellow nigger of yours—don't let him hear of it or it will put devilment into his head."

Major Stevens smilingly answered:

"I have no fear of the abolitionists coaxing John away, doctor. I don't think any inducement that could be brought to bear would take my negroes from me.

"You don't know," cried the doctor. "Niggers are niggers,—and the abolitionists bewitch 'em

with ideas of freedom. Once get a little devilment in a nigger's head, and it will grow, like Jack's beanstalk, in a night. Drive him back!"

More to please the excited doctor than from any fears of his servant imbibing dangerous ideas, he ordered John to the house. The slave obeyed.

"Now, major, won't you go with us? I am quite sure we will find them between this and the Ohio line."

"Of course I'll go."

"And you too, Arthur. You may as well learn to hang nigger thieves now as at any time."

Like all boys, Arthur was eager for a wild ride at night. The right or wrong, morals or immorals of the matter never once entered his head. He was in for anything which promised fun and excitement. Of course he would go. He could ride the wildest colt on the farm, and handle a rifle as well as a man. Though but sixteen, he was almost a man in stature. Tall, straight as an arrow, with a steady, clear blue eye, and cheek which danger never blanched.

"Can't I go, father?" he asked.

"Certainly, Arthur. Tell John to saddle the roan colt for you and the bay mare for me."

It was not so much the desire of Major Stevens to capture the runaway negroes, though of course he wanted to restore his neighbor's property to

him, as it was to capture the abductors, whom he regarded as the very worst species of outlaws imaginable.

Views held in Kentucky fifty years ago were quite at variance with views held on the slavery question to-day. The great trouble between the North and South has always been that they never understood each other. Fifty years ago, negroes in the South were property, according to law, as much as lands, tenements, horses, cattle, or railroads. They were not only property, but constituted the chief wealth of the southern States. People of the South looked on the abolitionists as men acting from malice and revenge, rather than from higher motives. On the other hand, the real abolitionist was actuated by a humane, Christian, unselfish principle. Both parties justified their conduct by conscience. Major Stevens, though admitting that, in the abstract, slavery was wrong, condemned the methods adopted by the more fanatical abolitionists of running negroes off in defiance of law. It might be all right from moral convictions to agitate the question of slavery, pass laws for gradual emancipation or any other means to cure the country of the blighting incubus; but, as an honest, law-abiding citizen, he did not believe in people taking the law into their own hands.

Dr. Trunnels declared that slavery was a divine institution, and that the abolitionists acted from hatred and prejudice, rather than real convictions of conscience.

John saddled the horses, and Arthur got the guns, and they set out on the long night ride in pursuit of the abolitionists. Dr. Trunnels, who had participated in many such affairs, took command of the expedition.

"We are a little late," he said as the cavalcade galloped away; "but I hope we will overhaul them before they reach the river."

The night was still, and the stars shone from a cloudless sky. Dr. Trunnels was silent most of the time, during the long night's ride. About five or six miles from the home of Major Stevens, they came to a house which stood several rods off the road. This house was the property of Dr. Trunnels, occupied by a tenant.

"Wait here for a while," said Dr. Trunnels, handing his rein to James Warren. "I will return soon."

He went to the house, knocked and was admitted. For a few moments he was engaged in a conversation with some one. His companions were a little mystified, until the doctor came back.

"They are not more than an hour ahead of us," said the doctor.

Major Stevens did not ask how he gained his information. After a ride of six or eight miles further, the doctor again halted at a house and, leaving his companions, roused a man and held a short consultation with him.

"We are losing," he said on returning. "The rogues have played a clever trick; but we may get them at the ferry."

Springing into the saddle, he rode furiously along a narrow path for two or three miles, when, suddenly, he called a halt and asked:

"Do you hear a noise?"

"I don't," answered the major.

"I believe they are hiding here."

"It would be impossible to find them in this darkness," said the major.

"I wish we had some bloodhounds. I tell you we cannot get along without dogs," declared Dr. Trunnels. "We must tear the black rascals to pieces."

"I am certain it would be better to go to the ferry and watch for them."

For a moment the doctor was silent, as if listening for some sound; then he said:

"Major, I don't know which ferry they will make for."

"Would it not be well to rouse the country and guard all?"

"That is the plan, major," the doctor declared in a tone of voice that indicated great relief. "We will guard every post possible."

As they were nearest Delhi Ferry, they rode with all speed to that point and left Arthur and James Warren there, while Dr. Trunnels went with the others to Fernbank, where he left Major Stevens to rouse the country and guard this point. He dropped Henry Warren at the Sekitan road and thundered on. Dr. Trunnels was tireless in his exertions. He seemed a man who never wearied in well doing, and was so enthusiastic in his support of the slaveholders, that he was regarded as their leader. He went on from point to point, rousing the people and putting all on their guard, so that, before day dawned, he had fully two hundred armed men guarding every ferry, cross-road and point, where it would be possible for a runaway to escape.

Arthur passed a sleepless night in the saddle, or sitting on the river bank watching for the runaways. It seemed as if day would never dawn. A hundred times he found himself dozing and nodding, to wake with a start and a shiver. The night air was cold, even though it was May; but day came at last, and he went to a house on the river bank for breakfast.

At noon, word came along the line that the

fugitives had escaped across into Ohio, and were flying to Canada.

"It's all over," said Mr. Ryon, who had turned out to help capture the runaways. "Them niggers are gone. I'm not a-gwine to risk my neck over in that abolition State to bring 'em back, either."

"It wouldn't be any use," answered Mr. Smythe, a large Kentuckian. "We'd have all our trouble for nothing. We'd better stay on our own side."

"But what are we gwine to do?" Mr. Ryon asked. "The abolitionists are running away our niggers all the time. I declare it'll break us bodaciously up."

Mr. Smythe thought that the best plan would be to make the yoke of slavery so light and pleasant that negroes would refuse freedom when offered. Major Stevens had never yet lost a slave, and was the most lenient of all masters. His negroes had from sunset Saturday night to sunrise Monday morning to themselves. He gave them privilege to go whither they would. Many thrifty negroes earned money by doing extra work, after their task was done, while others acquired property by pilfering.

From the Missouri Compromise, down to 1861, the American republic was in a constant ferment over the question of slavery. There was not a

more critical moment, in the history of the United States, arising from the violence of domestic excitement, than in the agitation of the Missouri question, from 1818 to 1821. Though called the Missouri question, it was by no means a local affair, as it concerned the welfare of the entire republic.

In order that the reader may have a clearer idea of the events represented in this chapter, and to come, we will ask for a moment to direct his attention to that event. The Legislature of Missouri of 1818–19 petitioned congress for the passage of a law authorizing the organization of a State government. Upon this, a bill was accordingly introduced for that purpose, to which an amendment was made by Mr. Talmadge, of New York, prohibiting slavery within the new State. This passed the house, but was arrested in the senate.

The excitement, not only in congress, but throughout the country, was intense, and for eighteen months agitated the union from one extreme to the other. Many of the northern States called meetings and published spirited resolutions expressive of their fears of perpetual slavery.

The arguments on both sides were forcible. On one hand it was maintained, that the compromise of the federal constitution regarding slavery respected only its existing limits at the time, and

that it was not the intention of the framers of the constitution to have the domain of slavery extended on that basis; that the fundamental principles of the American Revolution and the government and its institutions erected upon it were hostile to slavery; that the compromise of the constitution was simply a toleration of things that were, and not a basis for things that were to be; that these securities of slavery as it existed would be forfeited by an extension of the system; that the honor before the world and its moral influence with mankind in favor of freedom were identified with the advocacy of principles of universal emancipation; that the act of 1787, which established the territorial government north and west of the Ohio prohibiting slavery forever therefrom was a public recognition and avowal of the principles and designs of the people of the United States in regard to the new States and territories north and west; and the proposal to establish slavery in Missouri was a violation of all these great fundamental principles.

On the other hand, it was maintained that slavery was incorporated in the system of society, as established in Louisiana, which comprehended the territory of Missouri, when purchased from France in 1803; that the faith of the United States was pledged by treaty to all the inhabitants of that

wide domain, to maintain their rights and privileges on the same footing with the people of the rest of the country; and, consequently, that slavery, being a part of their State society, it would be a violation of engagements to abolish it without their consent. Nor could the government, as they maintained, prescribe the abolition of slavery to any part of said territory, as a condition of being erected into a State, if they were otherwise entitled to it. It might as well, they said, be required of them to abolish any other municipal regulation, or to annihilate any other attribute of sovereignty. If the government had made an ill-advised treaty in the purchase of Louisiana, they maintained it would be manifest injustice to make its citizens suffer on that account. They claimed that they were received as a slaveholding community, on the same footing with the slave States, and that the existence or non-existence of slavery could not be made a question, when they presented themselves at the door of the capitol of the republic for a State charter.

After much bitter and acrimonious discussion in congress, the question was, mainly through the exertions of Henry Clay, settled, as such questions usually are, by a compromise, unsatisfactory to either party. A bill passed for the admission of Missouri, without any restrictions as to slavery,

but prohibiting it throughout the United States north of latitude thirty-six degrees, thirty minutes.

At this period, not one-fourth of the population of Missouri owned or held slaves; many were opposed to slavery as a measure of State policy; but even all these, with a very few exceptions, had been determined to resist what they regarded an arbitrary stretch of congressional power.

Missouri was not declared independent until August, 1821. Previously to the passage of the bill for its admission, the people had formed a State constitution, a provision of which required the legislature to pass a law "to prevent free negroes from coming to and settling in the State." When the constitution was presented to congress, this provision was strenuously opposed. The contest occupied a great part of the session; but Missouri was finally admitted on the condition that no laws should be passed by which any free citizen of the United States should be prevented from enjoying those rights within the State to which they were entitled by the constitution of the United States.

Though the quarrel commenced twenty years before the opening of this story it had been growing in intensity all the while. It was one of the ills which time failed to cure, and the sons and grandsons of the men who inaugurated the quarrel were to fight it out to a finish in after years.

There were good men in the South who honestly believed that the warfare made on slavery was more through prejudice and jealousy than from any religious feelings in the matter. The South was proud, rich and opulent. Their chief wealth was in slaves and they believed the northern men were envious of them. Once more the cavalier hated the Puritan with his strict morals and firm conviction that he was essentially his brother's keeper. Of all the original "fire-eaters" of the South, none exceeded Trunnels. His opposition to the abolitionists made him popular, and his zeal in hunting runaway negroes made him the idol of the people, so that he could have held any office in the gift of Boone county. Dr. Trunnels, however, had no political aspirations, and declined to accept any office of profit, honor or trust.

The doctor was the last to give up the runaways as beyond recall. He joined Major Stevens and Arthur about noon with a brow as black as a thundercloud.

"They are gone, major," he said in a tone of voice that was husky with pent-up rage. "We have lost them this time; but we will catch the thieves and hang them yet."

"There is nothing to do now, doctor," the major answered, "but to go home and increase our vigilance in the future."

"That is all."

Dr. Trunnels spoke almost sadly. They rode slowly homeward. If ever there were a picture of chagrin and disappointment, it was expressed by Dr. William Trunnels, as he rode with lowered head and an air of complete depression. Half the distance was traversed in silence, then, suddenly turning to Major Stevens, the doctor said:

"Major, you may think it strange that I, who have no slaves, should be so exercised over these matters; but our interests are all identical. I see in the loss of the property of my neighbors a personal loss to myself. Whatever detracts from the prosperity of an individual, detracts from the prosperity of the community, and whatever injures the community injures the individual. This has been my philosophy through life. Many who have seen my conduct attribute it to noble, unselfish motives of friendship—I never deserved such praise. I have been actuated by the reasoning that whatever injures my neighbor injures me."

"Dr. Trunnels, I am confused and mystified at these strange runaways."

Dr. Trunnels gave him a curious look and answered:

"They are mysterious, major!"

"And confined to our locality, too."

"That is perhaps easily accounted for. Boone

county, being surrounded on the North and West by a free State with only the river to cross, is an easy place to escape from."

"Yet Kenton and Campbell counties lie within this same bend of the Ohio, and they are not subject to these constant runaways."

Dr. Trunnels heaved a sigh and hoped they would some time be able to clear up the mystery.

"I wish we had the infernal abolitionists in our power. We'd hang them."

Arthur Stevens rode silently behind his father and the doctor, hardly realizing the importance of the expedition from which they were returning. He never asked himself what would have been the result had they caught the runaways and their helpers. He had heard of such events and read about them in the papers. Usually there was a little powder burned, and sometimes a hanging. Tragedies were not uncommon in those days. He did not look on the matter in the light of human beings seeking freedom. No such thought entered his mind. Negroes were considered property, and much better off as slaves than free. One negro who had purchased his freedom was actually so discontented that he returned to Major Stevens and wanted to sell himself back into slavery; but the fellow had acquired vicious habits with his free-

dom, and was sent back to Ohio to fight life's battle for himself.

Arthur supposed that the extreme views of Dr. Trunnels must be right, and that freedom would be a calamity to the negro.

When they reached the home of Major Stevens, Dr. Trunnels said:

"Major, there will be a meeting of some of our people at the schoolhouse to-night. We must organize a vigilance committee, a company of patrols, or do something to check this infernal thieving."

The major, who was a very conservative man, thought that plan would not effect so much as other means might.

"Very well, major; come out to-night and express your views, whatever they may be."

Major Stevens consented to go, and the doctor galloped down the road to his own home. Though Dr. Trunnels was a bachelor, he lived in ease and elegance. His house was a model of a Kentucky mansion. In those days the wealth was in the country rather than town. Gentlemen and ladies lived in country mansions, with fine horses and elegant equipages and slaves, like the knights and cavaliers of old. Now they reside in cities and palaces, and their amusements are theatres and balls instead of fox hunts.

Dr. Trunnels was a mystery to everybody; many a good old dame had puzzled her brain to conjure up some reason for his remaining a bachelor, when so many of Kentucky's belles had sought to ensnare him into matrimony. There were some grave hints as to the doctor's morals; but his friends declared this to be slander. Some of his tenants were unworthy and dissolute people, whom the neighbors often threatened to drive out of the country. The doctor owned half a dozen plantations or farms occupied by tenants. How he had gained his wealth was a mystery to every one, for although he had enjoyed a fair practice, he could never have made his fortune by it in such a short time. Some hard things were said of Dr. Trunnels; but his zeal in hunting runaway negroes and abolitionists covered up his faults and made him many friends. That he was in earnest no one questioned, for two years before the escape of Joseph Warren's negroes, two men from the North were detected in trying to seduce some negroes into running away, and were arrested and thrown into jail. That night a mob of masked men, that every one declared was headed by Dr. Trunnels, invaded the jail, took out the offenders and hung them.

At the appointed hour the schoolhouse which stood at the crossroads was lighted with a dozen tallow candles, and men and large boys began to

assemble. Some came on horseback, and some on foot. There were many veterans of the late war with England present. Heroes of New Orleans came with their long rifles, the selfsame weapons which did such excellent service against Packenham.

Dr. Trunnels came early, and in a few moments the meeting was called to order with Major Stevens in the chair. Arthur had come to look on and see what they did, though in reality he had little interest in the affair, until Dr. Trunnels arose to address the meeting on what should be done. He was calm and mild at first, but gradually, as he got warmed up, he grew vehement and furious.

"Something must be done, Mr. Chairman," he said. "On that point all agree, but as to just what that something should be we differ. Our rights are invaded by a secret, invisible foe who seeks to ruin our prosperity. These cursed Yankees may be content to steal a few niggers now; but ere long they will be for invading the South in a body—the bludgeon against the rapier—the crop-eared Puritan against the Cavalier. I say, curse the Pilgrim fathers and the whole canting breed of them! The South has had to fight them in congress ever since the government was formed, and now the canting devils and hypocrites are sending secret emissaries among us to plunder us. The South

has paid two-thirds of the revenues of government; has furnished all the presidents; has built up the shipping and manufactures of New England; and now these people have grown presumptuous and greedy—they want to put to death the bird that lays the golden egg and get all at once, or at least humble those whom they seem to heartily despise." His speech now assumed a violent and incendiary form, in which he spoke of ropes, bullets and knives. In conclusion he suggested the formation of a vigilance committee, or an organization of patrols to watch the negroes with power to disperse an assembly of them, by any sort of violence.

Mr. Henderson thought that they might accomplish their purpose better, by treating their negroes with more leniency, and giving them greater privileges. Mr. Ryon declared that he intended selling all his slaves and removing to Missouri. Mr. Smythe thought he would emigrate with his slaves to Missouri where he would be free from the pernicious influences which seemed to threaten the loss of all.

Major Stevens was the last to express his views on the matter. He said:

"Gentlemen, there is a mystery about the matter which is unfathomable. The runaways from Boone county are not like the runaways from other parts

of the South. When a slave escapes this neighborhood, he is never heard from again. He seems to utterly pass off the stage of existence. Others

"LET US FIND THE RASCALS AND HANG THEM."

sometimes capture their slaves and bring them back, we never do. They often hear of them in Ohio or in Canada, but ours seem to be utterly annihilated. They are never seen, never heard from. There is some mystery about it, which we

can't fathom, yet which has the semblance of a deep conspiracy to rob us. The slaves who escape are likely young men, faithful, trusty fellows, whom one would not think could be induced to leave their masters. I beg to urge your consideration of the peculiarity and mystery of this affair and ask you to investigate the matter carefully, and let us solve this problem."

The major's remark put strange thoughts into the heads of many, and after the meeting broke up Dr. Trunnels took the major's hand and said:

"Major, I thank you for those wise remarks. I wish I could be cool-headed like you; but I cannot. Let us find the rascals and hang them."

Major Stevens withdrew his hand as soon as politeness would admit, and turned away. He knew not why; but he did not like him. His hand was cold and disagreeable to the touch.

CHAPTER II.

FROM ADAMS TO VAN BUREN.

Major Fernando Stevens was not a Kentuckian by birth, but a native of Massachusetts, though in early childhood his parents emigrated to Ohio. He had more of western than New England instincts. While a student at Baltimore, he was captured on the Maryland coast by a British frigate and impressed into the English navy, where he served for four years, escaping just before the breaking out of the war of 1812. He served in that war in a regiment of Ohio and Kentucky volunteers and rose to the rank of major, by which title he was known to his death. He married at the close of the war, and, in company with his wife's father, Mr. Hugh St. Mark, and a mutual friend, Captain Felix Lane, embarked in the business of manufacturing in Massachusetts.

They began business at a critical time in the history of the republic, for the country was in a transition state from that of war to one of peace. The demand for domestic manufactures and the

high prices obtained for them during the war, had stimulated that particular industry, and many manufacturing establishments had been nurtured into vigorous life. When the war was ended, there being no restraining tariff to protect home industries, European manufactures came like a flood in quantity and at prices so low, that competition was impossible, and that industry was suddenly overwhelmed in disaster. Thousands of men and women were compelled to seek other employments, and many turned their eyes and their hopes to the millions of fertile acres beyond the Alleghany Mountains, where sure wealth, or at least a competence, awaited the tiller's industry and skill. Bankrupts sought and found relief in the pursuits of agriculture. Homes in the East were deserted by swarms of sturdy people; and emigration flowed over the mountains in a broad and continuous stream. Thus the great West began its wonderful career. What was death to the New England manufacturing interests was life to the undeveloped West.

Major Stevens had just embarked his all and the money of his friends in the manufacturing interests when the crash came. Factories were dead; they could not pay expenses; yet he was shrewd enough to see the calamity in time to partially provide against it.

He had purchased a large tract of land in Boone county, Kentucky, and from the wreck he saved enough to start a plantation. Mr. St. Mark, his wife's father, and Captain Lane, his best friend, both died shortly after the financial panic, and he removed to Kentucky.

A distant relative of Major Stevens living in Kentucky, greatly admiring the major as a brave soldier of 1812, made him his heir, he being childless. Among his other property were eleven negroes. These were the first slaves the major had ever owned, and, perhaps, if he had not inherited them, he never would have been a slaveholder; having them, he felt compelled to keep them.

He could have given them their freedom, but as a result of his observations of free negroes he had a poor opinion of them. He had seen many in Ohio, drunken, worthless vagabonds, a majority of them making miserable livings by odd jobs and pilfering.

The major was prosperous, honest and respected and honored by all who knew him. He supported John Quincy Adams for president in 1824, the year his oldest son Arthur was born. Arthur was his third child, his first two being daughters.

John Quincy Adams, as the reader knows, was a son of John Adams, the second president of the United States. Mr. Adams entered upon his

duties as president March 4th, 1825. The principal presidential contest of 1824 was between Henry Clay and Andrew Jackson. Jackson was defeated by the manipulation of Clay, who threw his influence to Adams, the third man, and for this the senate refused to confirm Clay's appointment as secretary of state.

Early in the administration of Mr. Adams, there was trouble with Georgia and the Cherokee and Creek Indians. The greedy Georgians were anxious to possess the lands of the Indians and earnestly demanded their removal. The agitation began in 1825 and continued until the unfortunate Indians, who at this time were practising civilization, had churches, and schoolhouses and farms, were removed into their present reservations in the Indian Territory.

It was at the beginning of Mr. Adams' administration that the greatest work of internal improvement ever undertaken in any country in the interest of commerce was completed. This was the Erie canal, which traverses the State of New York in an eastern and western line, three hundred and sixty miles, between Buffalo and Albany, and connects the waters of the great upper lakes and those of the Hudson River by a navigable stream. It was constructed by the State of New York at a cost of $7,600,000; and it was the consummation

of a scheme which General Philip Schuyler (the father of the canal system), Elkanah Watson, Gouverneur Morris, Jesse Howley, De Witt Clinton and others had cherished for years. The completion of the canal was followed by a grand dedicatorial ceremony and procession from Albany to the sea, called the wedding of the lakes with the ocean.

On July 4th, 1826, just fifty years, almost to an hour, after the Declaration of Independence, two of America's great statesmen died almost at the same time. One was John Adams the president's father, and the other Thomas Jefferson, the father of the present democratic party. Both were members of the committee to draft the Declaration of Independence, and both had been president of the United States.

The most important foreign policy of Mr. Adams' administration was the appointment of commissioners to attend a congress of representatives of the South American Republics, which assembled at Panama, on the Pacific coast, on the 22d of June, 1826. The result of the congress was not important, yet it was the beginning of what is called the Pan-American Congress.

The American system, or what is to-day known as the protective tariff system (a system of protection and encouragement for American factories, by means of high duties imposed on fabrics made

abroad and imported into the United States), was fully developed and assumed the form of a national policy late in the administration of Mr. Adams.

In the autumn of 1828, Andrew Jackson, the hero of New Orleans, was elected to succeed Mr. Adams, with John C. Calhoun as vice-president. Mr. Adams was a candidate for re-election, and the canvass was so exciting that a stranger to our institutions might have thought the nation on the verge of a civil war.

On March 4th, 1829, Andrew Jackson was inaugurated president. When a lad, Jackson served in the war for independence; and when he proceeded from his lodgings in Washington City to the capitol, to be inaugurated, he was escorted by surviving officers and soldiers of that war. His valorous deeds in the second war for independence (1812–15) were remembered by the soldiers of the later war, and they thronged the national capital on that day to witness the exaltation of the chief.

Jackson's administration was a vigorous one, and astonished his friends as well as alarmed his enemies. In history, Jackson ranks well as a military man and as a statesman. It is a dangerous thing for a republic to elect a strictly military man as a ruler. One who has spent his life in the army cannot often be a statesman. He becomes arbitrary in the course of things, wields a hand of

iron, consults no will but his own, and expects the people to obey him instead of obeying the people. But Jackson was as much of a civilian as a soldier, and had a comprehensive grasp of the wants of the nation. He swept his political opponents out of office, and only required to know of a new applicant that he was "honest and capable." His foreign policy was indicated in his instructions to Louis McLane, his first minister to England, in which he said:

ANDREW JACKSON.

"Ask for nothing but what is right, and submit to nothing that is wrong."

He was so decided in his opinions and actions—so positive in character—that he was thoroughly loved or hated; and for eight years he braved the fierce tempest that arose out of partisan strifes, domestic perplexities and foreign arrogance, with a skill and courage which challenged the admiration of his enemies.

In his first administration the object of the Georgians was consummated in the removal of the Cherokees. The Cherokees refused for a long time to give up their comfortable homes and move to the wilderness beyond the Mississippi. They never

did want to do so, and the Ridges and Boudinots who signed the treaty to do this were assassinated or exiled. The whole proceeding from beginning to end is a story of oppression and wrong on the part of the Americans. Historians throw a mantle of charity about our shoulders by saying "An amicable settlement was finally reached; and under the mild coercion of General Winfield Scott and several thousand troops, the Cherokees left Georgia in 1838, and went to lands assigned them, well toward the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, where they still remain with the Creeks, Choctaws, and others as their neighbors." The author of this book has spent many days in company with aged Cherokees and listened to their stories of the "amicable agreement," and "mild coercion," with soldiers and bayonets, and in the face of history, and General Scott's official reports, he has grave doubts that there was anything amicable, or mild about it.

Jackson early began a war on the United States Bank, which he waged with fury, until it went out of existence. The charter was never renewed by Congress, though the discussion on the subject for several years kept the commercial community in a state of feverish excitement.

Another act of oppression and misrepresentation in 1832 brought about a war on the frontier with

Sacs and Fox Indians called the Black Hawk war. Some white traders at St. Louis, according to the Indians' story, made some petty chiefs drunk, and for goods worth not more than a thousand dollars bought their lands. Black Hawk claimed that these Indians were not in authority, and had no right to convey their lands, and offered to restore the goods paid for them. But the aggressive and avaricious white man had little regard to the justice of his claims. At his back were the courts and armies of a powerful nation to sustain him. Driven to desperation Black Hawk, the fierce Sac chief, with a few followers, took up the hatchet, but was defeated by the United States troops, his people removed beyond the Mississippi into what is now the State of Iowa, and Black Hawk was captured.*

About this time began a conflict which shook the republic to its centre, and later on threatened its destruction. The baleful doctrine of State sovereignty, or State supremacy, formulated in the first constitution of the republic, known as the articles of confederation, and discarded in the second constitution, yet prevailed, especially in South

* A few years ago the author met Chickuskuk, one of Black Hawk's warriors, who gave him much unpublished information on the war. His vivid description of the assault on the steamboat *Warrior* and Black Hawk's last battle are thrilling, but would be too long for insertion here.

Carolinia; where John C. Calhoun was its most earnest exponent. Discontents growing out of the tariff acts, and crystallized by the alchemy of this doctrine, assumed the concrete form of incipient rebellion against the national government, when, in the spring of 1832, an act of congress imposed additional duties on imported textile fabrics. A State convention of delegates was held in South Carolinia in November following, at which it was declared that the tariff acts were unconstitutional, and therefore null and void; and it was resolved that no duties should be collected in the port of Charleston by the national government. It was also proclaimed that any attempt to enforce the law would meet armed resistance, and cause the secession of South Carolinia from the Union. The State Legislature, which met soon afterward passed laws in support of this declaration, and military preparations were made for the purpose. Civil war seemed inevitable; but the president met the exigency with his usual promptness and vigor. On the 10th of December he issued a proclamation denying the right of any State to nullify an act of the national government, and warned those engaged in the movement in South Carolinia that the laws of the United States would be enforced by military power if necessary. The "nullifiers" yielded to necessity for the moment; but their zeal and de-

termination were not abated. The public mind was racked with anxiety, until Henry Clay appeared as a pacificator, by offering a bill (February 12, 1833) which provided for a gradual reduction of the obnoxious duties during the next ten years. This compromise was accepted by both parties and the bill became a law.

In the autumn of 1832, Jackson was re-elected to the presidency with Martin Van Buren as vice-president. It was early in his second administration that President Jackson renewed his war on the United States Bank. He ordered his secretary of the treasury to withdraw the funds and place them in certain State banks, and because he would not, removed him and appointed R. B. Taney in his place. The removal of the funds began in October, 1833, and a large portion was drawn out in four months; the remainder in five months more. A wonderful excitement and general commercial distress prevailed. The amount of the loans of the bank was over $60,000,000 when the removal began; and so intricate were the relations of that institution with the business of the country, that when the functions of the bank were paralyzed, all commercial operations felt a deadening shock.

The stubborn president would yield to no appeal to modify his plans. When urged by mer-

chants, mechanics and manufacturers, he is quoted as saying:

"The government can give no relief nor provide a remedy; the banks are the occasion of the evils which exist, and those who have suffered by trading largely on borrowed capital ought to break; you have no one to blame but yourselves."

The transferring of the government funds to the State banks did not lessen the coils of the credit system. Soon the panic which resulted from the removal of funds from the United States Bank subsided. The State banks loaned largely, money became plenty and business on borrowed capital brisk. As prosperity follows financial depression, so panic follows prosperity. In July, 1836, the famous "Specie Circular" went out from the Treasury Department, directing all collectors of public revenues to receive nothing but coin. American houses in London failed for millions; in 1839, the United States Bank, chartered by the legislature of Pennsylvania, went down dragging down in its ruin a large number of the State banks of the country.

The Florida war began before the financial trouble. An attempt made to move the Seminoles of Florida to the reservation beyond the Mississippi resulted in a long and bloody conflict. In the spring of 1832, some of the Seminole chiefs, in

council, were induced to make a treaty by which they agreed to leave Florida. Osceola and a great body of the nation declared that the treaty being made without their consent was not binding, and resolved to stay. In 1834, General Wiley Thompson was sent to Florida with troops to prepare for a forcible removal of the Seminoles. Osceola stirred up the nation to resistance.

The first blow was struck in December, 1835.

The Indians began plundering and murdering the settlers on the borders of the Florida everglades. On December 28th, 1835, Major Dade with one hundred men was drawn into an ambuscade and only four of his men escaped, the others with the major were slain. The four who escaped afterward died from the effects of the encounter. On the same day, Osceola surprised and killed General Thompson and five others near Fort King, about sixty miles southwest of St. Augustine. Osceola killed and scalped General Thompson with his own hand. Three days later, General Clinch had a sharp fight with the Seminoles on the Withlacoochee; and on the last day of February, 1836, General Gaines was assailed at the same place.

The Creeks helped their brethren in Florida by attacking white settlers within their ancient domain, in the spring of 1836. Made bold by success, they extended their depredations, and murderous

forays into Georgia and parts of Alabama, attacking mail carriers on horseback, stage coaches and steamboats, and even destroyed villages and towns.

General Scott was in command of the army in the South, and he prosecuted the war with so much vigor against the Creeks that they were soon subdued; and during the summer of 1836, thousands of them were removed to the wilderness west of the Mississippi.

The Seminoles in the everglades and dark morasses of Florida, where a white man scarce could live, for a long time defied the powers of the United States troops. General Call of Georgia led about two thousand militia and volunteers from that State against the Seminoles. Near the spot where Dade's command was massacred, a detachment of this force had a severe conflict with the Indians, which like other encounters in the swampy fortresses, was indecisive.

The troops suffered fearfully from miasmatic fevers, the bites of venomous serpents, and stings of insects, and the year 1836 closed with no prospects of peace. In March, 1837, several chiefs appeared before General Jesup, then in command at Fort Dade, and signed a treaty, which was intended to secure peace and the immediate removal of the Seminoles.

Osceola caused this treaty to be violated, and war renewed. During the summer of 1837, General Jesup by an act of treachery succeeded in arresting Osceola while visiting him under a flag of truce. The patriotic savage, who fought (in his savage way) for his home, was sent to Charleston, where he died of fever in prison.

The Seminoles continued to resist although nine thousand United States soldiers were in their territory. Colonel Zachary Taylor (afterward president of the United States) succeeded Jesup. He severely chastised the Indians on the northern border of Macaco Lake. For more than two years Taylor and his men labored to bring the war to a close in vain. Treaties made by one Indian were not held binding by the others. The Indians were captured like wild animals, put in irons and sent to the present Seminole reservation in the Indian territory. John Jumper, who was, in 1836, principal chief of the Seminoles, was arrested and sent to the Indian Territory by Taylor in irons. A treaty was made by the Indians in 1839; but the Indians still continued their depredations. It was not until 1842 that a permanent peace was secured, when scores of valuable lives and millions of treasure had been wasted in a war that had its origin in the injustice of the white man toward his dusky neighbor. Many of the Seminoles still inhabit the

everglades of Florida and regard themselves a proud, unconquered race.

Jackson's foreign policy was thoroughly American. We have had none since, that was its equal. He placed the nation in the front rank of powers. From France he demanded the indemnity for damages caused by the various decrees of Napoleon, amounting to $5,000,000. The affair was settled in 1836. Portugal and the King of Naples were also brought to a just appreciation of American power and firmness.

During Jackson's administration, two new States were admitted to the union, making in all twenty-six. These were Arkansas, June, 1836, and Michigan, January, 1837.

Politics had already come to excite wide attention in America. Local and national politicians were many. With Andrew Jackson, the Republican party of Jefferson was changed in name to the Democratic party, which name it has retained ever since, if not all of its principles. For fifty years the nation had been like a great volcano after an eruption cooling down, and shaping and forming. Men hardly knew what their political persuasions were. New issues were constantly rising and shaping and forming the destiny of men, parties and the nation.

Even in Jackson's time, the great Democratic

party became divided. In 1835, there arose in its ranks, in the City of New York a combination opposed to all moneyed institutions and monopolies of every sort. They were the successors of the workingmen's party of 1829, and called themselves the "Equal Rights party." They acted with much caution and secrecy in their opposition to the powerful national Democratic party. They never rose above the dignity of a faction, and their first decided demonstration was made in Tammany Hall, one evening at the close of October, 1835, when the "Equal Rights" men objected to some names on the ticket to be put before the people. There was a struggle for the chair, which the "regulars" obtained, declared their ticket and resolutions adopted, and then attempted to adjourn their meeting and put out the lights. The opposition were prepared for this emergency by having "loco-foco," or friction matches, in their pockets, with which they immediately restored light, placed their leader in the chair, adopted an "Equal Rights" Democratic ticket and passed strong resolutions against all monopolies. The faction was ever after known as the "Loco Focos," and the name was afterward applied by the Whigs to the whole Democratic party.

Andrew Jackson was the exemplification of stubbornness. So loud was the public clamor

against the "Specie Circular," that a bill for the partial repeal of that measure was passed by both houses of congress at near the close of the session in 1837. The president refused to sign the bill; and to prevent its becoming a law by a two-thirds vote after he should veto it, he kept it in his hands until congress adjourned. His message giving his reasons for withholding his signature was dated "March 3, 1837, a quarter before 12 P.M." The exercise of such arbitrary power in a president is inexcusable and borders on tyranny and monarchism.

After his term of office expired, Jackson retired to his home "The Hermitage in Tennessee," where he died in June, 1845, at the age of seventy-eight years.

In the autumn of 1836, Martin Van Buren was elected president. The people failing to elect a vice-president, the senate chose Richard M. Johnson of Kentucky for that office.

Van Buren was of the old Dutch stock of New York. Hitherto the presidents had been of English descent, who had been personally engaged in the war for independence.

The 4th of March, 1837, was bright and serene, and Van Buren rode from the Presidential mansion to the capitol by the side of the venerable General Jackson, in a phaeton made largely of wood of the

frigate *Constitution*, which the political friends of the general had presented him.

Van Buren began his administration at an inauspicious time, for the fearful commercial revolution caused by Jackson's policy had just begun. Within two months after he took his seat, there were failures in New York City to the amount of more than one hundred million dollars. Only fifteen months before, property to the amount of more than twenty millions of dollars had been consumed by a great fire, which occurred in December, 1835, when more than five hundred buildings were destroyed. The effect of these losses and failures were felt in every part of the union.

Peaceful relations between the United States and Great Britain, which had existed for many years were somewhat disturbed in the first and second years of Van Buren's administration, growing out of a Canadian revolt, the avowed object of which was to achieve independence from British rule. The Americans sympathized with the Canadians, and individuals and companies went across the border and joined the insurgents; while refugees from Canada were protected in America. Though the revolt was almost simultaneous in both upper and lower Canada, local jealousies prevented a unity of action, and the scheme failed. The active

and open sympathy of the people of the United States irritated the British government, and President Van Buren issued a proclamation, warning Americans not to violate neutrality and international laws.

Among the many stirring incidents on the frontier during that outbreak in Canada, the most conspicuous was on the bosom of the Niagara river. A party of Americans, seven hundred in number, with twenty cannon, took possession of Navy Island, in that stream, two miles above the Great Falls. They had a small steamboat, the *Caroline*, that plied between the Island and Scholosser, on the New York shore. One dark night in December, 1837, a party of royalists crossed from Canada, set the *Caroline* on fire, cut her loose from her moorings, and allowed her to go blazing down the fearful rapids and over the crown of the mighty cataracts into the seething gulf below. Many people declared that there were persons on board the vessel when she went over.

A second cause for unpleasantness between the United States and Great Britain was a long-standing dispute concerning the true boundary between the State of Maine and the province of New Brunswick. The inhabitants of each frontier had become so exasperated, that, at the close of 1838, they were preparing for actual war. In the win-

ter of 1839, General Scott was sent as a pacificator, and the dispute was settled by a treaty negotiated by Daniel Webster and Lord Ashburton, the same year. Provision was made in the treaty for the co-operation of the two governments in the suppression of the African slave trade; also for the giving up of fugitives from justice, in certain cases. This treaty is known in history as the "Ashburton Treaty."

Major Fernando Stevens having been an American officer in the second war with England and his father before him having been a soldier in the War of the Revolution, entertained in his heart a great deal of American hostility toward his English cousins, and more than once expressed a wish that Canada might gain her independence.

His oldest son Arthur, being a scion of a long race of warriors, early found his heart stirred by the tramp of carnage. Even so early as the Black Hawk war, and early part of the Florida war, he wished he was old enough to be a soldier. He had heard so many stories of wild struggles related by his father, that he, too, longed to be a warrior. When trouble over the Canadian revolt was threatened, he was only thirteen.

"If it could only be postponed four or five years, I would be old enough," he said.

Then came wild, exciting stories growing out of

the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick two years later.

He was fifteen now.

"I believe I could go in a year or two," he thought. "I will yet be a soldier."

But the Ashburton Treaty destroyed that hope, and now, early in 1840, we find the youth at sixteen enjoying no more exciting pastime than hunting squirrels and runaway negroes. The son of Mars sighed for war.

"I wonder if I can ever be a soldier," he asked himself. "I suppose father has fought all the battles. Like Alexander he has conquered all the world and left nothing for me to do, save to go chasing about the country with Dr. Trunnels trying to bring back runaways, which we never do."

CHAPTER III.

ARTHUR'S MISHAPS.

ARTHUR at sixteen was a tall and ungainly-looking lad. He was modest to bashfulness, clumsy and awkward, with a decidedly verdant appearance. His little knowledge of society and his disposition to meditation made him retired. Though Arthur was awkward, bashful and backward, he was a deep thinker, and a good student at school. He had a fair knowledge of the written history of his country, and in the arts and sciences taught in that day was quite proficient.

He heard politics talked, of course; what American boy has not? He thought much on the inexplicable question of State Supremacy, Free Soil, the American System, the United States Bank and Jackson's financial policy. He heard such master statesmen as Clay and Webster addressing the vast crowds of people on those great questions.

From such minds he drank in more wisdom than can be gathered from published speeches. He heard the voices of those orators, saw their faces

flamed with earnestness, but it never occurred to him that they were really great men. Arthur had but one standard of a hero and that was the soldier. What were Clay, Webster, or Calhoun compared with Brown, Jackson, or even "Dick Johnson," as the hero of the Thames was familiarly called?

A new political party had been born, called "The Whig" party. This party was formed in 1836. The name "Whig" was adopted by the "National Republicans" probably as indicative of their contest with the national executive. As the English Whigs had declared that the power of the throne "had increased, was increasing and ought to be diminished," so the new American Whigs protested against the alleged arbitrary assumption of the power by the president.

The very name Whig was pleasing to the patriotic ear of Arthur Stevens. Somehow it was indissolubly connected with the Whig patriots of the Revolution as against their opponents the Tories against whom he inherited a bitter hatred. He inherited his political ideas, as, unfortunately, too many Americans do. The tendency to follow in the footsteps of our fathers is destructive to reason and free thought, and advancement.

The Democratic convention of 1840 nominated President Van Buren at Baltimore for re-election. The Whig convention held at Harrisburg in Penn-

sylvania, nominated General William Henry Harrison of Ohio for President and John Tyler of Virginia for Vice-President.

Soon after the great canvass of 1840 had commenced, Arthur asked his father:

"Father, are you a Loco Foco?" *

"No."

"You will vote for General Harrison?"

"Yes, my son. I served under General Harrison during the late war, and all his soldiers will vote for him."

"I'm glad, father. I hope they'll elect him."

"Why are you interested in politics so early, my son?"

"Because I am a Whig. Washington, Marion and Sumter and all the great men of the Revolution were Whigs. The Loco Focos must be Tories."

Major Stevens smiled, but, being busy, did not take time to explain the difference between a Revolutionary Whig and a Whig of 1840, nor the wide distinction between a Democrat and a revolutionary Tory.

A few days later his son came home with a badly bruised eye and his face showing the indication of finger nails and knuckles.

"Arthur, what have you been doing?" demanded the major.

*Democrat.

"Fighting," was the cool answer.

"Fighting, you young rascal; haven't I forbidden you fighting?"

"Father, didn't you fight for your country?"

With a smile, the major, who began to understand the *casus belli*, said: "So this is the result of a political difference, is it?"

"That was it, father."

"With whom was this forcible argument?"

"Ben Ryon. You know Ben is a Loco Foco."

"I supposed, as his father was a Democrat, he would be; but as neither of you can exercise the right of citizenship for four or five years, I don't see any occasion for these early encounters."

"We may just as well commence now, father, and have it settled before we are old enough to vote. I told Ben he was a Loco Foco and that was only another word for Tory. He told me I was a liar; well, no Kentuckian would take that. We went at it, and though Ben's a year older than I, I got him down at last, and gave him a good beating; but he swore though I killed him, he would never admit he was a Tory."

The face of Major Stevens became grave. He saw that he had made a great mistake in not explaining the difference between Whigs and Tories of the Revolution, and Whigs and Democrats of the day.

"Arthur, you did very wrong, and you must go to Ben, admit it, and ask his pardon."

"Why?"

"You called him a Tory, when he is as loyal to his country as you. The Democratic party is a part of the Whig party before the Revolution."

It was some time before Arthur could get all the nice points through his head; but at last he fully comprehended them, and went to Ben Ryon, admitted his wrong, and they became better friends than ever.

There was not a more enthusiastic Whig during the famous "Hard Cider Campaign," than Arthur Stevens. The canvass was a very exciting one, and the method of carrying it on by the Whigs was exceedingly demoralizing. Because Harrison lived in the West, and his residence was formerly a log-cabin, such a structure became the symbol of his party; and because of his proverbial hospitality, that quality was symbolized by a barrel of hard cider, often mixed with whiskey. Log-cabins were erected all over the country as places for political gatherings, and rivers of cider drank in them. Young and old freely partook of the beverage, and the meetings were often mere drunken carousals, that were injurious to all, and especially to the youth. Many a drunkard in after years could trace the beginning of his ruin to that "Hard

Cider Campaign" of 1840. Demagogues, as usual, had made the people believe that a change in administration would restore prosperity to the country, and they adroitly held the administration of Van Buren responsible for nearly all the woes the country was suffering.

Van Buren was perhaps the worst maligned and misrepresented president we ever had. Jackson's stubbornness, if not mismanagement, had involved the country in almost financial ruin. Van Buren took the helm of the ship of state in one of the most trying times, and he steered through some of the most dangerous crises we have ever experienced. In point of ability, he was far superior to Harrison, who was an overrated man, and sixty-eight years of age.

But enthusiasm, as is usually the case in presidential campaigns, supplanted reason. "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," resounded from hill to valley, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and the people were wild.

Arthur sorely regretted that he was not old enough to vote for General Harrison, just because he was in command at the battle of Tippecanoe, which viewed in the light of a battle is insignificant.

"Father, can't I do something to help elect Harrison and Tyler, even if I can't vote?" asked the youth.

"Certainly."

"What is it?" he asked eagerly.

Major Stevens, who had some shrewd ideas of politics, answered:

"Arthur, if you are really so enthusiastic to do General Harrison a service, look up some Democrat, who is going to support Van Buren, and put all your time and attention to changing him. If you do that, it is as good as two votes, and better than voting yourself."

The idea struck Arthur quite forcibly, and he at once began to look about for a suitable subject to practise upon. At last he remembered that there was an Irish-American who had been naturalized, living not more than five miles from his father's plantation in a log cabin at the head waters of a creek. Arthur had frequently taken Patrick McKune with him on hunting and fishing expeditions, and was on the best of terms with him.

Arthur mounted his horse next day and galloped along the wooded road. A few moments brought him in sight of a cabin near the banks of a creek. It was a miserable hut, showing indolence and lack of thrift. Standing in the door left open to admit the light, was a short, thickset man with features decidedly Hibernian, smoking a short black pipe, while his wife was engaged in her culinary duties.

This man could not have been over twenty-four or -five years of age; but of that it would be hazardous to guess. His head seemed to have settled down between his shoulders a trifle too far to permit him to sit as a model for a sculptor, though by no means impairing his strength or powers of endurance. There was something so odd about his appearance and manner, that one would be convinced at the first glance that he was a character.

"Good morning, Pat," cried Arthur, drawing rein.

"Good mornin' to yez, misthur Arthur. Is it some fine hunt ye've got on foot now?" asked Pat, coming out from the door to where Arthur had dismounted by a big log.

"No, Pat, I came to see you."

"To see me? begorra, here I am. Let us sit on this cushion seat, me boy, while ye inform me yer business," said Pat, sitting on the log.

Arthur, like all shrewd politicians, became remarkably democratic in principle, if not in name, and, taking a seat on the log by the Irishman's side, after a word or two of fulsome praise of the Irishman's location, and abode, which caused the owner's eyes to twinkle, he asked:

"Pat, are you a Loco Foco?"

Pat, after two or three whiffs at his pipe, answered:

"No, I'm a Dimicrat."

"Why?"

"Begorra, I don't know," and the puzzled look on Pat's face was comical to behold.

"PAT, ARE YOU A LOCO FOCO?"

There are many such politicians in America.

"Why won't you be a Whig, Pat?"

Pat shook his head stubbornly and declared:

"Divil a bit uv a Whig for me. I'm a Dimicrat. The Dimicratic doctrines are the principles for liberty and ould Ireland foriver."

We will not give a detailed account of the long discussion between Arthur and Pat; but none of the young Whig's argument was potent until he mentioned hard cider. This touched the vulnerable point in Pat's Democratic armor. He consented to go with Arthur to one of the meetings next day across the river.

Arthur, with his father's gig, took the Irishman to the "speaking." The place was a vast grove in which thousands were assembled. There were log cabins on wheels, with coonskins on the sides, and vast procession after procession pouring in.

Barrels of hard cider were on every hand for each to help himself. Bands were playing, banners waving, choruses singing and people shouting.

Streamers were stretched from tree to tree bearing the words "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." Pat was not long in catching the general enthusiasm, and after four or five cups of cider, he threw up his hat and yelled:

"Hurrah for Gineral Harrison and ould Ireland foriver!"

In a few moments after their arrival, Arthur missed his substitute as he called Pat, who became lost in a crowd of enthusiastic Whigs. Arthur

went to the grand stand to listen to the speeches for two hours, and then set out to find his convert.

Loud yells from a vast crowd of half drunken Whigs at last drew his attention to one of the improvised log cabins, where a sight met his gaze, which caused Arthur to smile.

A barrel of cider had been placed in a sort of rack made of four sticks, around which was a throng of half-drunken men and boys, shouting and yelling until they were hoarse. Seated on an end of the barrel, his trousers stuffed in his boot legs, his high-crowned white hat set on the back of his head, a glass of cider in one hand, was his substitute, wild, roaring drunk.

Between the shouts, one could hear something like: "What is all this great commotion-motion-motion?"

Then the remainder was drowned save the word "ocean."

At last, with a roar, Pat and the whole crowd struck up the chorus:

"It's Tippecanoe
And Tyler too."

It ended with a crash. Over came the barrel by the giving way of one of the props, and Arthur's helpless substitute was hurled upon the ground.

He got up, waved his hat and yelled:

"Hurrah for Gineral Harrison and ould Ireland foriver!"

After some difficulty, Arthur got his enthusiastic convert into the vehicle and drove him home. Next morning at breakfast Arthur told his father what an easy task he had had, in converting the Irishman.

"Don't be too sure, Arthur," said the major.

"He is a Whig, father. He is the most enthusiastic of any."

"But you are never sure of him until he has cast his vote. His conversion is too sudden to last. The Loco Focos will watch him and may steal your substitute yet."

"I will take care they don't," cried Arthur, his face flaming with indignation. "I will see that Pat attends every meeting and hears every speech."

"Cider is more effective than speeches in his case!" answered the major.

"Then he shall swim in it."

There was another great political rally over in Ohio, and Arthur with his substitute set out for the speaking. It was like the others. Grand processions, vast concourses of log cabins on wheels, coonskins, barrels of cider, tin horns and everything calculated to make a noise. Arthur and his substitute volunteered to roll the great ball.

Now exactly what that great ball which they were to roll for miles, had to do with the welfare of the nation, the most profound philosopher has never been able to tell; but Arthur and Pat supposed it played some very important part. At every cabin met in the procession, and they were frequent, they paused to drink cider, until at last Arthur became confused in his ideas, and he found himself in a village tavern at the bar. How he ever came there he was not certain. He knew not what had become of his companion, who seemed to have disappeared in the general confusion which befogged Arthur's brain.

"Young man, what will you take to drink?" asked a big fellow called "Old Kentuck."

"I—I thank you, sir—I—I don't—don't drink," faltered the unhappy Arthur.

"Are you for Tippecanoe and Tyler too?"

"Yes, hurraw!" and Arthur made a feeble effort to cheer.

"Then you'll drink with me."

Arthur was duly marched up to the bar, plied with a bumper of strong brandy and then released. His pale face flushed into a more healthy color, and as he felt a considerable feeling of assurance growing within him, he took several turns about the room, scanned the advertisements for runaway negroes on the wall, and gazed at the buildings in

the capitol square. As his roving glances settled on one small building, he noticed the outlines were of a fuzzy, indistinct appearance. His spirits rose and he became talkative to a degree, expatiating largely upon the affairs of State and the abilities and characteristics of statesmen. The sayings and doings of congressmen and in the president's cabinet seemed to be no secret to him.

In an unguarded moment, he struck up the everlasting "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" song, which caused him to be seized by the coat collar, dragged to the bar and made drink something which gave him a very pugnacious feeling.

Arthur took one or two turns about the room in a sort of unsteady military strut, and gazed again from the window at the building before noticed by him. To his manifest amazement there were the house and a double. He rubbed his eyes, looked again,—yes positively, there were two of them, though they were both of a very foggy, undecided appearance indeed. He, however, allowed the incident to pass without remark, and devoted his attention to making friends with every one in the office, offering cigars indiscriminately and without the least regard to expense. If a man refused to recognize his advances toward acquaintanceship, his pride was sorely touched, his combativeness was excited, he wished to resent the insult. He

was not afraid, no, sir. He wanted to box with himself in the mirror behind the bar, and made pugilistic demonstrations at his shadow over the counter.

Espying his first acquaintance, he set sail across the room for him, and by a series of skilful tacks from side to side arrived in his vicinity. Putting on an air of wonderful importance, he slapped "Old Kentuck" on the shoulder and, with an air of brazen impudence, bawled:

"You ain't no Loco Foco, are you?"

"Nary a bit. Come and drink."

Without knowing what he was saying, Arthur answered:

"Oh, yes, certainly—certainly, sir."

"Barkeeper, the old Bourbon whiskey!"

A third time Arthur's glass was filled and, without waiting for his companion to say, "Your health, sir," drained it, while "Old Kentuck" poured the contents of his tumbler into the slop basin. After swallowing this third monstrous dose, Arthur seemed to become more or less confused in his ideas. His knees became unsteady and very apt to give out when he least expected it. Happening to take a third look out at the window, he noticed still stranger optical phenomena than before. The edifice which had previously attracted his attention was accompanied by some half a score

of other similar buildings, and all were rapidly revolving on a common axis, interspersed at frequent intervals with stars and coruscations of an amusing character. While hanging on to the bars which ran across the window and shouting: "Hooray for—hic—Tippecanoe and Tyler too!" he lost his recollection and awoke next morning in bed, with the ever faithful Pat at his side, as drunk as himself.

This was only one disgusting scene of the "Hard cider" and "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," nonsense campaign. Arthur and Pat went to their homes as soon as they could. The youth determined to refrain from drinking any more; but he never relaxed in his enthusiasm. He clung close to Pat and renewed his spiritual strength whenever he found it wavering, and it frequently wavered, for Pat often found his tendencies to democracy getting the better of him.

But at last, Arthur was quite sure Pat was completely won. On two or three occasions, the Irishman had made short speeches at country schoolhouses, where the poorer classes of whites assembled.

Arthur's enthusiasm for the Whigs gave him a reputation which spread all over Boone and adjoining counties. He was sent for by Mr. Plausaby, a candidate for legislature in an adjoining county

to assist in a grand rally, at which they were to have fireworks at night. Arthur was an expert in making transparencies, rolling balls and managing fireworks. This rally was on Saturday and lasted until late in the night, then, as he lived quite a distance away, Mr. Plausaby took the youth home with him to become his guest until Monday.

Next morning, Arthur was horrified to find that Mr. Plausaby had three daughters aged, respectively, nineteen, seventeen and fifteen. He had never dared "look at a girl," and was so bashful at breakfast that he upset a glass of milk, dropped his napkin, and, in trying to recover it, his fork. Mrs. Plausaby came to the relief of the bashful youth, and, before the meal was over, he had managed to inspect each of the daughters. Miss Lizzie, eldest, was tall, with a face too short to be oval, and a complexion that was decidedly florid. Her neck was long and her shoulders round; her lips were too short to cover her teeth, and her eyes of a pale blue matched her pale, flaxen hair. Her sister Cynthia was an insipid-looking girl with weak eyes and a scowl on her face, more from her nearsightedness, however, than ill temper. Lydia, the youngest, was short and plump, and her nose had a decided upward tendency; her face was broad and freckled and her hair a fiery red.

Certainly there never was three homelier creatures

seen, and Arthur was sure he was not likely to fall in love with them. Mr. Plausaby, during the morning meal, began to launch out on a political discourse, when Mrs. P. halted him with a reminder that this was the Holy Sabbath, and worldly matters should not be discussed.

Mr. Plausaby was loyal to his wife's feelings, and said no more on the subject. He yielded the field to her. Mrs. Plausaby was a devout Catholic and seldom missed a service at the little church at the village three and a half miles distant.

"You are a Protestant, ain't you, Mr. Stevens?" asked Mrs. Plausaby.

"Yes, ma'am!" Arthur answered, trying hard to hide his face from the three girls, who were looking at him, he knew.

"Wall, now, we don't care for that, do we, Benedict?"

"Oh, no!" Mr. Plausaby answered.

"Were you ever at a Catholic service?"

"No, ma'am."

"Wouldn't you like to go? I reckon it would be a monkey show to you."

Without dreaming there was any danger of his falling into a trap, the bashful youth said:

"Certainly, I would like to go."

"Very well, you and Lizzie can go in the buggy."

Arthur almost lost his breath. He choked. He take Miss Lizzie three miles and a half in a buggy, both sit in the same seat? How could he? Had she bidden him swim the Ohio in December it would have been more agreeable; but there was no way to escape it. Each feeble excuse, such as it might not be agreeable to Miss Lizzie, or he had better go on home—he didn't wish to trespass—all were swept aside, and go he must.

With heart wildly beating, he heard the negro boy announce that the horse and buggy were ready, and he found Miss Lizzie in her new Leghorn bonnet and blue calico frock, ready. How he ever reached the buggy, got in with her and drove off, he never exactly knew; but after awhile he found himself sitting at Miss Lizzie's side, breathing quite comfortably again. They spoke six words each on the way, and Arthur had come to feel that he was a hero. Miss Lizzie was a very susceptible young lady, but quiet. She was plain almost to ugliness, and though she was three years older than Arthur, he was her first beau. She determined therefore to show him off to the best possible advantage.

The old folks stood on the front porch and watched the young pair off, and then Mrs. Plausaby began to bustle about and get dinner.

Arthur reached the church. It stood in a grove

of tall young oaks, walnuts and hickories. He would willingly have given the best negro his father owned, to be safely seated in the pew. The whole thing was new to him, the girl, the Catholic church, and all. He knew enough to get out of the vehicle and hand Miss Lizzie out; but he forgot to tie the horse, until she told him it might run away. Being thus reminded, he left Miss Lizzie standing about half way between the buggy and the church, and went back to tie the horse, while a crowd of boys, who stood under some trees watching them, began to whisper and snicker.

Men can do desperate things when driven to it, and Arthur determined to brace up, go through the trying ordeal, just as if he was used to such things. But alas, there are snares for the feet of the unwary, where one least expects them.

They crossed a vestibule which brought them to the door leading into the chapel. As the door was open Arthur could see that the pews were filled and the priest in sacerdotal robes had entered upon his discourse. The priest in his pulpit surrounded by images and candlesticks attracted Arthur's attention. He did not notice near the door an image of the Immaculate Conception. He had almost forgotten his companion, when suddenly he heard a rustling and a thud and, looking at Miss Lizzie, was horrified to find her sinking

to the floor. She was on her knees. One hand had crossed her breast while the other was reached out toward a bowl of water sitting on a niche in the wall.

"Fainted, by gosh!" gasped Arthur and, seizing the bowl of water, he dashed it in her face as the surest means of restoring her to consciousness.

Miss Lizzie, who had only been obeying her pious instincts and early teaching, rose and shook the holy water from her dress, wiped her face and gasped:

"W—what did you do that for?"

"Didn't you faint?" he asked.

"No; that was the holy water, and you have left none."

Arthur now saw his blunder, and how he got into the pew he never knew. But he did, and when the services were over Miss Lizzie pinched his arm and whispered:

"Let's go."

They went home in silence. Arthur fully understood his ludicrous blunder, however, and could scarce refrain from laughing at it. Shortly after they reached home, he heard Miss Lizzie, her mother and sisters talking in another room, until all was lost in a smothered burst of laughter.

The day was warm and the table was set for

dinner on the rear porch, or piazza, which at the north end was three or four feet from the ground. It chanced that Arthur was to sit at this north end.

He did not notice that the back of his chair was on the edge of the porch. The entire family was gathered about the table, and Mr. Plausaby, unable longer to refrain from talking politics, launched out in a great harangue, arraigning the Loco Focos for high crimes and misdemeanors. Arthur in his enthusiasm forgot his mishap of the forenoon at church, his bashfulness deserted him, and more than once during the meal he cried out:

"Bravo!"

Mr. Plausaby, at last warming in his theme, made a telling point which he emphasized by his fist on the table, and Arthur, unaware of his dangerous proximity to the edge of the porch, threw himself back to cry "bravo!" when over he went back into the yard, three and a half feet below.

When he found himself falling, he caught with both hands at something. That something chanced to be the table-cloth. It did not stay his fall but went with him. Arthur cleared the table, bringing every dish, plate, cup and saucer, with the roast goose, coffee and all, in one grand heap of ruin upon him on the ground.

The dogs and a brood of ducks finished the dinner. Arthur's second mishap had destroyed

ARTHUR CLEARED THE TABLE, BRINGING DISHES, ROAST GOOSE, AND ALL IN A HEAP OF RUIN UPON THE GROUND.

his appetite. He went home that evening and did not return to Plausaby's for years after.

The campaign was drawing to a close. The election was close at hand, and Arthur clung close to Pat, his substitute. After having suffered all he had, getting drunk with Pat, and making an idiot of himself on a dozen occasions, he determined not to lose him now. He heard that Ben Ryon had boasted that he would yet vote Pat for Van Buren.

The day before the election, he interviewed Mr. McKune, and drilled him on his catechism.

"Pat, you are no Loco Foco, are you?" he said.

"Divil a bit!" cried Pat with a goblet of hard cider in his hand. "Show me the man who says I am, and, begorra, I'll knock his two eyes into one!"

"Good for you, Pat. Now go to the polls in the morning and vote early."

"Bedad, I'll vote airly and often," Pat declared.

Then as Arthur rode away he heard his voice ringing out through the woods:

> "Oh say, what is all this great commotion-motion?
> It's ringing out from ocean to ocean;
> It's Tippecanoe and Tyler too—"

"He certainly is all right," Arthur thought.

That evening he triumphantly reported to his father his successful conversion of his substitute.

"Wait, my son, and see if you make a successful report to-morrow evening. All your months of triumph may be turned into failure, in one minute to-morrow."

"Well, father, what must I do?"

"Go to the polls and see if your man votes as he has promised. Be on hand to guide, direct and encourage."

Arthur resolved to take his father's advice, and next morning saddled his horse and, calling his hounds, started, intending to take a hunt after Pat had voted; but the pack started a fox and away went dogs, and away went Arthur, who was too keen a sportsman to allow that chance to escape him.

Pat McKune fulfilled his promise to be early. Ben Ryon was at the polls when Pat came. He saw Arthur was not with him, so he called Pat aside and asked:

"Pat, don't you like real old Kentucky whiskey better than hard cider?"

"Right ye are, me boy, and I could drink a quart of it this morning, for I'm as dhry as a fish."

Ben was prepared. He drew a bottle from his pocket and asked him to "have a pull." Pat "pulled."

"Pat, that is Democratic—Loco Foco, they call it."

Pat, smacking his lips between drinks, remarked:

"Bedad, if this is Loco Foco, ye can't give me too much of it."

By the careful manipulation of the bottle, Ben Ryon in ten minutes upset the education of three months.

Reeling and staggering, but yelling for Van Buren, Pat went to the polls and voted the Democratic ticket from top to bottom, while Arthur was giving chase to the fox.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MIDNIGHT INTERVIEW.

HARRISON and Tyler were elected by an overwhelming majority, and March 4, 1841, Mr. Van Buren surrendered the presidential chair to the Whig Party.

Half a century had elapsed since the formation of the government under the new constitution. The States had doubled in number, and the population had reached about seventeen million souls. The resources had been largely developed, especially its mineral treasures of coal and iron. The railway system was fairly established, and the settlement of the west was in rapid progress. From the beginning of the career of the republic, the state and banking institutions had been closely wedded. The chief event of Mr. Van Buren's administration was their absolute divorce.

General Harrison was sixty-eight years of age when inaugurated. He lived but one month after entering on the duties of his office, then died and John Tyler became his constitutional successor.

Tyler was a political mountebank, an ambitious man, whose zeal to secure his own re-election caused him to sacrifice political principles, if he had any.

It is doubtful if he ever was a Whig, and the utterance to Judge Cranch on the death of President Harrison, "You have only exchanged one Whig for another," was doubtless false. He had been a Democrat of the school of strict constructionists of the constitution; but when he was a candidate for the Vice-Presidency he had avowed himself to be a firm and decided Whig. Like many of his successors, Mr. Tyler had scarce entered on his administration, before he began planning for a re-election. He opposed some of the strongest Whig principles. His cabinet resigned, and he alienated himself from the Whig Party. He refused to listen to the wise council of Mr. Webster and exercised the veto power with a high hand. The two principal motives attributed to Mr. Tyler as the cause of his vetoes of the bank bills were, first, his constitutional scruples, with a determination to preserve his character for consistency; and, second, having set his heart upon a

GENERAL HARRISON.

second term for the Presidency, he was charged with endeavoring to ingratiate himself with his recent party friends, the Democrats, by his bank vetoes, and thus become a candidate for re-election in 1844. The second year of his administration, the South Sea exploring party under Lieutenant Charles Wilkes, sent out in 1838, returned. The little spark of civil war in Rhode Island in 1843, where there were two parties with two governors, was quelled by national troops. The constitution of the "Law and Order" party was sustained, and no further trouble ensued.

Trouble was threatened on the southwestern frontier, where Texas, having gained her independence from the Mexican government, was asking admission as a State. There was also a little trouble with Great Britain over the Territory of Oregon, which was finally adjusted. The chief political issue of 1844 was the annexation of Texas, which was favored by the Democracy.

At the close of Mr. Tyler's term of office, he was not nominated by either the Whigs or Democrats, and he accepted that honor from a convention of delegates composed chiefly of office-holders, but, perceiving that his election would be impossible, he withdrew in August and threw his influence against the party which had elevated him to power. The Democratic nominees for 1844 were James K.

Polk of Tennessee for president, who was warmly in favor of the annexation of Texas, and George M. Dallas of Pennsylvania for vice-president. The Whig candidates were Henry Clay of Kentucky and Theodore Frelinghuysen of New Jersey. The Whigs tried the gush and nonsense campaign of 1840 over again, and campaign poets sang:

> "Go along, old Governor Polk,
> Clay will run surprising,
> And Dallas, you will never do
> To run with Frelinghuysen."

Polk and Dallas were elected, and Tyler, after holding in his possession a River and Harbor Bill in imitation of Jackson's "pocket veto," until too late for it to pass over his head, retired to private life. In 1861, he espoused the cause of the southern confederacy and died in Richmond, Virginia, in 1862.

The good people of Boone County, Kentucky, were still annoyed by the mysterious disappearance of negroes.

"I declar', it beats all," declared Mr. Ryon, one of Major Stevens' nearest neighbors. "I tell you, it beats all, so it does. What are we gwine to do, major?"

"I do not know, Mr. Ryon," the major answered. "There is a deep, unfathomable mystery about all this, which I can't see through."

At this moment, Dr. Trunnels came riding furiously down the road. He was accompanied by a couple of splendid bloodhounds, and carried a double-barrelled gun across the pommel of his saddle, while he wore a double-barrelled pistol in his belt.

Major Stevens had met Mr. Ryon in the road, where the above conversation took place. Both were on horseback.

"What is wrong, doctor?" asked the major, as the doctor galloped up.

"Haven't you heard of it?" cried the doctor.

"No, heard what?" asked the major, while Mr. Ryon opened his mouth and eyes in wonder.

"More niggers gone."

"Whose?"

"Zeb Porter has three missing, Bill More two, and in all we have counted up eleven. The infernal abolitionists are determined to ruin us. I am going to pursue them," roared the doctor. "I will hang them to the first tree."

He induced Mr. Ryon and the major to accompany him, but as before, the pursuit was fruitless. They returned quite discouraged, and Mr. Ryon vowed he would either sell his "niggers" or move to Missouri.

Three weeks elapsed after the disappearance of the last batch of negroes, and people had almost

ceased to talk of it. It was Saturday night, when all the negroes of Boone County were allowed to go whithersoever they chose. Major Stevens' faithful John had asked for a holiday until Monday, which of course was granted. John's labors were light, and he seldom asked for a holiday; but recently he had been asking for many, until the major, with a smile, asked John if there was not a certain yellow girl in the neighborhood, whom he went to see. John bowed his head, looked so bashful and was so silent that his master concluded he had guessed the cause of his frequently absenting himself.

"Well, go on, John," said the major. "You have been a faithful fellow and on your wedding day your master will not forget you."

John hung his head and went away. He was almost out of sight of the house, when he paused and looked back.

"It don't seem right," said John. "I don't blame others for doing it; they've got bad mosters; but Major Stevens is more like a father to me than a moster."

He seemed undecided for a few moments, then, glancing at the moon just rising above the eastern hills, turned abruptly to the left into a road leading through the woods. For three miles the negro traversed the woods, and then emerged into an old

field, which he crossed and came in sight of an unoccupied house.

This was on the property of Dr. Trunnels. The field and house belonged to him, though for the last two years he had not been able to find a suitable tenant. About one hundred paces from the house ran a yard fence with the old-fashioned stiles instead of a gate. Dr. Trunnels was sitting on the stiles, whittling a stick with his knife, and John, after looking to the right and left and in his rear, as if to assure himself that he was not being watched, went directly to where the doctor was sitting.

This was a strange proceeding on the part of the negro, considering that Dr. Trunnels was the fiercest negro-hunter in all Kentucky, and was even a negro-hater.

"Good evening, Doctor Trunnels, I have come according to agreement," said John on joining him.

The doctor whittled for a few moments and then asked:

"Well, John, have you considered my proposition?"

"Yes."

Another silence, after which the doctor asked:

"What conclusion have you come to, John?"

"I don't know, doctor. I've got a mighty good moster, and I don't like to treat him so mean."

"John, you will not betray me?"

"No, doctor."

The doctor laid down the pine stick he had been whittling, and said:

"I have lived here for years at the peril of my life. While professing to be a rabid abolition hater, I have been the most active of all abolitionists. I have given liberty to scores of slaves. If the people knew I had been living a false life, they would rise up in their wrath and hang me; of this fact you must be aware."

"I know it, doctor."

"I risk my life, John, to offer you your freedom; won't you accept it?"

John still hesitated. Negroes with bad "mosters" were not to blame, but he felt he would be guilty of the basest ingratitude if he should run away. Then again John thought that the plan might fail, and he would lose the good opinion of his master and perhaps be sent to the southern market.

"There is no danger of that, John. I manipulate the underground railroad, and it is safe and sure. When I have a batch of negroes ready, we always start Saturday night, cross at Anderson's ferry, where will be found covered wagons to take all away. There you will find men with knee-breeches, broad-brimmed hats, who say 'thee' and

'thou,' waiting for you. They are Quakers, and will prove to be your best friends, for they are enemies to slavery and oppression. You will be forced to travel many days in those covered wagons, until you come to water. There you will be put on board a vessel which will bear you to Canada and freedom."

John sighed. He longed for freedom. He had heard so much about freedom, that he had naturally come to dwell long on the subject; but he hesitated and shuddered with dread at the thought.

"Dr. Trunnels, I feel it here," said John, laying his hand on his heart. "I feel it here. I would be doing wrong."

"All right, John, if you are willing to take your chances, all right."

"My moster is good to me, and I can't leave him."

"True, Major Stevens is good to you, John; but he is an exception of a master. You do not know,—you cannot dream of the horrors of slavery in Georgia or Louisiana. All goes well now. Your master is well-to-do, in good health; but look out when the day of trouble comes. Suppose, John, that Major Stevens should die, or suppose he should suddenly become a bankrupt, then what will be your fate? Don't you know it? Can't you guess it? The block—the auctioneer,—the

professional negro-buyers for the southern market, standing about with whips and handcuffs, your poor master either dead or powerless to help you."

The picture drawn was terrible. John had witnessed such scenes, and dreamed of them in his sleep, and now that the argument of Dr. Trunnels showed very clearly that such a fate might be his, he shuddered, but still hesitated.

"John," concluded the doctor, "there is no safety for you save in freedom. That boon you must have, for the South, which yawns to swallow northern niggers, will engulf you. I offer you freedom, why do you refuse it?"

"How many are you going to take next time, Dr. Trunnels?" John asked.

"A dozen, perhaps more."

"Do I know any?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"Dick Lee's Nelly!"

This was a master stroke. Perhaps no inducement could have caused him to desert his master had he known that Nelly Lee, as he called her, was safe. Nelly was the yellow girl whom John loved. More than once he had tried to pluck up courage to ask his master to buy Nelly, for Lee was not a good master; but John was as bashful as his young master Arthur.

"Is Nelly going?" he asked.

"Yes—ask her."

John promised to meet Dr. Trunnels on the next Saturday night and give him his final decision on the matter, then took his leave and, with slow, pensive steps, wended his way to the lowly cabin of Nelly Lee. Nelly was expecting her lover, and the best of the hoecake, with baked opossum and sweet potatoes, tempting viands for a darky, were spread before him, and the dusky lovers made a feast that night. Then John took his banjo from the wall and played the old plantation tunes, and sang the old plantation songs, which even to this day awaken pleasant memories in the South.

Though Nelly smiled and tried to seem happy, her lover saw that there was something on her mind, for she occasionally heaved a sigh. It was late when John laid aside the banjo, and in an awe inspiring whisper asked:

"Nelly, are you gwine away?"

"Who told you?" she asked.

"I heard it, is it so?"

"Yes."

"With Dr. Trunnels?"

"Yes, John, I want my freedom," she sighed. "I'll never get it here. My moster is hard on me. Dr. Trunnels is our friend—I'd die before I'd betray him, I would. I may be sold South, John,

and sent away from you. I had better go North. I only lack five dollars having enough. It takes twenty-five, and I've saved out twenty; but each nigger has to have twenty-five."

John was converted that same night, and told Nelly he would go with her. John had been a thrifty negro, and saved up a considerable sum. He told Nelly he would furnish her the needed amount and still have an abundance to pay his own passage to Canada. After which he would still have a small sum to set them up in housekeeping. The prospect looked bright, and John forgot all his conscientious scruples in the assurance that he would free Nelly from her cruel master.

On the next Saturday night, John, being given his liberty until Monday, met Dr. Trunnels once more at the rendezvous. The doctor was again sitting on the stiles whittling. He waited for John to come up and opened the subject with:

"Well, John, have you made up your mind?"

"Yes, sir."

"What will you do?"

"Go."

The doctor did not seem elated or to evince any surprise. In fact he knew full well from the very first that John would consent. For a few moments he sat and whittled on his pine stick, then he said:

"John, you know the rule?"

"What rule?"

"The rule is that every nigger sent North must pay twenty-five dollars toward his expenses. I am risking my life for your freedom, and the society is poor—very poor. They can't afford to pay all the expenses; you must help bear them."

"I'll do it," said John. "I can raise the money for myself and Nelly."

Then the doctor was silent for a long time whittling on a stick. He seemed to be thinking about the risk he ran in the cause of benevolence, and John was quite sure he had never seen such a grand specimen of noble manhood in his life. The doctor's face was sad, and he heaved a sigh and remarked:

"It grieves me, John, to think that, despite all we can do, there are so many thousands of your race still in bondage."

John could offer no word of consolation. He had forgotten his good master, his excellent qualities and kind treatment in the intoxicating thought of freedom.

"In a few weeks, John, you will be a free man," said the doctor.

A free man, what a glorious thought. Free to go and come at will; free to buy and sell; to be free as the air he breathed. Never again would he utter the name of "moster." Perhaps in time he

would come to exercise the privileges of citizenship, and he went on building aircastle after aircastle, and dreaming dreams which were never to be fulfilled.

"When do we start, doctor?"

"One week from to-night."

"Will Nelly and I go at the same time?"

"Yes."

"Where shall I start from?"

"Here."

"Will you meet me here?"

"Yes."

Then the doctor whittled a few moments in silence, after which he proceeded to caution the would-be freed man.

"You must have a care, John," he said. "But let it be breathed abroad that you are to escape, and you will be shipped South. Don't trust your master in this case, nor any one else."

"I won't."

John and the doctor parted that night perfectly understanding each other. Next day being Sunday, Dr. Trunnels went to Major Stevens' house, and said:

"Major, I fear there will be another raid of the abolitionists soon, why don't you sell your niggers and send them South?"

The major heaved a sigh and answered:

"Doctor, I cannot do that."

"You had better keep a close watch on them then."

"Why?"

"You will lose some. I tell you, major, the world will some day learn that a nigger can never be trusted. Suppose the abolitionists should succeed in freeing all, as they want to, and making them citizens which they would do if freed, the negro could never be depended upon. If they endeavored to make them a political factor, which they certainly would, the nigger would vote against the party that freed him. The average nigger is without principle."

Major Stevens shook his head and, smiling, answered:

"Have no fears, doctor, the negroes will never be freed nor made citizens. The idea is ridiculous."

"Major, you will yet learn that the negro is a greater factor in American politics than you dream. He will be made a citizen if he is ever freed; but that is a long time to come, major. There are questions of more vital importance nearer at home. The question is what are you going to do with your negroes?"

"Nothing."

"Are you not afraid they will run away?"

"No."

"There is your man John,—you put too much confidence in him."

"No, I don't."

"He will run away some time."

"Dr. Trunnels, I would trust John with every dollar I have, with my life. I would not fear to send him to Canada on any errand or business. He would come back."

"But the Abolitionists will be putting devilment into his head."

"Doctor, I would not sell John, even if I knew that he would run off."

Dr. Trunnels left the obstinate master, shaking his head sagely as he walked away. At the stiles he paused and, turning about, called back to the lenient master, saying:

"Major, if it ever happens, don't blame me. I've warned you."

"It will never happen, doctor."

"Don't be too sure, you put too much confidence in John."

On Tuesday after the doctor's visit, while the major was with John in the stables, he said:

"John, some of my neighbors have been advising me to sell you."

"Why, moster?"

"They say you will run away."

John thought all his plans discovered, and began to tremble. He was silent for a long time and then asked:

"Moster, are you goin' to sell me?"

"No, John; I said I would not sell you, even if I knew you would run away."

John felt a pang of remorse at this abiding trust of his master. Long years after did the unfortunate negro remember those noble words; for John was capable of gratitude.

Had it not been for Nelly, he could not have been induced to leave; but he could not tear himself from her. He was sometimes tempted to persuade his master to purchase Nelly; but he could never pluck up courage to do so. The days wore slowly away one by one, and Saturday came. Through the leniency of his master, John had been enabled to save nearly seventy dollars.

He kept this money in an old leather purse, in a secure place, and when Saturday came, took it out and concealed it about his person. It was all in gold and silver, and John had taken infinite pleasure in counting it over. Now that he was going away, he would never more count his gold. The horses that came at his call and fed from his hand were bidden a silent farewell, and he set out soon after dark for the rendezvous.

Dr. Trunnels was again sitting on the stiles.

Five negroes were lying under some trees not ten rods away.

"Well, John, you have come at last?" said the doctor.

"Yes."

"Ready to go?"

"I am."

John had brought a small bundle of clothes with him, done up in a red bandanna handkerchief.

"John, are you willing to help one of your race?"

"Yes," John answered.

"Well, there is one poor fellow out there, who lacks the twenty-five dollars which the society must have. Will you lend it to him?"

John hesitated a moment before lending so much money; but the doctor assured him that as they were going to the same place, "the nigger" would pay it back when they got there, and it would be safe.

"Who is it?" asked John.

"Crow's Jim."

John shook his head and remarked:

"Jim is a worthless, drunken scamp."

"But he is a slave. Give him freedom and responsibility and you will see what a grand, noble man he is."

He overpersuaded John into paying Jim's pas-

sage. John paid his own and five dollars on Nelly's fare, and loaned Crow's Jim twenty-five dollars.

"Now where will I meet Nelly?" he asked.

"At Anderson's ferry."

"Do we cross there?"

"Yes, and you will be taken in covered wagons driven by Quakers to a Quaker's house over in Ohio and kept in a dark cellar until this blows over, then taken in another wagon another night's travel, until you come to water and are put on shipboard."

John joined the five others under the trees; a little further they met another, and, travelling two miles in the woods, the seven came upon a large covered wagon. A man with a decidedly Quaker look sat in the wagon holding the lines.

"Would thee take a ride?" he asked.

"Yes," John answered.

"Then get thee all in, and do not look out until I bid thee, for it is a long journey we are going."

In a few moments the seven runaways were crouched in the bottom of the wagon, while the Quaker started his horses along at a brisk pace. Ere long they came upon a second wagon, similar to the one which bore them.

"Art thou friend George?" asked John's Quaker driver.

"Verily, Elkanah, it is I."

"Hast thou been to market, or art thou going?"

"I am going."

The two great vehicles kept each other company. About a mile from Anderson's Ferry, Dr. Trunnels, who had mounted a swift horse and galloped along a nigher road so as to cut off the fugitives before they reached the ferry, overtook them. He gave a preconcerted signal to the drivers, which caused them to pull up, and turning to the trembling negroes whisper:

"If thou wouldst have thy freedom, thee must keep very quiet."

The two Quakers, sober, middle-aged men, left their teams and went to Dr. Trunnels, where they held a last consultation with him, before going to the ferry.

He went to the wagon in which John and the six others were crouching, and said:

"Boys, keep very quiet! you will soon be at the ferry, and then if you whisper, cough, or sneeze, you will be heard."

John asked:

"Where is Nelly?"

"In the other wagon, wait until you are at the end of the first journey."

John was silent.

The wagons once more started, and all lay very

still, listening to every sound. They found the ferrymen at their post. But few questions were asked, and they were hurried over to the Ohio shore. Then they travelled a long distance, how long John never knew, for he fell asleep and knew nothing until the great vehicle came to a standstill, and a voice said: "Get out!"

They rose and crept out of the wagon. John looked around and found himself in a wild, lonely region of country. There was a small log house on the hill on their right, while a deep forest surrounded them on every side. Certainly a more desirable station for an underground railroad could not have been selected.

John looked about for the other wagon; but it was not in sight, though he was assured it would come up before they reached Canada. It had stopped at a house a few miles back.

John glanced at the East and saw that it was growing light. He went with the others to the house where all entered a cellar, or subterranean apartment which was provided with rude bunks, tables and benches. In this subterranean apartment John and his companions remained two weeks, seeing no one save a man who brought their food. This sort of freedom was becoming irksome, when they were one night told to make ready to travel.

A wagon was at the foot of the hill. It was a covered wagon with a driver similar to the first, in Quaker costume. Thus they travelled for weeks in covered wagons at night, during the day sleeping in cellars or barn lofts.

When John inquired about Nelly, he was always told she was in the other wagon, which he was made to believe was not more than a day's journey behind them. It was dangerous for the two wagons to travel in company, for it might excite suspicion, and they were told everywhere that pursuers were watching for them.

As they always travelled by night and in covered wagons, they saw nothing whatever of the country through which they were journeying.

At last the dreary monotony of the wagon journey came to an end. After weeks they came to a broad sheet of water; they knew not where it was, nor what it was; but on one moonlight night their wagon with several others, was hurried down to the coast, where a vessel was moored about half a mile or more from the shore.

John and his companions went in the first boat. He asked one of the surly men if Nelly was aboard the ship, and the fellow answered:

"I don't know nothing about her."

When they got aboard, they found a dozen fierce-looking men with clubs in their hands.

"Down below—down below!" cried one, who seemed a sort of captain.

John began to have some misgivings, but was driven below with the others and put in chains. In a few hours the ship was under way with a cargo of slaves for the West India market.

CHAPTER V.

THE LONE STAR.

At the time the stirring events we have narrated were transpiring in Kentucky, and long before, there lived near the city of Puebla, Mexico, a wealthy and prominent Mexican family, who traced their lineage back to the steel-clad warriors who came with Cortez to conquer the Montezumas. The city of Puebla lies in the centre of an immense plateau, seven thousand feet above sea level, and bordered by mountains of more than twice this altitude. Malinchi, rendered classic in the history of the first conquest, rises up on the North; the Pinal bars up the eastern passes, while the great Cordillera of the Rio Frio forms its western boundary, thus separating the two great valleys of Puebla and Mexico by an impassable barrier. In this ridge lies the great snow mountains of Popocatepec and the "White Woman" (La Muger Blanca), known poetically as the twin sisters.

These mountains soar far above the regions of eternal snow. Popocatepec is a cone, and the gray fringe that marks the blending of the white glacier

and the dark pines of the mountain forests forms the circumference of a horizontal circle. On the White Woman this snow line is more irregular. On both mountains its altitude is variable, according to the season and the heat of the sun. Thus the melting of the snows in the sultry months of summer throws the gray fringe higher upon the sides of Popocatepec and Inticihuath and irrigates the broad plains of Puebla and Tlascalla.

But for these snow-crowned mountains, the plateau of Puebla would be a barren desert. As it is the western part of this plain may be termed the garden spot of Mexico.

As the traveller emerges from the western gate of Puebla, he beholds one of the loveliest pictures in the world. The delighted eye roams over broad fields of corn and wheat and "frijoles," bordered by fence rows of the picturesque maguey. Here and there the cupolas of rich haciendas, the turrets of a flourishing village, and the spires of a rural church variegate the green landscape, while in the distance rises the dark Cordilleras of the Mexican Andes, over whose gloomy forests and frowning chasms the snowy crests of the "Twin Sisters," glisten with dazzling whiteness.

There lived in one of the largest and most elegant haciendas within sight of Puebla, a Mexican gentleman of purest Castilian blood named Don

Rodrigo Estevan whose family was referred to at the opening of this chapter. The Mexican family of Estevan was large, and though the war with the United States swept many of them from the earth, the name is still familiar in Old Mexico. Señor Estevan's hacienda was one of the best specimens to be found in Mexico, a representative house of the half-barbaric, half-elegant, wholly freehanded life in the days of the wealthy old Mexican, proud as any noble of Spain. He was noted for his hospitality and wealth. His family consisted of his wife, son Felipe and a beautiful daughter Madelina.

The arrogance of their northeastern neighbors, the Americans, had excited the hatred of the Mexicans, and the proud old Don Rodrigo was loud in his denunciations of the robbers, and plunderers as he termed them.

The morning sun was pouring down its ardent beams on the valley which lay like a fairy land spread out before the beholder. A large white horse of the purest Arabian breed was in front of the hacienda held by a peon. The horse had a Mexican saddle on his back with silver-tipped bridle. There were holsters at the bow, and no one could doubt that it was the steed of a warrior.

The hacienda or house of Don Rodrigo Estevan was of adobe, with a veranda on the three sides of

the inner court and a still broader porch or veranda across the entire front on the East, facing the distant city. This veranda, fully eighty feet in length, was arched and ornamented, with the doors of five large rooms opening upon it. Here were flowers,—great red water-jars in which fine geraniums were always blooming, and yellow flowered musk, for which the Mexicans have a passion. Besides the geraniums and carnations and musk in the red jars, there were many sorts of climbing vines, some coming from the ground and twining round the pillars of the veranda, some growing in baskets swung by cords from the roof of the veranda, or set on shelves against the walls, until the whole resembled a delightful flower garden. Not only were the senses of sight and smell delighted but the sense of hearing as well. Among the vines, singing from morning until night, were canaries and finches in their green cages, all owing their existence to the fostering care of the good señora. The good old Mexican lady was never without a family of young birds on hand. From Puebla to Monterey, the señoritas came or sent to get a canary or finch of Señora Estevan's raising.

There were four persons on the long veranda the morning in question. Perhaps the first who would attract the attention of the beholder was a tall, noble-looking young man of twenty-two, attired in

the gorgeous green uniform of a captain of Mexican lancers. At his side was his gold-hilted sword, suspended by a belt with glittering buckle and sash of scarlet. Gold braid in profusion covered his coat, and his hat was ornamented with tall green plumes. This was Captain Felipe Estevan of the lancers. He was tall, with restless dark eyes, a high forehead and as daring and noble-looking a specimen of mankind as one ever saw. His father the Don Rodrigo was a gray-haired old Mexican, tall, with a soldierly bearing and an open, manly face. The mother was one of the most pious women in the world. A Catholic, of course, but with a Christian heart. The daughter and sister of the young captain was the fairest of fair Mexican señoritas. Madelina was one of those beauties who lose by description. No pen is equal to the task. She was a type of beauty rarely seen, and seldom conceived, save by the painter in his most happy dreams. Imagine large dark eyes, soft as a gazelle's, skin of alabaster, with eyebrows arched as only a master could paint them, a face faultless, teeth of pearl, a form tall, slender, willowy, and a voice like rippling music of the murmuring brook as she breathed her soft Spanish words, and you may form a conception of Señorita Madelina.

The señorita and her brother were both thor-

oughly educated, not only in Spanish, but in English as well.

Their father, being wealthy and having liberal views, had not spared money in their education. Both had travelled extensively in Europe and the United States and had many friends in both places.

Felipe's regiment had been ordered to the northern frontier, which was threatened by the Americans from Texas. This was his farewell visit with his parents, and the occasion was a touching one. The mother wept and consigned him to the care of her patron saint. The sister clung to his neck and implored him to not needlessly risk his life.

"No one better knows what it will be to resist these people than you and I. Brother, it is almost a hopeless struggle against such a powerful nation, —we know it, yet, my brother, I would not have you shrink from your duty."

The señorita was not over sixteen years of age, yet in that southern clime, women are flowers of quick growth, and Madelina Estevan was fully grown. The father followed his son to where the snow-white horse stood pawing the earth, requiring all the strength and skill of the peon to hold him.

"Felipe, I would have you be cautious on the matter I have mentioned. You remember, my son, that you said while travelling in the United

States you heard the name which if translated would be the same——"

"Oh father!" said the young captain with a laugh, "why allow that old legend of almost three centuries to harass your mind?"

"My son, it is an injunction laid upon us from generation to generation since our first ancestor, whose namesake I am, came to Mexico. I feel in duty bound to impress you with it."

"There will be little time, should we come to blows with the Americans, to consider old traditions. We must fight the enemies of our country. However, I hope even if Texas does gain her independence, which seems probable, that we may not come to a war with the United States. Such a war would prove disastrous to Mexico."

Then the father embraced his son and covered his face with his hands, while Captain Estevan galloped away to join his regiment at Puebla, preparatory to marching to the Rio Grande.

The above scene transpired prior to the war with Mexico, but at a time when such a war seemed inevitable.

Texas is a misnomer. It is an Indian word meaning "friends," while it has been a scene of wild lawlessness for ages. Texas was for a long time a disputed territory between the French and Spanish. The Spanish were no doubt the discov-

erers of the territory, though M. La Salle, in 1685, formally took possession of the country in the name of the French monarch, and built a small fort at the head of Matagorda Bay.

After the settlement of Louisiana, in 1690, the French assumed nominal possession of the territory as far West as the Bay of Matagorda. Hostilities arose between them and the Spaniards, who established several posts in the eastern part of Texas and drove out the French. The conflicting claims of the two nations to Texas were temporarily settled by the treaty of 1763, in which France ceded to Spain all of Louisiana west of Mississippi. In 1800, Spain having ceded Louisiana back to France, the question was again left open as to the rightful claim of the country. In 1803, Louisiana having been ceded by France to the United States, the same claim to Texas was transferred to the American nation; but the claim was never enforced.

The civil war in Mexico, called "the first revolution," after a duration of eight years, terminated in favor of the Royalists. "The second revolution" was commenced in 1821, by the Mexican General Iturbide, under whom the Mexicans achieved their independence of Spain. Señor Don Rodrigo Estevan was an officer on General Iturbide's staff. Iturbide made himself a monarch; but the

people, wishing for a republic, deposed and banished him and, on his return, had him executed. Another leader arose, Santa Anna, under whose auspices a federal constitution was formed in 1824, by which Mexico, like the American republic, was divided into States, each with a legislature, and over the whole a general government.

The treaty of 1819, by which Spain ceded Florida to the United States, established the Sabine as the western boundary of Louisiana.

Mr. Moses Austin, a native of Durham, Connecticut, applied for, and received in 1819, a grant of land in Texas to plant a colony. The Spanish authorities in Mexico, desirous of defence against the fierce and hostile Camanches, had, contrary to their usual policy, made laws favoring American immigration, on the condition, however, that the immigrants should become Catholics and teach the Spanish language in their schools. Moses Austin died, and his son Stephen carried out his plans and founded a colony between the Brazos and Colorado, thus becoming the leader of American colonization in Texas. Great throngs of western Americans poured into Texas, and many of them, of course, were not of the best class of citizens. There were many brave men among them, such as David Crocket, Colonel Bowie and Samuel Houston.

Many of them were not troubled about religious convictions, and it is doubtful if any of them paid any regard whatever to the stipulation in the compact that they become Catholics, or that they teach Spanish in their schools, even if they had schools.

There was constant wrangling and trouble between the Americans and Mexicans. The former were probably not wholly blameless in the quarrel, for the western frontiersmen of that day had little consideration for the rights of any, especially Indians or Mexicans. The clergy soon became alarmed. A class of heretics was springing up in their midst, which to them were far more dangerous than the Camanches.

The Mexicans felt very much as the frogs did, when the stork was sent to be their king. The great question was how should they get rid of the Americans.

The natural result to follow between wild, half-savage people on both sides was war. The Americans in Texas revolted, declaring the independence of Texas, and setting it up as the Lone Star State. Some of the most desperate and bloody conflicts ever recorded in the annals of history followed; among which were the siege and massacre of the Alamo, at which fell such brave men as Major Evans, Travis, Colonel Bowie, and the famous Davy Crocket, March, 1836. On the 27th of the

same month, Colonel Fannin and about two hundred men, having been captured after a long and desperate conflict, were massacred. On April 21st, General Sam Houston with nearly eight hundred men attacked Santa Anna with twice as many men, near the San Jacinto, and after a furious charge routed the Mexican army. Santa Anna was captured a few days later and made to sign a treaty as the chief ruler of Mexico, by which he acknowledged the independence of Texas. This treaty having been obtained under duress, the Mexican government declared they were not bound to respect it. They also claimed that Santa Anna had no authority to make treaty. Santa Anna was sent to the United States, where he gained the favor of President Jackson, who caused him to be returned to Mexico, and he again commenced war on Texas.

Early application had been made by Texas to be annexed to the United States. Presidents Jackson and Van Buren in turn objected on the grounds of the unsettled boundary of Texas and the peaceful relations with Mexico. President Tyler brought forward the measure, but it was lost in congress. It having been the test question in the ensuing presidential election, and the people deciding in its favor by the election of the democratic candidates, Texas was annexed to the union by a joint resolu-

tion of congress, February 28, 1845. The Mexican minister, Almonte, who had before announced that Mexico would declare war if Texas was annexed, gave notice that since America had consummated "the most unjust act in her history," negotiations were at an end. This was the beginning of what in history is known as the Mexican war.

It was two days before the inauguration of President Polk that the Mexican minister asked for his passports and retired. On July 4, 1845, Texas became a State, and President Polk, satisfied that war with Mexico was inevitable, ordered Brigadier-General Zachary Taylor, then in command of national troops in the southwest, to enter Texas and take a position as near the Rio Grande as prudence would allow. His little force of fifteen hundred were called an "army of occupation," for the defence of the newly acquired State. At the same time Commodore Conner of the United States navy was sent with a strong squadron into the Gulf of Mexico to protect American interests in that region, ashore and afloat.

It was this preparation of war on the part of the United States, which caused Captain Felipe Estevan's regiment to be hurried from Puebla to the frontier. The captain had relatives and friends in Monterey, and his sister had promised to soon join him there, as she intended visiting in that city.

At this time, Santa Anna was an irritated exile in Cuba, having been banished from Mexico for ten years, and President Polk made a secret bargain with him for the betrayal of his country into the hands of the government of the United States.* The plan agreed upon was that the president was to send a strong force toward the frontier of Mexico. Santa Anna was to go into his own country, where an army gathered near the frontier would be sure to flock to his standard, for Santa Anna was popular among the soldiers. The president was to furnish a force sufficient to give Santa Anna a decent excuse for surrendering his army to it; and so the Americans might easily take possession of Mexico. For this important act, Santa Anna was to receive a very large sum of money from the secret service fund in the hands of the president. About the time the Army of Occupation and Observation reached Texas, the regiment of Felipe Estevan gained the northern frontier.

Felipe was quartered at Monterey when General Taylor landed with his troops at the Island St. Joseph, where the flag of the United States was for the first time unfurled in power over the soil of Texas. From St. Joseph, Taylor sailed with his army to Corpus Christi, a Mexican village on the main, beyond the Nueces, and not far from its

* "Our Country," vol. v., page 1355.

mouth, and there, in September, 1845, he formed a camp and tarried during the autumn and ensuing winter. At the same time, President Polk inquired of the Mexican government whether it would receive a minister from the United States. President Herrera, who sincerely desired peace, gave an affirmative answer, when his warlike constituency, offended by his act, revolted and elected General Paredes in his place. This revolution was going on when the American minister arrived, and Paredes, when elected, refused to receive him.

General Ampudia was in command of the northern army of Mexico, and soon after Taylor's arrival at Corpus Christi, he sent for Captain Felipe Estevan.

"Captain," said the Mexican general, "are you willing to do a special service for your country?"

"Certainly, general, I am always willing to do a service for my country."

"But suppose this should be especially hazardous," said Ampudia, with a smile on his swarthy face.

"General, a soldier is supposed not to hesitate at danger. I will not."

"I have ascertained from a reliable source," said Ampudia, "that President Polk is bargaining with the banished Santa Anna to betray our country into the hands of the Americans. Santa Anna,

who has a large following here, will concentrate an army of his friends and surrender them, for which he is to be paid a million dollars."

At the intelligence of such perfidy on the part of one of his countrymen, for whom he had once entertained a high regard, the young captain sighed and exclaimed:

"Mexico! oh my country! what chance have you, when your own sons will betray you for money?"

"We must prevent it, captain."

"Tell me how I can prevent it, and, by the mass, I will do it or die in the attempt."

"The president of the United States has sent A. Slidell McKenzie, of the United States navy, to perfect the arrangements with Santa Anna, who lives a few miles from Havana. Now what I would have you do is to start at once for Vera Cruz, where a swift sailing schooner will be in waiting to bear you to Cuba. You can reach Havana before McKenzie does, ascertain if this be true; if it be, stop Santa Anna if you have to do it with a bullet or the poniard."

"I will."

"I have provided relays of horses between this and Vera Cruz, with coaches over some of the most even part of the road, so you can make the journey as rapidly as possible."

"When shall I start?"

"After dinner."

The young officer, consulting his time-piece, saw he would just have time to write a letter to his parents before starting. He sat down at a table and hurriedly wrote explaining in part his sudden call to Cuba.

Then he hurriedly dispatched his dinner and with a guide set out for the first station. Of course, the terrible mission of Felipe Estevan was kept a secret. The secret actions of officers of armies are seldom made public in official reports or even in history.

The journey was a long one. Part of the way it was made in a carriage, but most of the distance it was on horseback. Vera Cruz was reached at last, and in an hour after his arrival he was on board the *Montezuma*, a swift sailing schooner, bounding over the waves to Cuba.

The schooner reached Havana shortly after daylight, and Captain Estevan examined the various vessels in port. There was not a United States war vessel in the harbor.

Felipe could speak English as well as any American. He was clothed in the garb of an American gentleman, travelling for pleasure, and passed himself as Mr. Philip Stevens, which was his name anglicized. He refused to talk or under-

stand Spanish, and pretended to be a citizen from Baltimore to buy a cargo of sugar. Negroes were busy loading vessels in the harbor. He saw many of the poor wretches lashed by their cruel masters, saw their tears and heard their prayers for mercy or death. One plunged himself into the water and was drowned.

Felipe soon discovered the residence of Santa Anna, and on the day the American frigate bearing McKenzie arrived, he entered a volante and was driven to the home of the exile. On being asked whom he wished to see, Felipe, speaking in English, said:

"Señor Santa Anna."

"Are you an American, señor?" asked the servant.

"I am," was the answer.

Santa Anna, on being informed that an American wished to see him, supposed, as a matter of course, that it was the ambassador sent by President Polk, and asked that he be admitted at once. Felipe soon found himself in the presence of a tall, slender man, with haughty mien and restless black eyes.

"Are you General Santa Anna?" he asked in Spanish.

"Yes, señor; of course you are sent by President Polk."

"Certainly, general; you are willing for a money consideration to betray your country into the hands of the Americans."

With a smile Santa Anna answered: "If they pay me enough."

"They can pay you ten millions," said Felipe, rising and closing the door leading to their room, and assuring himself they were alone.

"I would do it for that."

"Would you go and raise an army of your countrymen and turn them over to the Americans for ten millions?"

"Certainly I will," answered the deceived Mexican eagerly. Felipe Estevan, who loved his country more than himself, was now trembling with hatred and excitement. He knew he had but a short time to act, and the course he had marked out was a bold one. Whatever he did must be done before the American arrived, or all would be lost.

He drew from an inner pocket of his coat a crucifix which he placed on a stand before the general, then he drew a pistol and cocked it.

"What does this mean, señor?" demanded Santa Anna, turning pale, for he saw that something was wrong.

"General Santa Anna, the Americans have arrived in Cuba, and in the next hour McKenzie will

be here to purchase your country. You are a villain, general, and if you do not place your hand on that holy cross and swear you will not betray your country, I will shoot you dead." The pistol was pointed uncomfortably close to his head. "Santa Anna, swear you will not betray Mexico, or I will fire."

SANTA ANNA.

"Who are you?" asked the bewildered Mexican.

"Felipe Estevan, captain of the Sixth Puebla Lancers. I came to save Mexico or kill you; swear not to betray your country, or, by all the saints in the calendar, you shall die."

There was no mistaking the young man's earnestness, and Santa Anna saw that he would do just what he said. He placed his hand on the cross and took the oath; then, after assuring Santa Anna that his plans were known, and that if he violated his oath, or attempted to aid the Americans, he would be killed, Felipe went to his volante and leaping in, told the driver to hasten back to the city at once. The driver plunged his huge spurs into the sides of his mule and went clattering down the road, raising a cloud of dust behind him.

Half way to the town he met a volante in which sat the vain and foolish McKenzie, who, instead of going secretly to the retreat of the exile was riding in a carriage in full naval uniform at noon day. If Felipe had not already upset the plans of President Polk, this would have done so. After this public visit from an officer of the American navy, the exile could not have fulfilled his bargain in Mexico, for the act would have made his treason palpable, and the egotistic McKenzie's mission failed.

Captain Estevan reached the city, well satisfied with what he had done. He determined not to leave Havana so long as McKenzie remained, which proved not to be long, for, learning that his game was blocked, the frigate bearing him, in a few days sailed for New Orleans.

While Captain Estevan remained at Havana, he kept up the character of a Baltimore sugar merchant, and was a good part of the time on the wharves, piers, or at the warehouses where he always spoke English and was known as Mr. Stevens.

He had noticed a young yellow man, who was often seen gazing at him as he paused, after rolling the heavy casks. His driver had evidently been very cruel, for he had cuts on his shoulders from the whip. The negro was naked to his waist. He

had a bruise from a blow over the eye, which gave his face a frightful appearance. One day the young Mexican officer met the negro in a narrow passage where no one could see them. The slave suddenly seized his arm and asked in a hoarse, half-inaudible whisper:

"Is your name Stevens, moster? Are you an American?"

Thinking it best to keep up the character he had assumed, the young Mexican answered:

"Yes, certainly."

"Thank God!—oh God!" gasped the slave.

"What do you mean?" asked Felipe.

"I am an American nigger. Oh, I had such a good moster, Major Stevens, who lived in Kentucky. I loved my moster, and he was kind to me; but I was persuaded by Dr. Trunnels, who claimed to be an abolitionist running niggers to Canada, to try to get my freedom. We had such kind mosters that we had all saved up a little money, and the doctor made us pay twenty-five dollars each to help pay our passage. We did it, thinking we was goin' to Canada and freedom; but we were run off here to the West Indies and sold."

The story touched the kind heart of Captain Estevan; but he found himself powerless to aid the unfortunate darky. He was not an American, but an officer in a country almost on the verge of

war with the United States. He knew nothing of the Stevens family in Kentucky, Dr. Trunnels, nor poor John.

He had started to tell John that he could not help him, when the negro driver entered. He espied John shirking his duty, and with a volley of oaths laid his whip on his back, and drove him to his work.

Captain Estevan soon after took his departure for Mexico, without having any opportunity, even if he had desired, to talk further with John.

CHAPTER VI.

THE VOLUNTEER AND THE OLD MANUSCRIPT.

When Monday morning came at the home of Major Stevens and the faithful John did not come, the major was not uneasy.

"He will turn up during the day," he said.

Arthur, who had been transformed in the last four years from a tall, awkward boy of sixteen to a young man of twenty, said:

"Father, this is not like John. He was never known to stay away in this manner."

Major Stevens laughing remarked:

"Well, Arthur, I think we must excuse John's absence. He is in love, my boy. When you fall in love, you will find yourself changed completely."

Arthur blushed. Though he was twenty years of age he had never had his love's romance. His adventure with Miss Lizzie Plausaby at the Catholic church had caused him to resolve never again to venture in the society of young ladies. The day passed, and John did not come. Major Stevens, late in the afternoon, dispatched a mes-

senger to the plantation of Mr. Lee to make inquiry for John.

The messenger was scarce out of sight, when they heard the thunder of horses' hoofs coming down the road, accompanied by the baying of bloodhounds, and going to the stiles the major saw Dr. Trunnels and a posse gallop up to his house.

"Major, have you lost any niggers?"

"I don't know."

"Are any missing?"

"Yes."

"How many?"

"Only one, John."

"I knew it, I told you so," cried the doctor, and he uttered a volley of oaths. "Major, remember I warned you that that nigger would run away and leave you. Oh, you'd better have taken my advice and sold the cuss."

"Are any other negroes missing?" asked the major.

"Yes, there are a dozen at least gone out of Boone County," roared the enraged doctor. "Come on, by zounds, we'll have 'em! We'll have every black rascal back and hang the infernal abolitionists! John is among 'em; I know John is among 'em."

Major Stevens and his son mounted their horses and for two days scoured the country about Ander-

son's ferry and other points, but not a trace of the fugitives could be found.

At the conclusion of the chase, Dr. Trunnels called another meeting at the old schoolhouse, and made an incendiary speech, after which he organized a company of patrols and a vigilance committee to search for the abolitionists, and hang them if found.

When they went home, Arthur asked his father:

"What do you think of it?"

"I don't know, Arthur; it is a mystery to me."

"I never thought that John would run off."

"Well, my son, he would not had he not been over persuaded to do so." With a sigh, the major added:

"Poor fellow, I hope he will be better off."

Weeks passed away and no tidings came of the runaways. Despite all the doctor's threats and oaths, he never captured the runaway or negro stealer. After the sudden whirlpool of excitement, the waters of anxiety settled back into their usual flow, and people began to speak of other topics.

The war feeling was growing strong. The excitement which immediately followed the annexation of Texas, completely overshadowed the mysterious disappearance of the negroes.

Arthur Stevens had long been eager to become

a soldier. His father, at his urgent request, had endeavored to send him to the West Point Military School; but West Point is an institution for politicians to perpetuate themselves in power. Merit and capability are seldom taken into consideration so much as the amount of strength such an appointment will give to the congressmen procuring the appointments. Congressmen are given more than their constitutional privileges. They are elected to make laws, yet by the unwritten laws called "rules of courtesy," the congressman becomes the federal patronage broker of his district. Usually most of his time is occupied in helping his friends to local offices. The cadets at West Point and the Naval Academy are not chosen from merit. They get what is commonly called a "political pull," and thus pull through. Nine-tenths of the graduates are below the mediocre in ability. They make fine society men; they dance well, flirt well; but if the country needs soldiers, it depends on the volunteers to fight its battles. The number of graduates from West Point who ever become noted as military geniuses are about one to four thousand. The reason is plain,—boys and young men without fitness for the army are put through the academy while worthy young men are crowded out.

Unfortunately for Arthur's military hopes, his father was a Whig, while the congressman who

represented his district was a Democrat. Of course, for the good of the party, he never could recommend any other than the son of a Democrat for a cadet to West Point. They went through a farce called a "competitive examination," which resulted in a weak, insipid youth of nineteen, who missed sixty-two questions out of one hundred, carrying off the palm. He was sent to West Point, graduated and, as is generally the case, was never heard from again, while Arthur, who had sighed for an opportunity to serve his country, entered an academy at Louisville and prepared himself for the law.

The threatened war with Mexico roused the young man's hopes. One day he said to his father:

"I am going to enlist, as soon as they make a call for volunteers."

Major Stevens, who thoroughly understood his son, and knew that he could not resist the temptation, said:

"Why don't you raise a company, Arthur, and start with a commission?"

"Can I?"

"Yes."

"But there is no call."

"Have your company ready to answer the call as soon as made; you can then answer in an hour."

"Explain, father; how am I to do this?"

Captain Stevens took a sheet of paper and wrote on it as follows:

"BOONE COUNTY, Kentucky, June 13, 1845.

"We, the undersigned, agree to form ourselves into a military company, to organize and elect our officers, and be in readiness as provisional volunteers, if the president of the United States and the governor of the State of Kentucky should call for volunteers, to answer to the call at once."

"Now, Arthur, sign your name first."

Arthur did so.

"Go out among your acquaintances and friends and get one hundred more names; then call a meeting at the schoolhouse and elect a provisional captain and two lieutenants, who are to report the company in readiness as soon as the call is made."

Arthur was delighted. It never occurred to him that his services in raising the company would entitle him to the honor of chief command. He devoted his time and zeal to raising the one hundred men. His father, who was known to possess great military knowledge, had promised to meet with the young men and give them some instructions in the manual of arms, and the preliminary steps in drilling, according to Scott's Tactics then in use by the United States army.

The first person Arthur met was his unreliable substitute, Pat McKune. Arthur's confidence in the stability of Pat was very much shaken, yet he

thought Pat might make a soldier, so he asked him if he would like to go to Mexico.

"Divil a bit," was the answer. This was not encouraging to the young recruiting officer; but he proceeded to explain that he was raising a company of soldiers, who were to be paid by the government. Pat took a different view at last and finally permitted his name to be enrolled on the list.

So earnestly and enthusiastically did Arthur recruit, that at the end of three weeks he had the required one hundred volunteers.

A meeting of the provisional volunteers was called at the schoolhouse for the election of officers. Some shrewd local politicians set on foot a scheme to rob Arthur of any commission. Pat heard of it, and his ire was roused. He began hostilities at once by knocking down two of the would-be officers.

When the meeting assembled, and a chairman and secretary were selected, the first duty declared was the selection of a captain. Arthur was put in nomination, and so was Vincent Cole, one of the opposers of Arthur.

Pat rose and vowed that he was for "Captain Stevens, begorra, for boss," and he could knock the two eyes into one of any "blackguard as wasn't for him."

Arthur was elected by a majority of twenty-nine. The lieutenants were selected, and then Major Stevens gave them some instructions in marking time, dressing lines, marching, wheeling and a few of the other minor evolutions of the company.

They agreed to "muster" regularly every Saturday until called upon for service.

That was not long. In the same month their company was organized the president of Mexico issued a proclamation declaring that the annexation of Texas in no wise destroyed the rights of Mexico, and that they would be maintained by force of arms.

Both governments began to prepare for war, and Arthur offered the service of his company. Late in the Autumn of 1845, it was accepted, and he was ordered to report with his company to General Taylor at Corpus Christi, Texas. They were now regularly mustered into the United States service, and arms and uniforms were sent for the volunteers.

Never was there a prouder young captain in the United States army than Arthur Stevens on receiving his commission. He was alone in his room and sat for a long time gazing at the document which entitled him to wear a sword and epaulets and lead one hundred brave Americans to battle. The company was next day to march to Louisville

whence they were to proceed by steamboat to New Orleans, there to embark for Corpus Christi.

It was the evening before his departure that Arthur sat, looking over his commission, when a negro girl came to his apartment and informed him that his father wished to see him in his room.

As Arthur entered his father's chamber, he observed an old oaken chest, quaintly constructed with handles and lid of a make, certainly two or three hundred years ago. The lock of Spanish make of the early centuries of the new world had been broken, and never mended. His father was sitting by the chest, which was open. He had never before seen the quaint old lid raised. There was some weird, strange mystery about that old chest. Some long ago romance or tradition connected with it, for it was reported to have been in the family for more than two hundred years. It was brought over in the *Mayflower* by Mathew Stevens, a Pilgrim. It had been in the possession of one of the name ever since, and a distant cousin in Massachusetts had at his death bequeathed the strange heirloom to Major Stevens, who, although he was really of the Virginia branch of the family, was born in Massachusetts.

The strange heirloom had been in the major's family for several years; but Arthur had never seen it open before. His father said:

"Arthur, you leave for Mexico to-morrow. I want to talk with you before you go. Sit down."

Arthur sat by the side of his father, who continued:

"You are going to invade a foreign country. You may meet people as brave and patriotic as Americans, and while I want you to uphold your country's flag, don't be cruel or tyrannical. Remember that you are fighting people of Spanish descent, and remember also that we have Spanish blood in our veins."

"I have heard this hinted before, father; but I never knew the particulars."

"My son, there is a tradition in our family history, which, like all other traditions, may be true or false. The legend says that there came with Columbus on his first voyage of discovery a cabin boy named Hernando Estevan.* He was a friend of the great admiral and shared his confidence. He married in Spain and afterward settled in the West Indies, where his son Christopher Estevan was born. This son was with Pizarro in Peru and De Soto in Florida. He had two sons whose history you will find in this old manuscript, written in Spanish by one of them. Here is an English translation of it more than two hundred years old.

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*See "Columbia," the first of this series.

Read that, my son, and then you will see that there may be more truth than you dream of in this tradition."

He handed Arthur the paper, yellow with age. He read in silence as follows:

"NARRATIVE AND DISCOURSES OF FRANCISCO ESTEVAN.

"I have herein set out to write a history of the family of Estevan, which has been traced back to the Knights and Chevaliers of Leon and Castile. Wherefore for many wrongs one was banished unjustly, and his son Hernando was with Christopher Columbus when he first came to the new world. He named his oldest son Christopher, who was my father. He was a great soldier and explorer and went with Pizarro to the strange land of Peru and with De Soto to Florida, the country which we now by the grace of God and arms of Spain and the Holy Catholic Church do inhabit. When wearied of wars and exploring, he went to live at Havana in the Island of Cuba, with his wife, his sons Francisco and Rodrigo, and his daughter Christoval. Francisco was consecrated to the church and to be sent to Spain for instruction with the Holy Fathers, and Rodrigo, who was a warrior of great renown, chose to go to Mexico where Cortez lived, having conquered the Mexicans and brought the whole country under the dominion of Spain. They both took their departure the same day* the one going to Mexico and the other to Spain. Before going on board their vessels and setting off on their journeys they did mutually promise each to the other that they who loved each other so dearly would join in Mexico and live fraternally forever after. Then they departed and Francisco who was consecrated to

* See "St. Augustine," page 14.

the priesthood, became wrecked on the coast of France and was rescued by a certain Huguenot maiden, fair to look upon, named Hortense De Barre, of whom he became enamored and afterward did meet in Florida and after many vicissitudes and trials did wed and lives now at St. Augustine. The brother Rodrigo Estevan went to Mexico, and has become the father of a large family, which still dwell in Mexico. This narrative and discourse is now given so that should the descendants of Francisco Estevan ever go to Mexico, it is enjoined upon them that they form the friendship and fraternal alliance with the descendants of his beloved brother Rodrigo Estevan, who dwell in that land. It is furthermore specially enjoined upon all descendants of Francisco Estevan that they make no war even to the twelfth or fifteenth generation with the descendants of Rodrigo Estevan, for they two were of one blood and one flesh and never loved brothers more sincerely than they. This injunction is laid upon all the descendants of Francisco Estevan. Given by himself at St. Augustine March 7th, 1585. — FRANCISCO ESTEVAN."

Arthur Stevens, having read the strange, weird document, folded it, turned it over, looked at the other side, and then at his father, and said:

"Father, what has all this to do with me?"

"Much, my son. Francisco Estevan, whose brother went to Mexico as stated in that paper, had two sons—Philip and Mathew. A little over a year after the date of that document, Sir Francis Drake attacked St. Augustine * and destroyed it, or nearly so, and carried away the two little boys

* See "Pocahontas," page 5.

Philip and Mathew to England. Philip finally went to Virginia with the colony of John Smith, the other, Mattheo Estevan, or Mathew Stevens, went to Plymouth in the *Mayflower* taking this old chest and this manuscript with him. It is said by the tradition of our family that in after years the brothers who had been parted in infancy met,* and that their father came to see them. Whether that be true or not, it is quite certain that one branch of the family lived in the South, or in Virginia, and the other in Massachusetts until after the War of the Revolution, when they became scattered all over the States and Territories."

Arthur smiled and asked:

"Father, what has all that to do with my going to Mexico?"

"A great deal. Our ancestor asks that for twelve generations we do not take up arms against the Estevans."

"Isn't it more than twelve generations?"

"No."

"Why, it is nearly three hundred years."

"Twelve generations, my son, at an average of forty years each, would more nearly reach five hundred years. But our descent is traced in this way. Philip Estevan was a son of Francisco

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* "The Pilgrims," page 349.

Estevan, and when he was taken to England, his name was Anglicised to Philip Stevens. He was the father of John Smith Stevens, the father of Robert Stevens, the father of Noah Stevens, the father of Albert Stevens, who was the father of Fernando Stevens, myself, and I am the father of Arthur Stevens. That makes but eight generations, my son. For many generations this injunction has been laid upon each.

"The tradition would have died with me, however, had you not been going to Mexico. We have often, at our family reunions, talked of sending one of our family to Mexico to hunt out the Estevan part of the family."

"I don't see, father, how I am to stop in a conflict which will be for life or death to look up family relationship three hundred years old. When I meet a Mexican in arms, I fancy there will be no time to discuss family lineage."

Major Stevens smiled at the sensible remark of his son, and answered:

"What you say is true, Arthur; but there come times of parleying and armistices in war, captives, and various ways by which enemies have means for friendly conversation. I don't think it is obligatory on you even to make a search for the family of Estevan, but what I wish to impress on you is this, if you find the name in Mexico, re-

spect it, out of regard for the tradition of your fathers."

"I shall."

That afternoon the young captain was forced to don his uniform that his mother, sisters and brothers might inspect him. He looked very handsome and gallant in his blue coat, brass buttons, chapeau and plume. His little brother Mark, only four years old, clapped his hands and shouted for joy.

"Even baby Mark is a soldier," said Mrs. Stevens, who, recalling the dark days from 1812 to 1815, could not repress a shudder. Her native town on the Maryland coast had been bombarded and she had then come to realize the horrors of war.*

All the family were pleased with the appearance of the young captain, and he went out to the negro quarters to see old "mammy" † who was delighted with her boy.

"Oh, I declar, honey, I nebber'd a knowed ye in de worl'. Why, I can't hardly beliebe my own eyes dat dis am you."

"Mammy, don't you think this uniform looks fine?"

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* See "Sustained Honor," page 372.

† Mammy was the negress who had been nurse to the young man.

"Oh, honey, it's jis awful nice—awful nice—awful nice! An' is ye goin' away, honey?"

"Yes, mammy, I am going to Mexico."

"Whar am dat? I reckon it am a long way off, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"Most as far as Louisville?"

Mammy had heard much of Louisville; but she had never been there, and she supposed that the famous town must be at the other end of the world. To her it was the fair Cathay, the mythical city of Marco Polo.

"Oh yes, mammy, it is farther than Louisville, much farther."

"Furder dan Louisville! oh massa sakes, chile, you'll nebber git back in all de worl'—now, will you?"

"I hope so, mammy."

"I dun know; you jist go, I spect, an' disappear like John, and nobody nebber see you no mo'."

"John is in Canada, mammy. He is free and happy I hope."

"I doan believe it, chile. I tole ye I doan believe it," answered the old negress, brushing a gathering moisture from her eyes, while she cut a slice of home-made bread from a large wheaten loaf, and spread fresh butter and strawberry jam

over it. She looked on Arthur as the little boy whom she had watched over and cared for in his childhood, and now, although he had reached man's estate, she never failed to prepare his bread and butter every time he paid the kind old creature a visit.

"You don't think John is in Canada, mammy?" asked the captain, as he took the bread and butter and jam from the old woman's hand, for it would have offended her to refuse it. "If John is not in Canada, mammy, where is he?"

"Dun know, chile, I declar' to gracious I dun know; but I speck dem Mexicans come an' tuk him clean off."

"Why do you think that, mammy."

"Cos John wouldn't a run away, no, Massa Arthur, dat warn't like John, not one bit. He warn't a bad nigger, Massa Arthur. I know dat boy as well as I knowed you, an' he wouldn't a done it 'nless it war dat gal o' Lee's. She jis gone an' clean bewitched him, dat am what she hab done."

"Do you think it was Lee's Nelly who coaxed John to run away?"

"'Spect it war."

"Then it was not the Mexicans."

"Mought a been the Mexicans, Massá Arthur; ye may find him down dar. Now ef ye do find him, I tell ye jist whut I want ye to do, honey."

"What would you have me do, mammy?"

"Jis you bring dat chile home. He ain't got no business way off dar, I tole ye. Ef he run off on his own account, he orter have a whuppin, an ef dem Mexicans come an' carry him off, den you bring him back any way, dat's whut ye do."

Arthur sighed and answered:

"Mammy, I am very much afraid we will never see John again."

"I is afraid so, too," mammy answered, and again wiped the gathering moisture from her eyes with her clean white apron.

Arthur having eaten his bread, butter and jam, bade mammy adieu, and then the other negroes, including the field hands, and went to the mansion house, where his parents, brothers and sisters were.

Even little Mark appreciated the solemnity of the occasion and, realizing that his big brother was going away, perhaps never to return, broke down and wept. The young soldier bore up bravely until he gave his beloved mother the farewell kiss and then, with tears starting from his eyes, he wheeled about and hastened away to conceal his emotion. He rode to the village, where the company was assembled, and, boarding the conveyances that were to take them to Louisville, they began their journey to Mexico.

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE BORDER WITH TAYLOR.

General Taylor's army still lay at Corpus Christi, a little town on the Mexican gulf near the river Nueces, when Captain Stevens' company joined the army with some other volunteers from New Orleans. Arthur's first army experience was not encouraging. They were encamped in a country which furnished few stores, and the low, sandy plain was swept by terrific hurricanes, which frequently prostrated their tents. The rigors of winter were of course scarce felt in this semi-tropical clime.

The day after their arrival, Arthur's colonel reported the recruits to the commander. The young soldier was anxious to see the great old veteran and hero of the Florida war, a man whose name was in everybody's mouth. He accompanied the colonel and saw a large, plain-looking old man, who might be a farmer, wearing a linen coat and straw hat. He supposed the man was a servant, sutler, or some camp follower, and was amazed when informed that this strange man was General

Taylor. He found the old general to be a genial, warm-hearted, whole-souled man, with broad, liberal views, democratic principles and a courage that was undaunted.

When introduced to the young captain, he took his hand in a kind, fatherly sort of way and said:

ZACHARY TAYLOR.

"So you have come all the way from Kentucky to fight the Mexicans, my boy. Well, the chances are that you will have an opportunity. We hold out the olive branch first and then the sword. If they don't take one they shall the other."

Arthur soon learned that the great hero of the Mexican war was not much for dress and show, and, in fact, was rather given to extreme carelessness as to his personal appearance, especially when in camp.

While the American army was still encamped near Corpus Christi, the general was called upon one day by the American commodore, whose fleet lay in the harbor. The commodore was a great stickler for everything military, always appearing with coat buttoned to the chin, and in every particular, at any hour, was the pink of neatness. General Taylor was lying on his cot in

his tent in a very negligee dress, consisting of a gauze shirt, brown linen trousers and slippers. When the commodore was announced, he jumped up and took his dress coat from the rope which was strung across his tent, and proceeded to put it on, utterly unmindful of his other garments.

In those days, the military dress coat had a very high collar, which reached almost to the ears. In his haste to make himself presentable as regarded his coat, the general buttoned it so that one side came above the ear, while the other was so low as to reveal the absence of outer shirt, collar or cravat, and in his brown linen trousers, slippers and full dress uniform coat, he presented himself to the commodore, saying:

"Good morning, commodore; proud to welcome you to headquarters."

No wonder Taylor won the sobriquet of "rough and ready." His bravery, his peculiarly democratic ideas and his utter disregard for the punctilio and aristocracy of the regular army endeared him to the hearts of the Americans and made him president of the United States.

Captain Stevens earnestly devoted himself to the study of military science. He drilled his men from four to five hours every day, until they became quite as proficient as the regulars. Pat McKune was the hardest of the whole company to

understand the manœuvres. He could not keep step with the others. His feet were large, and his legs short, and he could not understand the difference between a shoulder and carry arms. A right-shoulder shift was as incomprehensible as the most puzzling problem in integral calculus. The orderly sergeant, who took Pat in hand to give him a few private lessons, was in utter despair.

"How'n thunder am I to ever make a soldier out o' a feller who's about as graceful as a mud turtle?" he said to the captain.

With a smile, Arthur said:

"You must never despair in well doing."

"He don't know his right foot from his left."

"Tie a bundle of hay to one and a bundle of straw to the other."

The sergeant took the captain's jest in earnest, and two hours later he was marching Pat about the camp, his legs ornamented with two wisps, one of straw and one of hay, to the tune of:

"Hayfoot—strawfoot—hayfoot—strawfoot," to the amusement of the soldiers, who roared with laughter.

But Pat was a genius of good humor, and soon, from his very oddity, he became a character. There was something so very odd about his appearance and in his manner of performing the manual that he attracted the attention of the entire

regiment. At last Pat had been taught something of discipline, and came to regard Arthur as his captain rather than a friend. The soldiers had as yet received no pay, and they began to murmur some at the delay. One day Pat presented himself to his captain and, touching his hat, said:

"Plaze sir, whin will we be paid off, sir?"

"In a few days, Patrick," answered his captain.

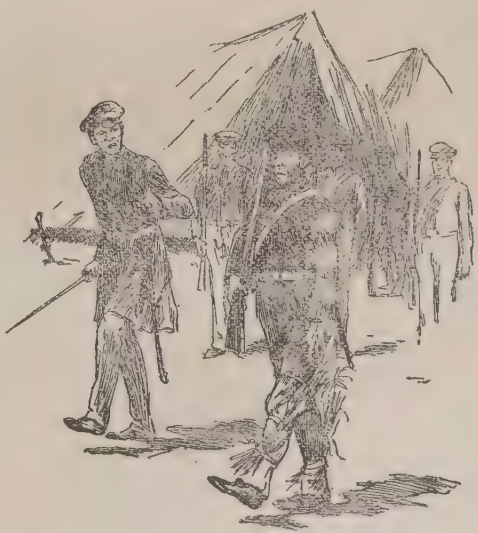
"Yis sir," continued Pat, "and whin will we be afther the Mexicans, the blackguards?"

"That's more than I can tell you, Patrick; it's rather hard to say what is going on at headquarters, or when we will be given orders to move."

"Yis sir, thank you kindly, sir, we'll be paid off in a few days, anyways, however," said Pat, as he touched his hat again and retired. In a few days he again appeared and opened the conversation with—

"If ye plaze, sir, divil the copper we've been paid yit, sir."

"I know it, Pat," answered Arthur, "but I can't help it; they are waiting for the paymaster to arrive."



"HAYFOOT—STRAWFOOT!"

"Oh, it's the paymasther we're waitin' for, is it? and what the divil's the excuse he has for not bein' here, whin wanted? What's the use of a paymasther if he isn't on the spot whin he is wanted?" said Pat, beginning to wax indignant at having to wait so long for his pay.

The circumstance caused him much uneasiness, and, after cogitating the matter over and over, he was struck with a luminous idea, and announced to his comrades that he would get his money "before you could say 'thread on me coat.'" One morning, immediately after breakfast, off posted Pat to General Taylor's camp, and on approaching his tent inquired of a soldier standing by, where the general's "shanty" was.

"That's his tent," said the sentinel, pointing out the general's quarters.

"And is that the gineral's tint?" said Pat taking off his hat and rubbing his hand over his hair, which had been cut to the degree of shortness, peculiar to the natives of Erin's green isle.

"Yes."

"And where is the gineral's ould gray horse?" inquired Pat.

"There," answered the soldier, indicating the spot where the old horse stood lazily whisking the flies away with his tail.

"And is that the ould gray horse?" again in-

quired the sprig of Erin, with great awe. "An' where, if ye plaze, sir, is the ould gintleman himsilf?" continued Pat.

"There he sits under that awning," answered the soldier.

"What!" exclaimed Pat in a reverential whisper, "an' is that the ould gintleman?"

"Yes, that's General Taylor," said the soldier walking away.

After gazing upon the war-worn veteran in silent admiration for a while, he at last mustered up sufficient courage to approach him.

"I beg your pardon, gineral, but you'll plaze to excuse the bit of liberty I'm taking in presuming to call on your honor, but, if ye plaze, sir, I came on a little matter of business, bein' as how I thought maybe ye might be afther helpin' us out of a little bit of a scrape."

"Well, what is the trouble and what do you wish?" the general kindly answered.

"If ye plaze, sir, I'd like to know whin the hands will be paid off, sir."

"When will the hands be paid off?" repeated the general, considerably puzzled.

"Yis sir, if ye plaze to have the goodness. The hands have had divil a cint of wages since they've been in the country."

"Oh, I understand, you're a volunteer, and

wish to know when you'll be paid off. Well, my good fellow, you must apply to your company officers for that information; I have nothing to do with it."

"Beggin' yer pardon, sir, I did ax the boss about it; but he didn't give me no sort o' satisfaction about it, so I told the other hands I'd fix it. I thought I'd be comin' over to see if you couldn't give us some satisfaction."

The "head boss" being unable to relieve the anxiety of Pat, the latter retired to the "other hands," having had the satisfaction of saying that, although he had failed in the object of his mission, he had seen the "head boss in his shanty," and the "ould gray horse," which was "glory enough for one day."

Captain Stevens found the new life, the camp, the soldiers and all a study to him. Assembled about their bivouacs, drilling, or on the march they were a picturesque group. There were regulars, volunteers, Texans and Mexicans, with an occasional Indian. Some faces had been bronzed in tropical climes, some paled over midnight oil and heavy tomes. The lithe form of the hunter, the heavy frame of the handicraftsman, and the hitherto denizen of crowded marts were here distinguishable. From all parts of the union they had come, strangers to each other, to defend Texas and

perhaps invade a foreign shore, and they knew nothing of what was before them.

Amid all that motley crowd, the most noticeable man to Arthur, was General Taylor's guide. At least three inches over six feet in height, he towered above all others, like one of Moore's "ruined columns," for time to count his ages by. Ages! That man must have lived eras in his life; that face, with its short gray hair and beard, was, indeed, but a ruin. A scar extended the full length of his face, obliterating one eye. His gaunt, wiry limbs showed indisputable signs of many a wild skirmish. His odd hunting suit had been fashioned by his hard, rough hands, which were aristocratically small. His horse followed him about the camp like a dog. One could but ask himself if it were possible for the man to ride the little mustang. It seemed as if his toes would surely touch the ground. His odd, uncouth appearance caused many jests among the soldiers and camp followers; but his countenance was as immovable as if he was deaf, and his dull eye betrayed no sign of feeling.

But his eye was not always dull. One day a soldier pricked his mustang with his bayonet, and quick as thought the old man grasped him by the shoulder, shook him as if he were a feather's weight, and hurled him aside with a force that

stunned the rash jester, while the single eye which had seemed so dull flashed lightning on the crowd. There was fearful strength in that slight frame. Arthur would very much have liked to know the history of that heart beating beneath the leathern jacket.

Who was he? No one seemed to know save that he was "One-eyed Mike," a Texan hunter and Taylor's trusted guide.

The monotony of camp life at Corpus Christi was sometimes broken by a scout into the country by officers and soldiers in squads varying in numbers from fifty to five hundred.

At last permission was given Captain Stevens to go with fifty mounted men on a two or three days' reconnoissance into the interior of the country. Of course the guide "One-eyed Mike" accompanied them.

As soon as they left Corpus Christi, the whole country was to Arthur a trackless wild; but Mike went on as unhesitatingly as a New Yorker would walk Broadway. One night Arthur made the strange discovery that Mike was a highly educated man. Arthur and an army surgeon, Dr. Young, as they sat about the fire, were arguing upon the translation of a passage from some Greek author. Both Arthur and the doctor had almost forgotten their Greek and dispute ran high, when

Mike, who was leaning on his rifle a little way off, suddenly said:

"Quote correctly, and you'll agree." Then he gave the correct quotation, definition and translation which had been puzzling the two savants. This was evidently impromptu and unintended on Mike's part, for he abruptly walked away, while the captain and doctor gazed at him in amazement. Not another word could be elicited from him on the subject.

"Who is he?" asked the doctor.

"I don't know," Arthur answered. He called his horse "Wodin" (the wind), and his rifle "Einzige" (the only one).

Next day they saw some Camanches sweeping along in the distance, and Mike, throwing a glance of utter contempt at the soldiers, said:

"Captain, what match are they for a couple of Camanches?"

After the novelty wore off, the life of a scout in the wilderness became dull and monotonous to the young Kentuckian. They camped for a week on the banks of a stream which emptied into the Rio Grande.

Mike left them at this spot, saying he would return in forty-eight hours. Nearly a week passed and the little party began to fear some terrible calamity had befallen him.

"Perhaps the Camanches have killed him," suggested Dr. Young.

Captain Stevens thought it was hardly probable, for Mike was too shrewd for them.

"There's no need of waiting longer, captain," said the doctor.

Arthur, who was loth to leave without the guide, said:

"Let us wait twenty-four hours longer, and if he does not come, we will return to Corpus Christi, if we can."

Two hours later Mike was with them safe and sound. His explanation was curt.

"Chased Camanches!" He brought into camp two horses with Mexican saddles.

"Where did you get them?" Arthur ventured to ask. He silently pointed to his rifle, then to the blood-stained trappings, but spoke not a word. Who was this man of blood? He had never displayed the least sign of brutality, and yet he was a murderer, and the grim smile accompanying his significant gesture showed him to be no impetuous sinner, but a thinking, reflecting savage. He was a man of refinement, as proven by speech and manners. That there was some deep mystery about him, Arthur knew, yet he found this mystery beyond his ability to probe; though he was freer to converse with Arthur than any one else.

On the second day's march after this event, they changed their course toward the Rio Grande, and went to camp. Captain Stevens found One-eyed Mike acting the old-time Spartan. A chigoe had laid its eggs in his foot some time before, and a sore was the consequence. Captain Stevens proposed calling the surgeon, but was answered by a further shortening of the upper lip. With his bowie knife, Mike cut the skin, laid it back, scraped the place exposed right thoroughly, washed it out with raw whiskey, and, replacing the skin, finished the surgical operation with a stitch or two of deer sinew as coolly as a tailor would mend a rent in a coat. Arthur could not refrain from expressing his admiration of the guide's fortitude.

"Then what do you say to this?" said Mike, removing his belt and clothes to his waist, displaying a frightful scar extending across the body. Captain Stevens shuddered. "I sewed that." As a proof of Mike's assertion, there were visible the rude stitches.

"But the bowels must have protruded," said the young captain.

"They did."

"Whose work was it?"

"Those half-breed devils, the greasers. Wodin was lame, or they would never have done it. They ran me down; a sabre cut ripped this; they stole

horse and rifle, leaving me for dead. I heard the last of their trampings and then crawled into the chaparral near, holding in my bowels with my one hand. I sewed up the gash as I had strength, a stitch or two at a time, and lived three days on a bit of jerked venison and a canteen of water.

"At the end of that time, food and water were exhausted, and I was utterly unable to move a rod. I had made up my mind that I must die of my wounds and starvation, when I heard the tramping of horses' feet, and voices talking in the Mexican tongue. They came nearer. I supposed them half-breeds at first, and thought to call them and have them put me out of my misery, rather than die by starvation. Suddenly I heard the voice of a female among them.

"Then I called feebly, for I was very weak. They came to me. They proved to be a party of Spanish Mexicans from the interior of Mexico. Among them was a señorita, a young child not over twelve or thirteen, who was going with her father to inspect some of his possessions on the San Jacinto. The Mexican had brought his wife and two children, a boy and a girl, with him. His was a large party, twenty-five in all. The old señora and her pretty little daughter had a tent spread over me and nursed me until I was able to be moved, and then I was taken to their

ranch on the San Jacinto and nursed until I was well."

"How did you recover your horse?" asked Captain Stevens.

"Would Wodin obey another master, think you?" And at his call the pony came and laid his head most affectionately on his master's shoulder. "Wodin found me. I pity the man who tries to keep him from me. I hunted Camanches and greasers six months for my rifle, and here she is, faithful as ever."

In that day Mike had not his equal with the rifle on the Texan line; and his scent or perception was very keen. He would sometimes sniff the air like an animal and say:

"There are Camanches around," or "There is game near," and he was never deceived, even to discovering the kind of game in the vicinity. He never returned from his solitary excursions empty-handed.

One night they had four horses stolen from camp. Mike said nothing, but was absent a day and a night, returning with the complement of horses, but all wearing rich trappings. Questioning him was in vain;—they could only conjecture.

War with Mexico had not commenced, nor been declared, and the instructions to Captain Arthur Stevens on going out to reconnoitre were very

strict. He was to make a careful observation, but to act wholly on the defensive. Under no consideration was he to fire a shot or molest a Mexican, unless attacked. With Camanches, of course, it was different, and on the very morning they intended starting back to Corpus Christi, a small body of these mischievous thieves, who had been watching them for several days, suddenly swooped down upon their camp, fired a volley of shots and arrows wounding two or three, and carried away five horses.

The attack was so sudden, so unexpected, that Arthur, who was down at the water letting his horse drink, did not move or utter a cry until they were gone. The entire camp was enraged and furious. Before an order could be issued, the volunteers were mounting horses and galloping away after the Camanches. Wild yells of rage, the angry crack of rifles, and thunder of hoofs as horsemen tore their way through the tall grass and bushes made up a terrible din.

Before Arthur Stevens had time to think, he was mounted on his horse and riding like a madman in hot pursuit of a lusty old Indian warrior, who, mounted on his mustang, was trying with a stolen horse to escape. The keen instincts of a sportsman overcame Arthur, and he never for a moment considered the danger he might incur. He flew over

the prairie like the wind, heedless of consequences. Drawing a pistol from his holster, he fired a shot, which seemed to burn the chief's right cheek, but on they flew. The Indian was so close pressed that he released the stolen horse.

This was not sufficient for the young Kentuckian, whose blood was up, and he goaded his horse on across the prairie and through the forest, without stopping to think that he was alone and that he might probably never find his way back to camp. He only saw the hated Camanche before him and strained every muscle to overhaul him.

Again and again he raised his second pistol to shoot the savage, but as it was his last shot and they were riding over an uneven part of the country, he dared not risk it. Arthur had his sabre and the Indian his lance. Both were about equal in that respect. The Indian had lost his bow or doubtless he would have shot Arthur through with arrows.

This chase came to a sudden and unexpected termination. They had reached a wild and strange part of the country. The prairie gave way to hills, breaks, and forests of chaparral. Arthur's horse was pretty well blown, while the Indian's little mustang kept galloping steadily on as if it would never tire. Arthur raised his pistol to fire his last shot at the savage whom he saw was increasing the

distance between them. He was aiming at the broad back of the Indian, when his horse suddenly stumbled and went over on his head. Arthur realized that his steed was going down, and jerked at the rein to hold him up in vain. The headway of the animal was such that he was carried completely off his feet. Arthur tried to disengage his feet from the stirrups to free himself from the saddle, when he found the horse going down, but he went over its head and struck his face against the earth. As he fell, he fired his pistol in the air, missing the mark, of course.

Though Arthur was not senseless, he was stunned and almost powerless from the shock. He rose to his knees on the ground while his horse staggered to his feet. The young captain was conscious of seeing the Camanche wheel his steed about and, with couched lance and a terrible yell, charge down upon him, as he sat upon the ground helpless.

In that awful moment, while the savage was charging at him to pierce him through, Arthur lived a hundred lives and died a hundred deaths. He tried to rise—to draw his sabre,—but was too much stunned.

He had got one foot flat on the ground, and rested on his left knee, while his right hand clutched the handle of his sword still in its scab-

bard, when suddenly a sharp report came from the chaparral on his left, and the Indian's mustang fell forward dead.

The Camanche, finding he had another enemy, leaped to the ground and ran for life into the

"ARE YOU HURT, SEÑOR?"

woods. Before Arthur had time to regain his feet, a handsome young man with keen black eyes, mounted on a snow-white horse, galloped out of the chaparral, carrying a carbine in his hand.

The broad-brimmed sombrero, the slashed

trousers and doublet profusely ornamented with gold braid and lace indicated that he was a rich Mexican, though he spoke as pure English as a native of Great Britain or American.

"Are you hurt, señor?" he asked, galloping up to where Arthur was struggling to his feet.

"No, stranger, thank you. I owe my life to you."

"Don't mention it, señor. I suppose the Camanche devil escaped."

"Yes, why did you not shoot him instead of the horse?" asked Arthur, gazing at the beast struggling in the agonies of death.

"There was no time. He was close on to you and ten seconds later would have driven his lance through your body. A sure shot, not a fine shot, was necessary to save your life. I was certain I could bring down the horse, while there was a doubt as to hitting the rider."

Arthur recognized in his rescuer a man of cool judgment, capable of reasoning in an hour of peril and excitement.

The young captain picked up his hat, brushed the dust from his coat and arranged one of the epaulets which had become loosened in the fall.

"Do you live in Texas?" asked Arthur.

The handsome stranger shook his head.

"You are an American?"

"No."

"What are you?"

"I live across the river."

"A Mexican?"

"Yes, señor."

Arthur's countenance fell. He had come to the frontier to humble the proud Mexicans, whom he looked on as a nation of savages, and at the very first move, he found one of his enemies saving his life. Instead of being a savage, he found him a gentleman of culture and education.

"You had a narrow escape, señor," said the Mexican with a smile. "The Camanches are desperate and bloodthirsty creatures."

Arthur, gazing at the Mexican, asked:

"What part of Mexico do you live in?"

"South of the central part."

"Then you are a long way from home."

"I am, señor. I take you to be an American officer."

"I am."

"How far is it to your command?"

Arthur started at the question. He realized for the first time that he was alone in a vast wilderness. His command doubtless was scattered in the mad chase after the horse thieves. The folly of his conduct of the morning was quite apparent.

"I cannot tell," he said. "We were about to set out on our return to Corpus Christi this morning when the Camanches suddenly swooped down on us and carried away some horses after wounding two or three men. Our blood was up, and we pursued them. I don't know where the others are."

With a smile, the young Mexican said:

"Just like you Americans. You call us a hot-blooded, quick-tempered people of the South, yet you rush into danger when angered, utterly regardless of consequences. But what has been done cannot now be undone; what are you going to do?"

"I want to find my men."

"Had you a guide?"

"Yes, One-eyed Mike."

"I know him," said the Mexican. "Had you left the matter wholly with him, I have no doubt but that he would have brought in your horses."

"I now see the folly of our conduct."

With a smile, the young Mexican said:

"Señor American, if you intend to become a soldier in this country, you had better learn more prudence and judgment."

"I accept the advice with thanks," said Arthur. He hardly knew whether he was a prisoner or not, until the Mexican added:

"You are, of course, a stranger here?"

"I am."

"Shall I assist you to find your friends?"

"Will you?"

"If you wish it," answered the Mexican, loading his short gun.

"And I an American officer, perhaps soon to engage you in mortal combat."

"True, señor; but we are not yet at war, and let us not be enemies until that time comes."

Arthur, grasping the young man's hand, fixed his eyes on his handsome face and said:

"Sir, you are a gentleman, a true nobleman, even if we are enemies."

"Now, señor, if your horse is able to travel, we will start at once, for One-eyed Mike will gather up the scattered Americans in a few hours, and may start back for Corpus Christi before we can reach them."

Arthur's saddle girth had burst in the fall; but he mended it in a few moments.

"Load your holsters, señor, we may meet your ugly acquaintance of the morning again."

"He has no weapon save his lance."

"Yet they sometimes hurl a lance with wonderful precision. I think we shall see no more of him, for the rascal would hardly dare attack two,

especially as he is dismounted, yet it is always best to be prepared."

Arthur reloaded his holsters and mounted his horse.

"I have no idea in which direction our people are, nor how far," he said.

"We will doubtless find them in the chaparral about twelve miles from here."

"You seem thoroughly acquainted with the country."

"I am."

"You have been here before?"

"Frequently. I have lands in Texas."

"Yet you did not go with the people in the secession."

"No, I am a Mexican by birth, of pure Spanish blood. I could not lift my hand against my country."

Of course Arthur could not blame him. He really admired the patriotism of the loyal Mexican. As they rode along, side by side, conversing as two fast friends might, they naturally drifted to the prospects of war, and Arthur ventured a hope that it might yet be averted.

"I have hoped so myself, señor, but it is inevitable," said the Mexican.

"President Herrera seems to desire peace."

"Yes; but our people are mad for war. They

are foolish and ungovernable. There is even now a revolt against Herrera, and he will be deposed. I should not be surprised to see him displaced by Paredes."

"President Polk has sent a minister to Mexico, and it is hoped that an amicable adjustment may yet be made."

"Your hopes will not be realized, señor. Your minister will be rejected, and our people will declare for war."

"I fear then that your people do not understand the power of the United States."

"Alas, they do not."

"If they did, they would see the folly of resistance."

The face of the proud Mexican flushed angrily as he quickly answered:

"Were the Mexicans united and not continually divided against each other, they would not be the weak nation they are supposed to be. We have too many traitors in Mexico."

"You are correct, sir. Mexico has too many Arnolds and Aaron Burrs and no Washingtons, Franklins or Hamiltons. You have too many generals and not enough soldiers. Could your people become more patriotic and less ambitious, there might be a grand future for Mexico."

"Señor, you have spoken a great truth. I wish

our people could all see this; but they cannot, or will not."

For half an hour longer they rode in silence. The sun was low in the western heavens, when the young Mexican drew rein and said:

"Your people are over the hill in the valley beyond."

"Why do you think them there?" asked Arthur.

"You can see a thin column of smoke; that is the Americans' camp-fire; and here comes Mike now."

At this moment the guide, One-eyed Mike, mounted on his small pony, suddenly rode out of the chaparral and galloped toward them.

"You are safe, señor; adieu!" cried the Mexican, and, wheeling his snow-white steed about, he galloped over the hill before the guide reached the side of Captain Stevens.

"He is gone," said Mike, gazing after the retreating Mexican. "Strange! he always does that way."

"Do you know him, Mike?" Arthur asked.

"He is the son of the good señora who nursed me when the infernal half-breeds and Camanches had cut me down and left me for dead."

"Is this the first time you have seen him since?"

"No, I have often met with him, but every time he avoids me, as if he fears I will thank him for saving my life."

At the camp they found the Americans all returned from chasing the Camanches, and next morning they started on their return to Corpus Christi.

CHAPTER VIII.

RESACA DE LA PALMA.

A CRISIS was rapidly approaching in Mexican affairs. The Mexicans, with great address, kept their hostile intentions secret. At last the prediction of the young Mexican that Paredes would overthrow Herrera was fulfilled, and news reached Taylor's camp that troops were rapidly concentrating on the Rio Grande, and that General Arista who had favored peace was superseded by Ampudia, known to be an advocate for war. On the 11th of March, General Taylor, pursuant to orders dated in January, left Corpus Christi for the Rio Grande, with an army numbering about three thousand effective rank and file. A few days before his departure, Taylor issued a proclamation in Spanish, addressed to the inhabitants on the Rio Grande, assuring them of the most amicable treatment, promising to respect their civil and religious rights, and informing them that whatever provisions they would bring into camp should be paid for at the highest price. This was deemed a necessary

measure of precaution, since the army was now leaving that portion of Texas which was settled chiefly by Americans, and entering a district occupied entirely by Spanish stock.

It would be foreign to the purpose of this story to enter into a discussion of the vexed question, whether the Nueces or the Rio Grande was the rightful boundary of Texas. Mexico asserted that her frontier extended to the Nueces; but the United States denied this, and claimed the Rio Grande as the boundary, with a right to the free navigation of that river. The country between the Nueces and the Rio Grande is generally fertile; but about half the distance, a desert thirty miles wide intervened.

No soldier in all Taylor's army was more delighted to receive orders to march than Captain Arthur Stevens. He drew up his company at their quarters and saw that each man was ready with knapsack, ammunition and rations sufficient for the march.

"Begorra, it's mesilf as thinks we'll soon be after thim spalpeens of Mexicans," he heard Pat say, as, with his musket at his shoulder, the "squatty-looking Irishman" stood in his rank on the left of the company. "Faith, there's the head boss now, an' the ould gray horse. Boys, we're goin' to have a bit of fun."

"Silence; no talking in ranks," commanded the captain.

The company marched to the review ground and took their place in the regimental formation, and the regiment took its place in the line of march.

All was now in readiness. One-eyed Mike and a score of rangers had been sent ahead an hour or two before, to reconnoitre the line of march.

The whole camp was a scene of commotion on the morning of their departure from Corpus Christi, March 11, 1846. Baggage wagons, artillery, soldiers on foot and horseback were hurrying hither and thither, blasts of trumpets rang out on the soft air, and the roll of drums and sound of fifes made lively music.

Arthur, at the head of the company, awaited the order to wheel into the line of march. He had not long to wait. The order came at last to count off in sections of ten. When this was done there came ringing down the line, sounded from officer to officer:

"On the right of sections, to the rear, into column, march!" The whole army broke into double lines of ten each and started on their march. The drums rolled, the fifes played, and baggage wagons and artillery rumbled along. Despite the injunctions against talking, Pat could not be restrained from saying:

"Begorra, there goes the head boss."

The first part of the march was enchanting. On the fourth day a mirage arose to the west. Blue mountains in the distance, lakes fringed with trees, and pleasant fields recalled the memories of home and cheated the beholder for awhile with the belief in their reality. Herds of antelopes sprang up from the prairie as the army passed, galloped to the edge of the horizon and stood looking at the long, blue columns, and the forests of glittering steel above, with eyes wide open in surprise and wonder. The streams crossed were edged with thick woodlands. Fairest flowers of the most gorgeous hues adorned the prairies, conspicuous among them the Mexican poppy, the indigo and the scarlet Texan plume. The sun rose and set in gorgeous splendor. Occasionally they pitched their camp on elevated knolls, surrounded by ponds from which the water-fowl soared upward in thousands, tempting the soldiers not infrequently to fire at them.

A week's march brought the army to the desert, and all was changed. From beauty and gladness it became a scene of desolation and suffering. The country was strongly alkalied. The soil gave place to deep sand, covered with thin grass, and the surface of the country was dotted with salt ponds all over, which tantalized the thirsty soldiers with

their liquid beauty. A forced march of twenty miles brought them to a camp, where the tired troops, after slaking their thirst, threw themselves down upon the ground almost completely exhausted.

Arthur Stevens slept soundly that night and dreamed of home, peace and quiet. His mother was bending over him, and her gentle voice could be heard soothing her care-worn boy. He even saw the dark shining face of kind old mammy, who welcomed home the wanderer. He felt the keenest disappointment when he awoke and found those fond voices and kind faces were all creatures of his dreaming fancy. He was thousands of miles away and might never see them again.

Bugles sounded, drums beat, and the soldiers were ready to march shortly after daylight. Soon after the army was on its way a high wind raised the dust in blinding choking clouds. The sand was like hot ashes to their feet; the vertical sun beat down with tropical fierceness; and frequently the men, no longer able to keep their ranks, sat down parched and despondent by the roadside.

"And it's a divil's own fix ye'll be in if the spalpeens of Mexicans come along and find ye squatted there at the roadside," declared Mike to one man whom they saw sitting at the roadside.

"I can't help it," he declared, "I can go no further. My feet are worn out."

At last, the joyful cry was passed from the van that a fresh-water pond was in sight. One-eyed Mike who knew the country well had warned them of this journey. New hope inspired all; they rushed forward; and in the cooling draught tasted pleasure. Arthur bathed his heated face, drank of the water until he had cleared the sand from his throat, and then lay down on the green bank under the shade of a giant palm to rest.

From this on, the country began to change its aspect. The sand disappeared and was succeeded by clay; level plains, nodding with thick woods, rose before the eye; and occasionally horsemen were seen sweeping the distant horizon, a sure proof that the army was approaching an inhabited district.

A mile or so from the banks of the Rio Colorado, One-eyed Mike came galloping back to the van and inquired for General Taylor. As he had information for the general, the army came to a halt until he could confer with him. Mike's information was that there was a large body of Mexican soldiers on the other side to dispute the passage of the Americans. Bugles could now be heard up and down the stream, as if a large force was concealed behind the trees.

"There come the divils of Mixicans," Arthur heard Pat explain, as a party of Mexican officers under a flag of truce were seen advancing, "and begorra there comes the head boss on the ould gray horse."

General Taylor waited under some trees for the messengers with the white flag to arrive. They were the bearers of a message from General Mejia, the Governor of Matamoras, saying if the Americans attempted to cross they would be fired upon. General Taylor listened to the message and then, without an instant's hesitation, answered:

"I am very thankful to General Mejia for his kind warning, but as soon as a road can be cut down the banks of the river, I intend to ford the stream, and the first person who ventures to dispute my passage will be shot down."

The messengers retired, and the artillery unlimbered to defend the pass. The road was cut and, after General Worth and his staff, Arthur's company was first to plunge boldly into the stream and wade across. Arthur expected every moment to be shot down; but not a gun was fired, and the army passed over in safety, the Mexicans retiring before them. Every step now carried the army into a better inhabited region. The soil became richer, the landscape more picturesque, and wildernesses of acacia filled the air with fragrance.

Four days after the passage of the Colorado, the army was divided: the empty wagons, escorted by the dragoons, went to Point Isabel; while the remainder of the force continued its march toward Matamoras. General Taylor accompanied the train to Point Isabel, where he found the steamboats and supplies he had expected at that post. Here he was met by a Mexican deputation from Matamoras, protesting against his invasion and occupancy of the country. Leaving a small force at the Point, where they were ordered to intrench themselves, General Taylor rejoined the main army, which had awaited him at a beautiful spot, called Palo Alto, eight miles from Matamoras.

Captain Stevens' company went with the main army, and Arthur was within hearing of the general when he joined the Americans. As the eye of "Old Rough and Ready" wandered over this lovely plain, where clumps of acacia, ebony and mesquite relieved the monotony of the rich prairie, he said:

"We may yet have to fight a battle here; it is the very spot to make a stand." Memorable words and too soon verified.

On March 28, 1846, the steeples of Matamoras first rose in sight of the little army of Taylor. The approach to the town was heralded by increasing signs of civilization. At last the rapid waters

of the Rio Grande were seen whirling directly before, while on the opposite shore of the narrow stream less than two hundred yards wide at this point, a crowd of persons were visible, actuated by curiosity to see those strange men from another clime, the "barbarians of the North," of whom they had heard so much. After selecting a suitable place for camping, General Worth was sent across to Matamoras, to make reply to the protest which General Taylor had received at Point Isabel. He was not permitted to enter the town, but held a conference with General La Vega on the bank. The interview was unsatisfactory to both sides, and the succeeding days were spent in mutual distrust. The Mexicans worked considerably in strengthening the defences of the town; while the Americans were as zealously engaged in throwing up a fort. Rumors occasionally disturbed the camp respecting a contemplated attack on Point Isabel. Proclamations having been secretly distributed among the American soldiers, offering inducements to desert, several men swam the river, of whom two were shot by the sentries, Pat McKune being one of the sentries on duty at the time. Nevertheless, General Mejia, the commander at Matamoras, did not openly assume a hostile character; but released dragoons who had been captured a few days previously.

All the while they were lying inactive with Matamoras in full view, Arthur Stevens, like most young soldiers, was impatient at the delay, and he hourly hoped that an order would be given to advance.

Occasionally he took short strolls from camp. On one occasion he had wandered alone to a thicket of chaparral and was sitting on a moss-grown stone when he suddenly became cognizant of a pair of dark eyes fixed on him from a thicket. He started up and snatching a pistol from his belt was about to fire when the evil-looking face disappeared.

Arthur was hastening toward the camp when a tall man with a long rifle suddenly stepped before him and said:

"Captain, you are reckless!"

"Why, Mike?" he asked.

"The guerillas crossed the Rio Grande last night and are somewhere now hiding in the chaparral. They will do some dark, dirty work before they leave this side of the river. If they get a chance, they will cut your throat."

Arthur told him of the face he had seen in the thicket, and the old man struck the barrel of his gun an emphatic slap, saying:

"It's a mercy you are here. If the officers are not more careful some of them will be murdered."

Arthur took his advice and remained closer in camp.

On April 1st, Ampudia arived at Matamoras and took command, when the scene began to change. He immediately notified General Taylor, that unless the American army retired to the Nueces within twenty-four hours, the Mexican government would consider war declared. Taylor's answer was mild but firm:

"I came to the Rio Grande," he said, "in a peaceful attitude, by order of the American government; I shall remain, and the responsibility of war, if one arises, will be with the party which fires the first gun." The calm and dignified tone of General Taylor, in this and all future communications with the enemy, was in strong contrast with the boastful and arrogant style of Ampudia.

Guerillas were on the American side of the Rio Grande beyond question. Had a scout been a few miles below the camp of the Americans on the evening of the 11th, he would have seen a score of dark, tawny men, low in stature, with broad-brimmed hats, cloaks, the slashed trousers and spurs of the Mexican, presided over by a man whose dark, sallow face indicated a mixture of Indian blood. This man was the notorious Mexican guerilla Miguel Morillo. He was strongly built, had a keen eye, thin lips and sharp, white

teeth, which, when he smiled, gleamed like the incisors of a hungry tiger. He spoke hurriedly to his men, in the Mexican tongue, though Miguel Morillo was able to speak English, for he was well educated.

"Señors, there is money and revenge among those northern barbarians; watch your chance and when there is one strike!"

"We will! we will!" they answered.

Late that evening Colonel Cross was so rash as to take a ride alone into the chaparral. This was on the 11th. He never returned, and his body was found in the chaparral, gashed with machetes. On the 16th a scouting party under Lieutenant Porter went in search of him, and Morillo made a furious attack on them, and drove them to camp. The lieutenant and one man were killed. These were the first slain in the war with Mexico.

On the 23d, Ampudia complained to General Taylor of the blockade of the Rio Grande. General Taylor replied, that, if Ampudia would sign an armistice until the boundary question was settled, or war declared, he would raise the blockade, but on no other terms. Ampudia declined the armistice. Mike having brought in intelligence that a large body of Mexican cavalry had crossed the Rio Grande above the camp, Captain Thornton, on the evening of the 25th, was sent out to recon-

noitre; when his troops were attacked by a superior force under General Torrejon, several of his men cut off, himself wounded, and the whole party ultimately captured and taken to Matamoras, where they were treated with courtesy. Captain Felipe Estevan, having returned some weeks before from Cuba, captured Captain Thornton himself and treated him with the kindness of a brave captor.

He wrote to his sister at Monterey that they had been victorious in the first fight with the northern barbarians; yet notwithstanding, as war was now inevitable, he felt dark forebodings of the future.

The attack and defeat of Captain Thornton was the first real conflict between the Americans and Mexicans. Morillo and his guerillas were in reality marauders or bandits, about as dangerous to one side as the other.

Three days before the capture of Captain Thornton's men, the President of Mexico issued a proclamation declaring the existence of war between the two republics. On the 26th Taylor despatched an express with a requisition on the governors of Texas and Louisiana for five thousand volunteers. Two days later he received intelligence of an attack on Captain Walker's camp, which lay between the fort and Point Isabel. As rumors reached General Taylor that large bodies of Mexicans, both above and below, were crossing the Rio Grande,

he became alarmed for his communications, and on the 1st of May, leaving a garrison at Fort Brown, he marched with the remainder of his army to the relief of Point Isabel.

Expecting an attack at any moment, the order of march was a line of battle, and at night the men slept on their arms on the open prairie. In the morning the route was resumed, and, no Mexicans appearing, the troops reached Point Isabel without molestation. The sight of the American flag still waving over Fort Polk was greeted with loud huzzas. Fatigued by extreme heat and the forced march, the men were glad to avail themselves of repose and soon sank to slumber.

Captain Arthur Stevens, who had made this forced march, slept soundly during the night and on the morning of the 3d was awakened by some one saying:

"They are at it. They are at it over there at Fort Brown." At the same time the booming of cannon smote his ear. He started up and found that it was scarcely daylight. There could be no mistake now that the Mexicans had attacked Fort Brown. The reveille beat amid the wildest anxiety and alarm. The cry to march was on all lips. The conduct of Taylor in this crisis proved the great soldier. At first he was inclined to yield to the generous impulse of his army; but a sober sec-

ond thought revealed to his mind that he would have to leave his stores behind and thus frustrate the object of the expedition. He finally decided to try to open communication with the fort. Captain Walker of the Texas Rangers offered his service for this difficult and dangerous enterprise.

He left the camp immediately and was escorted part of the way by Captain May of the United States Cavalry, who then returned to the Point. Walker was absent two nights and a day, returning on the morning of the 5th. He said the garrison considered itself able to hold out, and was determined to make the attempt. Nor did success seem improbable; for on the first day of the bombardment, the superiority of American gunners had silenced the heavy guns of the Mexicans in thirty minutes; and the enemy had since contented himself with throwing shells. The garrison feared nothing but an assault by overwhelming numbers; and in that case every man had resolved to die at his gun.

On receipt of this intelligence, the concern of General Taylor was partially dissipated; but, nevertheless, no time was lost in preparing for the march. The boom of artillery from the direction of the fort continued and stimulated the exertions of the men. One-eyed Mike returned with information that immense columns of the enemy, which

had crossed the Rio Grande, now occupied the prairie between the Point and fort. Nearly everything was ready on the evening of the 6th, and next morning General Taylor issued his order to march.

"It is known the enemy has recently occupied the route in force; if still in possession, the general will give him battle. The commanding general has every confidence in his officers and men. If his orders and instructions are carried out, he has no doubt of the result, let the enemy meet him in what numbers they may. He wishes to enjoin upon the battalions of infantry that their main dependence must be in the bayonet."

The army escorted a large train, rich not only in provisions, but in munitions of war. Advancing five miles, Taylor encamped for the night. No enemy had yet been seen; but on the next day, after a march of twelve miles, the Mexicans were discovered, less than a mile distant, their dense and apparently interminable masses darkening the prairie.

As Arthur's company, which was marching in front, came in sight of the enemy, he heard the irrepressible Pat say:

"Begorra, boys, we're goin' to hev the nicest bit ov sport ye iver saw in all yer life."

Taylor immediately prepared for action. The

day had been exceedingly sultry, and the men were suffering for water. Accordingly, a halt was ordered, the army was formed in columns of attack, and then the soldiers, half at a time, were allowed to fill their canteens.

"Betther dhrink while ye can," said Pat, "for the chances are, begorra, it'll be the last dhrink of some."

"Silence, Pat; no talking in ranks," said Arthur, sternly, for he feared the remarks of the Irishman might intimidate some of the men.

"Beg pardon, boss; niver knew you were about," said Pat.

The scenery was beautiful; the armies were halted and prepared for battle on a large prairie, the grass of which grew very tall and coarse, flanked by ponds of water, and beautified by tall trees, which gave it the name of "Palo Alto."

While the American soldiers were filling their canteens, the enemy continued nearly immovable, ranged along the further end of the prairie, in advance of a stunted wood, exposing a front of nearly a mile and a half. The Mexican lancers could be distinguished by the flash of their weapons; while the darker mass presented to the eye were no doubt infantry. Although it was now noon, no thought of dinner was entertained. Arthur saw One-eyed Mike at a short distance with fixed and immovable

countenance sitting on his small pony, his rifle across the pommel of his saddle. He called Mike to him and, stepping aside from his line which was formed for battle, asked:

"Mike, what do you think of it?"

Mike silently chewed his tobacco a moment and said:

"They will fight."

"How many are there of them?"

"Between six and eight thousand."

"Whom are they under?"

"General Arista; and he is no coward."

To oppose this force, Arthur knew that the Americans had but eighteen hundred infantry and two hundred cavalry. Their artillery consisted of two eighteen-pound guns drawn by oxen, and eight light pieces, belonging to Ringgold's and Duncan's flying artillery. The army having refreshed itself, moved to the attack as coolly and with as much regularity as if on drill. Arthur, whose company had been deployed as skirmishers, marched two hundred paces in advance. He saw Lieutenant Blake of the topographical engineers dash forward on his horse at the speed of the wind until he was within a hundred and fifty yards of the enemy, and with his spy-glass reconnoitre their lines, riding leisurely along their whole front. Having performed his duty to his

satisfaction, he coolly returned to the general and reported.

The line of battle had been formed in two wings; the right, commanded by Colonel Twiggs, consisted of the third, fourth and fifth infantry, with the eighteen-pound battery and Ringgold's artillery; the left, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Belnap, was formed of the eighth infantry and Duncan's artillery. The action began at three o'clock, P.M., at a distance of seven hundred yards, by the enemy opening with the artillery. The batteries of Duncan and Ringgold were immediately advanced to the front, and a furious cannonade ensued. The roar of cannon, the whistling of shots, shrieking of shells, neighing of horses and bellowing of frightened oxen made a din which was terrible.

This was Arthur's first battle, yet he was cool as a veteran and continued at the head of his company throughout the trying ordeal. The Mexicans fired at the American guns, while the Americans aimed at the masses of the foe. The slaughter, consequently, was very unequal. To avoid the fire as much as possible, the Americans, except the eighth infantry, which continued in column, had been ordered to deploy into line; and when the battle began, the men were further directed to lie down.

The wagons were formed into a park in the

rear, near which the dragoons remained. For a long time the contest was an artillery duel.

Explosion followed explosion with wonderful rapidity, shaking the plain under tremendous concussions. The masses of the enemy were visibly trembling beneath the discharges which incessantly ploughed their ranks. The Mexican shot in return generally whistled over the heads of the Americans. At last the prairie took fire, and the thick columns of smoke from the burning grass obscured for a while the opposing forces.

"We're goin' to be roasted alive," said one of Arthur's soldiers, raising his head above the grass to gaze on the roaring flames.

"Steady!—down in ranks!" cried Arthur, determined to "burn alive" at his post rather than leave it without orders.

A dense body of Mexican cavalry, nearly a thousand strong, at this moment dashed out from the enemy's left, as if to assail the American flank and reach the train in the rear. Their splendid appearance, with their long lances gleaming and flashing in the sun, awoke the admiration even of their enemies.

"Begorra, here comes the boss on the ould gray horse," cried Pat.

"Up, boys, all—repel cavalry!" thundered a voice which all recognized as General Taylor

himself. Immediately the Americans, half stifled with smoke, many of them bareheaded, were on their feet and running to the left, where Ringgold's artillery and the third and fourth infantry were laying horse and rider low. Captain Stevens was within a few feet of Major Ringgold, when he heard the awful thud of a cannon-ball tearing through flesh and bones. The shot had passed through both Ringgold's thighs and the shoulders of his horse, stretching them both on the plain. Lieutenant Sherer offered to raise him, when the fainting hero said:

"No, let me stay—go on—you have enough to do."

The major was carried from the field and died on the 10th, at Point Isabel.

After the fall of Ringgold, the battle raged wilder than ever. Ringgold's battery, now led by Ridgeley, was pushed forward on the right, under cover of the smoke, and by this movement the enemy was forced to change the line of battle. Duncan's battery also made a brilliant flank movement. The foe fell back in confusion before these new assaults. The setting sun threw its last beams on the retreating masses of the enemy.

Thus ended the memorable battle of Palo Alto, which gave a prestige to all the future operations of Taylor. The American loss was nine killed

and fifty-four wounded. Major Ringgold and Captain Page were both mortally wounded. The enemy's loss in killed, wounded and missing was not far from six hundred.

When all had become quiet, and the men slept on their arms, Arthur was summoned to a general council of officers, where the subject of advancing or retiring was considered. The decision was unanimous in favor of an advance.

Accordingly at sunrise, the wounded were sent back to Point Isabel, the train was parked, with a temporary earthwork around it, defended by some twelve-pounders, and the army was put in motion. The line of march was across the sickening battle-field, where dead and wounded still lay. Taylor sent parties to look after the wounded, and directed that they be well cared for, both friend and foe.

About three miles from Fort Brown, at a place called Resaca de la Palma, the Mexicans were strongly posted behind a semicircular ravine, in front of which the chaparral bristled like a continuous *chevaux de frise.* The few openings through this dense undergrowth were guarded by artillery; while masses of Mexican infantry lined the ravine, and concentrated their fire on these passes. The enemy, having received many recruits since the preceding evening, among them the celebrated Tampico regiment, Arista declared

that ten thousand veterans could not drive him from his position.

Taylor ordered the infantry to file past the train and deploy as skirmishers to the right and left of the road; which they did under a fire, that raked the route of the advancing Americans with terrible effect. Ridgeley's battery, after a succession of movements, approached to within one hundred yards of the Mexicans, and opened a fire of grape and canister.

The infantry, meantime, advanced toward the chaparral, and plunged down into the ravine with fierce shouts and volleys of musketry. The Mexicans fought nobly. Steel clashed to steel, and it seemed for a few moments that the two armies were enlocked in a hand to hand embrace of death. Say what you will of the Mexican soldier, you cannot call him a coward. Too often has the Mexican been taken for a guerilla or half-breed, who is usually both a knave and a coward.

General Taylor discovered that victory depended on his capturing a battery at the centre. He therefore called up Captain May with his dragoons and ordered him to charge. Hailing the command with joy, he went thundering down the road with his horsemen eager for the shock. When the dragoons reached Ridgeley's battery he requested them to halt, while he drew the enemies' fire.

The blaze of guns had scarcely burst forth, when May dashed forward on his powerful black charger closely followed by Lieutenant Inge, and his troopers. Arrived at the breastwork, he turned to wave on his followers. At that moment a discharge from the upper battery hurled through his little band emptying twenty-five saddles. Not for an instant did it check the cavalry; down through the ravine, through the chaparral, over the very guns of the enemy went May and his troopers, sabring the foe right and left. Through and through the ranks they swept; then wheeled about and rushed back, driving the gunners from their pieces, May himself capturing General La Vega, who commanded at this point. The infantry ran up at this moment and secured what the cavalry had taken. The Mexicans were driven from every point. The famous Tampico regiment, victors in twenty pitched battles, were almost entirely annihilated. They could not retreat; they would not surrender.

The enemy were driven across to Matamoras and the Americans went to Fort Brown. Thus ended the battle of Resaca de la Palma.

The loss of the Americans was thirty-nine killed and seventy-one wounded. Lieutenant Inge of the dragoons, and Lieutenants Cochrane and Chadbourne of the infantry were among the slain. It

is reputed that the enemy suffered in killed, wounded and missing, not less than two thousand. Their greatest loss was the heroes of the Tampico regiment, all of whom were brave patriots and died at their posts.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BELLE OF MONTEREY.

"Go on! By the mass, I believe the guide has deserted me, and I am not quite familiar enough with this pass to thread its mazes after dark."

The speaker was a weather-beaten, sun-browned young man surely not over, and perhaps under twenty-five, mounted on a large, snow-white horse, considerably jaded. He wore the uniform of an officer in the Mexican Lancers, but so travel-stained and dust-covered, that one would hardly recognize it. A gilt-handled sword was at his side, and he had pistols at his belt and in his holsters. His uniform perhaps more than his physiognomy would denote that he was a Mexican. He was a brave man. He had faced Taylor's terrible infantry, Ringgold's deadly artillery and May's vicious cavalry. A look of perplexity and uneasiness overspread his face as he urged his horse adown the steep descent. All day long he had journeyed over a broken plain, in places but little more than a desert, in others having a coat of sickly grass.

On every side huge masses of stone were piled upon each other or lay scattered about, as if the Titans had in by-gone ages tossed them in wanton sport. During the last two or three hours' ride, the scene had changed, growing wilder and more picturesque. Hills, precipices and gorges, all clothed with heavy forests, which at every mile seemed to grow more dense, surrounded the lonely traveller. When he uttered the words with which this chapter opened, he was riding down a narrow ridge, with a dark gorge on one side, and a sequestered glen on the other. As he came wandering slowly down, through winding mountain passes bleak and brown, the cloudless day was drawing to a close. Those secluded glens and cooling shades, hundreds of feet below, where sparkling waters bubbled, seemed peopled with nymphs and sprites to tempt the thirsty traveller. On a distant hillside, like an opal set in emerald, a monastery seemed afire with the radiant beams of the declining sun.

Further off to the southwest, seeming not more than two miles distant, far above wooded gorge, brae and break, two bristling peaks pierced the sky.

"Saddle mountains!" said the horseman in a tone filled with joy, for now he knew where he was. A moment later a sudden turn in the path

brought him in full view of a scene which, for splendor and beauty, can scarce be rivalled. A city, picturesque and grand with its glistening walls of white limestone, its gleaming turrets, its bristling spires, and beautiful surroundings, appeared like the vision of a dream below.

"Monterey, Snowflake! Monterey!" cried the young horseman, and the horse quickened his pace to a gallop down the flinty slope.

Monterey is one of the most picturesque cities of Mexico—that land of beauty and wonders. It stands upon a broad plain, 1,626 feet above the level of the sea, embosomed among beautiful gardens and orchards which burden the air with sweetest perfume, while they delight the eye with every varied form and brilliant color.

The sun had set, and the soft Mexican twilight had fallen over the landscape when the horseman entered the city. Monterey was alive with soldiers and officers, peons, Indians and every form of military man. The forts were bristling with cannon, and long redoubts had been recently thrown up to strengthen what had heretofore seemed impassable barriers. The travel-stained, dust-covered horseman attracted little attention or comment. Scouts and stragglers were coming in almost every hour, and citizens and soldiers were accustomed to them. There were some little formalities to be

observed on meeting the guards; but he was admitted without difficulty.

As he was riding down one of the streets, he was suddenly accosted by a voice which caused him to rein his horse and look over his shoulder.

"Señor captain, have you just returned?"

Standing at one side of the street, he saw a low heavy-set man whose tanned face, top boots and heavy spurs indicated that he was a horseman. He was almost as dark as an Indian, and there was something peculiarly brigandish in his manner and appearance.

"Miguel Morillo, how dare you show your face in Monterey?"

"War is a good leveller, and also pardons criminals. Captain Felipe, let me congratulate you on escaping the sabres of the northern barbarians."

"Where were you when their cavalry were cutting down our men like grass before the sickle? I'll warrant Miguel Morillo took good care of himself."

"Oh! Señor Felipe, let us not quarrel. I am one of General Ampudia's soldiers now; we are brothers in arms; let us be friends."

The guerilla advanced and extended his hand to grasp the palm of Captain Felipe Estevan. Drawing back his hand, he cried:

"No, Miguel Morillo, I may consent to fight

with you, but by the mass I cannot take a hand stained with innocent blood as yours." He started his horse at a gallop down the street. He had gone but a few rods, when he halted, wheeled his horse about and cried: "Miguel Morillo, beware. He is coming, and vengeance long delayed may fall on your head yet."

Morillo's swarthy cheek turned pale, but Felipe Estevan did not wait to note the effect of his words. He rode on to a large, palatial-looking residence built of white stone three stories in height, with richly ornamented verandas and balconies. He dismounted at the front veranda and a peon came to take his horse to the stable.

His sister, the same beautiful señorita whom we mentioned in a previous chapter at Puebla, met and embraced him on the long veranda, crying:

"Oh, Felipe, I feared you would never come; I believed you dead."

Felipe looked at her soft eyes, and discovered that they were red with weeping.

"Why, Madelina, have you been grieving for me? I wrote you from Matamoras that I was safe."

"Yes, but the Americans have invaded Mexico."

"They are at Matamoras, but have come no farther."

"I did not know, Felipe; I heard so many wild

stories of the barbarians overrunning the country. Are we defeated? Is Mexico conquered?"

It was quite evident that the señorita divided her anxiety between her brother and her country.

With a light laugh, Felipe answered:

"No, sister; Mexico is not conquered and never will be. They may overrun it—depopulate it, but conquer it never." His bright eye flashed; his proud breast heaved, and his cheek flushed with manly, patriotic pride.

"But they say the northern men fought desperately."

"They did, sister. There are gallant men among them, I assure you, and I have no doubt many would be kind and noble, yet they are invading our soil, and we must resist."

"Were our troops so terribly defeated as is reported?"

"We were defeated, but I know not how badly," he answered. "We lost many men, so did they. We retreated, but we met the barbarians face to face with steel to steel, and we know that our soldiers fear not the Americans." She ushered him into the inner court of the house where they entered a shed. There the traveller, from a stone basin, washed the dirt from his face and neck, and made himself presentable, his sister standing by all the while talking with him in her beautiful

mellow tongue, over their beloved country, and the prospects of resisting the invaders.

Her brother seemed hopeful, and she took courage. When he was ready, she ushered the hungry traveller into the dining-room, where the table was spread with such dainties as tempt a hungry Mexican. The young captain was warmly greeted by his kinspeople, and then sat down to the table. The tortillas were fried nicely and wrapped around seasoned peppers; the alboudigas were perfection; the stuffed, green peppers with eggs and cheese, cocoanut dulce, pineapple and sweet potato dulce, rice and almonds were all prepared as Felipe best liked them, and he ate heartily of each and every dish, talking all the while with his uncle on the prospects of the war and the invasion of Mexico.

News had reached Monterey that the United States of America had declared war against Mexico on the 13th of May, and on the 23d of the same month the government of Mexico made a formal declaration of war against the United States.

Weeks wore slowly on, and the army of Taylor lay so long at Matamoras, that the Mexicans began to lose dread of it. The northern barbarians, as they called them, were afraid to leave the banks of the Rio Grande. The people at Monterey had almost forgotten Palo Alto and Resaca de la

Palma. General Ampudia had ten thousand men in Monterey, on September 1, 1846.

The general was a brave, impetuous man, whose pride and egotism overbalanced many of his good qualities. The alcalde mayor of the city was a personal friend of Ampudia, and on the 6th of September gave a *grande baile* (grand ball) at his palatial residence. True, rumors had come from the Rio Grande that the American army was going to advance, and had even left Matamoras; but so many rumors had proved false that none were believed. It would take Taylor two or three weeks at most to reach Monterey after he started, and in defiance of rumors the *baile* was given.

Señorita Estevan was of course an invited guest. The señorita had been proclaimed the Belle of Monterey. Her name was on every lip, and a score of young Mexican officers had been trying to "play bear" * with her since she had been in Monterey; so that she could not make her appearance on the balcony without being annoyed.

It was only at the earnest solicitation of General Ampudia and the alcalde mayor that she consented to go to the ball.

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* Playing Bear is a term for courting in Mexico. The señorita (young lady) takes her place on the balcony, and the would-be suitor stands in the street and woos her with signs or by words spoken, or written and tossed to her.

On the evening of the 6th, one day after General Taylor had commenced his memorable march from Matamoras to Monterey, the great ballroom was decorated with flowers, ornaments and paintings, and ablaze with light. It was a large, magnificent room, four times as long as wide, a raised platform for a first class orchestra at one end, and a chair at the other for *la maestra* of ceremonies, with seats ranged along the wall for two or three hundred spectators. Mexican señoritas are exceedingly graceful, with very small hands and feet and enchanting voices. Generally they are too dark to be beautiful, especially those about Matamoras, Monterey, or Santa Fé; but the purely Castilian Mexican women are, many of them, exceedingly beautiful. As dancers, they cannot be excelled. With them dancing is a life-time affair,—something they learn almost as soon as they can walk.

General Ampudia claimed the honor of Madelina for a partner in the first *Valse de Spachio.** The scene was brilliant with gay uniforms, waving plumes and brilliant costumes. The assembly on this evening was notable. There were generals in profusion, congressmen and senators, bright eyes, and many beauties like Madelina of the bluest blood of old Castile. The Mexican is more picturesque than the American, and there was every

*Slow waltz.

hue and shade in the kaleidoscopic mass fluttering and glittering under the blazing lights and in the sombre shadow of the ballroom.

Among all the beauties in that great ballroom none equalled the peerless Madelina in either beauty or grace, as she promenaded the great hall, leaning on the arm of General Ampudia. Then the music struck up for the *Valse de Spachio*, and the dancers quickly took their positions on the floor. The music was slow and mournful at first, but with an elegant movement, wholly indescribable, and capable of touching the soul. The first figure was what might be called a "waltzing cotillion," ending with two lines, each señorita opposite her partner. Then she advanced toward him with many graceful and pretty gestures, bowing, sinking, rising, extending hands and again clasping them and retreating, waving scarf or handkerchief, and all in perfect time, without one faulty or ungraceful motion.

In that graceful dance, Madelina, as she approached the battle-scarred general in full uniform, was the attraction of all eyes. Under the brilliant candelabra, her beauty outshone the fairest of all; it was a beauty that seemed to illuminate the whole room with more than regal splendor. If the movements of others were graceful, hers were music set in motion. Slowly waltzing, gesturing and bowing, at her signal the lines came quickly together,

and, as the music suddenly broke into a lively air, they were all whirled to different parts of the room in quick gallopade. This rapid music again subsided to the slow, mournful movement, and they waltzed back to a sort of hollow square, from which Madelina issued and made the circuit of the set in slow waltz, tantalizing different cavaliers with feint and retreat in the prettiest gestures and most graceful movements, enchanting to witness. When she had made her rounds, she joined her partner, and the other señoritas each in turn made the same circuit.

The *Valse de Spachio* was called the national dance of Mexico. After it came the *Valse Redondo*, very much like the common waltz. The general asked Madelina's hand for the waltz, but she declined, saying:

"I am tired, general, and if you will lead me to a seat, I will thank you."

"Certainly, señorita," returned Ampudia, and leaning on the general's arm, she walked to one of the recesses in the wall, where from an open casement the sweetest perfumes came from the Alcalde's flower garden.

"General, is your wife here?" asked Madelina.

"Certainly; see, she is waltzing with Senator Mendoza. Don't be alarmed, for, though a Mexican, she is not jealous."

"Then she is not like most Mexicans, for you know our women are proverbially jealous."

"So the northern barbarians say. They know little about us, perhaps as little as the northern barbarians knew of Gaul."

"Yet, general, they overrun Rome."

She fixed her soft, dark eyes on the general anxiously, as if to read his thoughts. A look of confusion swept over Ampudia's swarthy face, and he answered:

"It does not follow, señorita, that the Americans will overrun Mexico."

"Our people are brave, general, but not united. Could we unite, we might resist them."

"We will be united; we are united now."

"I heard a rumor to-day, that Santa Anna was coming back."

At this the general gave vent to an angry exclamation and stamped his heel on the floor.

"The traitor dare not show his head!"

"He is popular with the soldiers, they say, and would rally all the arms of Mexico against the invaders."

"I would that the French had shot off his head instead of his leg."

In order to change the subject Madelina asked:

"General, there came a rumor to-day that Taylor was on the road to Monterey."

Ampudia laughed and said:

"That is false, señorita. The air is full of rumors, but we cannot believe any of them. I have faithful scouts, who will warn us; but this is not an evening to think of war. Let us take a stroll into the Alcalde's garden and bowers, which are the most elegant in the world."

The garden of the Alcalde was a paradise to look upon. Its treasures of flowers, its wealth of perfume, its sparkling fountains, all brilliantly illuminated by the southern moon, shining from the softest skies, and thousands of lanterns and colored lights, tended to make it a grand scene, such as even Madelina, accustomed all her life to tropical beauty, had never beheld.

They had scarce been in the garden five minutes, when the general was called aside by some one on a matter that seemed urgent. He left Madelina on a garden seat, assuring her that he would return in a few minutes. Scarce had he been gone a minute when there glided noiselessly and serpent-like from a cluster of tropical vines a dark, sallow man, whose evil eyes and gleaming teeth gave him the appearance of a brigand.

"Señorita Madelina!" he said.

"Miguel Morillo, where did you come from?"

"I must speak with you a moment."

"I have already told you, señor, that I never wished to see you."

"You don't understand me."

"I don't wish to."

"Señorita, I love you."

"Miguel Morillo, hush! Such words from you are an insult; you know I detest you; begone!"

"Señorita," he hissed through his white teeth. "You don't know what you are saying. I am not one to be trifled with."

"You are a bad man, Morillo, I know; but you are powerless. You have been accused of brigandage, and a price was set on your head; but owing to the distressed condition of our country, you were permitted to bring your outlaws into the army, and you were tolerated in the hope that you might aid in the defence of our country. Paredes made a mistake in doing so. Such monsters as you, joining with the Comanches, robbed and murdered the Americans in Texas and caused the first revolt, which has involved our country in a war with America."

"Señorita——" he began.

"Begone!" she cried, rising and pointing to the farther end of the path.

"Beware—by all the saints——"

But the tread of Ampudia was heard, and the Mexican guerilla hastened away. When Ampu-

dia came to her, there was a troubled look on his face, and he said:

"Señorita, allow me to conduct you back to the ballroom; there are some rumors."

Before she could answer, she found herself in the great ballroom, still brilliant with light; but the music had ceased, and the dancers were gathered together in groups with pale, anxious faces, discussing some question of unusual seriousness. She saw half a dozen troopers covered with dust and travel-stained. They were talking with one of Ampudia's generals. The commander of the army excused himself and went to the new-comers.

Madelina's heart misgave her. Despite all their boasts, the Mexican officers feared those "northern barbarians." At this moment she espied her brother coming toward her.

"What is it, Felipe?" she asked.

"Taylor is coming to Monterey."

"Coming!"

"Yes, sister, coming," said Felipe. "We can't stop him."

"Brother, boast no more of southern chivalry if our land is to be overrun with northern men."

"We must go, sister," said Felipe. "You had better get a few hours' rest, for in a day or two at most you will start on your return home."

They went to the home of her relative, where

all was confusion. All night long the rumbling of artillery, the shout of teamsters, and wild confusion agitated the city. There was no sleep for the wretched inhabitants of Monterey that night.

Next day, next and next passed, and then came definite news of the march of the Americans, who were coming six thousand strong. Ampudia prepared to fight, and was quite sure he could defend this armed citadel against twice as many men as Taylor had.

The American armies were slowly but surely pressing Mexico on every side. On August 18, 1846, General Kearney had taken possession of Santa Fé, New Mexico, and declared the United States authority established over the people, and by the 22d of the same month, California was entirely in the possession of the United States forces.

Although the American army in two divisions, the first under General Twiggs, the second under General Worth, was advancing on the city, there was no cause for immediate alarm, as it would be some time before they could reach the town, their march being necessarily slow.

Before beginning the march, General Taylor had issued a proclamation to conciliate the Mexican people, in which he assured them that private property and life would be respected and protected. The march of the American army for some time

lay along the Rio Grande. Lofty ranges of mountains soon began to loom up in the distance. Turning to the southwest, near Mier, the army now found a more rugged route; but the soil was rich, and the toilsome march was sweetened by the scent of millions of fragrant flowers. The air grew more cool and bracing. In the evening, the loiterers around the campfires beheld piles of dark, fantastic clouds, fringed with moonlight; patches of clear, blue sky; and, frequently at the same time, lightning in the South. Amid scenes like these, they half believed they were in a land of enchantment, and when they reached Ceralvo, they realized their dreams of an earthly paradise. The air was balmy as in spring; every house had its garden, fragrant with flowers; a limpid river, murmuring in cascades, and spanned by innumerable stone bridges, ran through the town; while in the midst rose a cathedral, whose half-Saracenic architecture carried the imagination back to the romantic days of old Spain.

The country beyond Ceralvo increased in ruggedness. The privations of the march were now redoubled, for they had no means of transporting the sick, who staggered on with their companions, or laid down in despair to die. While the inhabitants were civil, they were not social. How could they be with men marching to fight their sons,

brothers and husbands? When the officers expressed a wish to see a fandango, they were told they would have dancing enough at Monterey. The picturesque character of the country increased at every step. Now the army moved through an amphitheatre of mountains, enclosing beautiful valleys, surrounded by smaller hills, and these backed by towering sierras. Now it passed a succession of bold, rugged cliffs, or conical peaks, the white, verdureless sides glistening in the sun, while magnificent clouds curled around their tops, or nestled in the ravines half way down. At last the blue mountains at whose base Monterey slept rose in the West. Pressing on, the army reached Merine, whence, at the distance of twenty-five miles, the city itself became visible, a white mass of buildings reposing in the delicious valley of San Juan; while beyond, in silent grandeur, rose the huge masses of the Sierra Madre, towering far above the lesser chain of mountains and piercing the clouds with their lofty summits. The excitement now became intense. The troops pressed forward, in order of battle, and on September 19, 1846, the city of Monterey suddenly burst upon their view, not over two miles distant. Through the blue morning haze, Captain Arthur Stevens saw palace and hill, steeple and fort, as it were floating in the air. The silence and repose that hung around the

landscape were so deep that it seemed a vision rather than a reality. Suddenly, as the columns emerged beyond the grove of St. Domingo, a sheet of flame shot from the dark side of the citadel, a dull report followed, and a cannon-ball hissed by, ricocheting over the head of General Taylor and burying itself in the earth beyond. This was the first gun of Monterey.

One event after another had delayed the departure of Madelina until, on the morning of the 19th, she was just getting into her carriage, when the boom of a cannon warned her that the Americans had arrived. Her brother urged her to make the effort, even yet, to escape, for he knew that the streets of Monterey would soon run with blood. With a party of servants and a mounted escort she set out. He followed her, determined to see her out of danger, even at the risk of his own life.

The carriage was flying along the Saltillo road, and had passed those two formidable heights which at this time were fortified, and began to hope they were beyond the American lines, when suddenly they came upon a party of American soldiers. Their blue coats, tall caps with knots of plumes, and glistening bayonets were sickening sights to the peons, who were about to fly and leave the lady and carriage at their mercy.

"Halt! by the mass, I will cut down the first

man who attempts to fly!" cried Captain Felipe, who rode behind his sister's carriage on his powerful white charger. "Stay where you are, or I swear by every saint in the calendar, I will cut off your heads."

The cowardly peons trembled with dread, but dared not disobey. Captain Estevan galloped forward toward the Americans, holding aloft a white handkerchief, and saying in English:

"Where is your commander? I want to see your officer."

"I am he," and to his surprise there came toward him the same youthful captain he had rescued from the Comanche's lance.

"I recognize you, señor; we have met before."

"Yes, sir; I owe my life to you."

"I have a favor to ask."

"What is it? If in my power, I will grant it."

"My sister is in the carriage trying to escape from Monterey, which will soon run with blood. Will you send an escort to guard her beyond your lines and see that she is not harmed?"

"I swear that I will, captain, and I promise you on the honor of a soldier that she shall be as well cared for as if she were my own relative. Is that all?"

"Yes, save that I be permitted to return to Monterey."

"Certainly."

Captain Estevan galloped back to the carriage and, stooping at the window of the close vehicle, said:

"Sister, he is a friend. The señor Americano will see that you are not harmed. Trust him," and he galloped back to Monterey.

The peons were told to move on. Captain Stevens detailed twenty men under Lieutenant George Short to escort the lady and her servants beyond the line. As she drove past the American officer, he gallantly raised his hat to her, and she saw that this "northern barbarian" was handsome, gallant and no doubt brave.

Her carriage rolled on to an eminence five miles beyond, where stood a large hacienda from which a view of Monterey could be obtained.

Here she halted, and with a field-glass watched the scenes that ensued.

Why need we describe the storming of Monterey? It was a scene of blood and vengeance. The attack of the 21st made by Worth was followed up on the 22d by the storming of the bishop's palace. Then on the 23d the town was assailed front and rear, and soon the fair señorita's hand trembled as she saw the frightful slaughter in the streets. The alcalde's beautiful garden was cut to pieces with whizzing shots. Dead men lay

in the bowers under the seats and hung across the walls. Monterey was one of the most terrible pitched battles of the war, and on the 23d, Ampudia with his army, almost ten thousand, surrendered.

With her glass, Madelina saw the Mexican colors come down and the stars and stripes of the northern foe take their place. Monterey had fallen; but what was the fate of her brother, and what the fate of the handsome young American who had promised to protect her?

The belle of Monterey wept.

CHAPTER X.

ARTHUR AT BUENA VISTA.

MANY Mexicans escaped from Monterey before its capitulation. Captain Felipe Estevan with a dozen of his men were among the number. They went among the hills where friends harbored them.

Miguel Morillo, in one of the charges of the lancers against some Texans, saw some one, the very sight of whom unnerved his arm and caused his swarthy cheek to blanch, and with a dozen of his most desperate followers, he stole away on the following night and began roaming over the country plundering alike friend and foe.

After the capture of Monterey, in which the American loss was over five hundred and the Mexicans twice as many, Taylor, leaving General Worth in command of the conquered city, encamped at Walnut Springs a few miles away and awaited orders from his government.

Meanwhile, Santa Anna, the most unscrupulous, yet the ablest statesman and most efficient general

of Mexico, had played the United States a shrewd trick, one characteristic of the man. Having given assurances to the United States that he desired peace, he was allowed to pass through the American fleet and enter Mexico. After he headed the Mexican army, Taylor agreed to a cessation of hostilities for eight weeks if permitted by his government.

Congress had directed General John E. Wool to muster and prepare for service the rapidly gathering volunteers authorized by that body, at San Antonio. So promptly did he perform that duty, that by the middle of July twelve thousand of them had been inspected and mustered into service. Of these, nine thousand were sent to the Rio Grande to reinforce General Taylor's army, and the remainder were disciplined by Wool, preparatory to an invasion of Chihuahua, one of the richest provinces of Mexico. With three thousand men, Wool went up the Rio Grande, and on the last day of October (1846) he was at Monclova, seventy miles northwest from Monterey, where his kind treatment of the inhabitants won their confidence and esteem, and they regarded him as a friend instead of an enemy. There Wool heard of the capture of Monterey, and, acting upon the advice of General Taylor, he abandoned the project of penetrating Chihuahua and marched to the

fertile district of Parras in Coahuila, where he obtained an abundance of supplies for the two armies.

When General Taylor informed his government of the capture of Monterey, he called for reinforcements for his own army, and recommended the landing of twenty-five thousand troops at Vera Cruz. He received such instructions that he gave notice that the armistice at Monterey would cease on the 13th of November. General Worth marched on the 12th with nine hundred men for Saltillo, the capital of Coahuila, and was followed the next day by Taylor, who left Butler in command at the conquered city. Saltillo was taken possession of on the 15th of November, and just a month afterward Taylor set out for Victoria, the capital of Tamaulipas, with a considerable force, intending to march upon and attack Tampico, on the coast. Commodore Connor had already captured that place (November 14), and Commodore Perry had taken possession of Tobasco and Tuspan. A rumor reached Taylor that Santa Anna, who, despite his pretensions to peace, had entered Mexico, was collecting a large force at San Luis Potosi to attack Worth at Saltillo, and he marched to Monterey to reinforce that officer, if necessary. There he received word that General Wool had reached Saltillo with his division, when

Taylor again marched for Victoria, which place he occupied on the 29th of December.

Just as General Taylor was preparing to enter upon a vigorous winter campaign, his patience, temper and patriotism were put to a severe test. In accordance with his recommendations, his government had sent General Scott with a considerable force, to attempt the capture of Vera Cruz, and from that point to penetrate to the Mexican capital. Scott arrived off Vera Cruz in January, 1847, and being the senior officer of the army, he assumed the chief command of the American armies in Mexico. Some say that General Scott was jealous of Taylor and envied him his increasing popularity. Whether this be true or not, we shall not pretend to say. One thing is quite sure, two men so unlike in every respect could not be steadfast friends. Taylor's democratic ideas were in strong contrast with Scott's aristocratic punctilio. While one was called "Old Rough and Ready" the sobriquet of the other was "Old Fuss and Feathers," yet both were brave, patriotic and capable officers.

The historian says, that to effect the work which his government had ordered him to do, General Winfield Scott felt compelled to draw from General Taylor's army a large number of his best officers and a greater portion of his regular troops, leaving him with only about five thousand men, including

the division of General Wool; and of these only five hundred were regulars. Like a true soldier Taylor, though greatly mortified, instantly obeyed the chief's order.

At that time Santa Anna had gathered an army of twenty thousand men at San Luis Potosi. In December, this crafty Mexican had been elected provisional president of Mexico, and his followers were full of enthusiasm when, on the 1st of February, he began a march toward Saltillo, with the avowed intention of driving the Americans beyond the Rio Grande. General Wool, at Saltillo, had kept his commander advised of the movements of Santa Anna, and when Taylor was assured that the Mexicans were really marching against him, he resolved, weak as he was in numbers, to fight them. On the 31st of January, he left Monterey with all his troops, and reached Saltillo on the 2d of February. He pushed on to Agua Nueva, twenty miles south of Saltillo, on the San Luis Potosi road, and encamped until the 21st, when he fell back to Augustina, a narrow

GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT.

defile in the mountains facing the estate of Buena Vista, and there encamped in order of battle to await the approach of Santa Anna.

Captain Arthur Stevens had remained with General Taylor though a part of his regiment had been ordered to Vera Cruz, and he was expected soon to join it. The young American was very much concerned about the young Mexican who had saved his life, and whose sister he had escorted beyond the lines. Now Arthur would not have admitted it, yet he was exceedingly interested in the señorita. He had only caught a glimpse of her face, but that glimpse, that passing glance, as her carriage whirled by, forever fixed in his mind a bright, celestial vision, a fairy image, indescribably beautiful. He had heard her voice but once, as she said an "Adios" to her brother; but the recollection of that voice was a memory of the softest music. After the storming of Monterey, his first thought was for the señorita's brother, and he set out to search for him among the dead. Through broken walls and battered ruins, among despoiled gardens and shattered houses, he sought him, and among the slain, and when the dead were gathered up to be buried, but he could not recognize him among them. Then he went among the wounded, but he was not there. With lighter heart, he sought him among the prisoners, but he was not there.

He knew not his name, so he could not inquire for him; but from one old grim-visaged lancer he learned that a party of cavalry and some infantry had escaped.

Arthur hoped he was among them. He made earnest inquiry about the carriage, and the señorita, but the Mexicans either could not or would not tell him anything about her, and he gave up seeking her, and followed the fortunes of the army whose movements we have just described, and on February 21, 1847, he was encamped at Buena Vista.

Around a small bivouac fire sat three or four soldiers and One-eyed Mike, the sedate guide. Pat McKune was among them. Pat's humor seldom deserted him, and he was entertaining the crowd with stories of how he and Dr. Trunnels used to chase runaway negroes in Kentucky.

"And divil a one did we iver git ayther," said Pat.

"Why?" Mike asked.

"Begorra, it was the docthor as once tould me he didn't want to find 'em. He offered me a bottle of whiskey to ax Shackleford's Bill if he didn't want his liberty, an' ye may belave it or not, but in three weeks Shackleford's Bill disappeared."

Arthur took no thought of what the garrulous Irishman was saying then; but in after years the

snatches of conversation which he heard were vividly recalled. Pat soon changed the subject by saying:

"Santa Anny, the blackguard, is comin' with all his divil's own crew on us in the morning, and thin we'll hev more fun than a Donnybrook fair, begorra."

On the morning of February 22, 1847, Santa Anna and his army were within two miles of Taylor's line of battle. The Mexican chief sent the following note to the American leader:

"You are surrounded by 20,000 men, and cannot, in any human probability, avoid suffering a rout and being cut to pieces, with your troops, but as you deserve consideration and particular esteem, I wish to save you from such a catastrophe, and for that purpose give you this notice in order that you may surrender at discretion, under the assurance that you will be treated with the consideration belonging to the Mexican character, to which end you will be granted an hour's time to make up your mind, to commence from the moment that my flag of truce arrives at your camp. With this view, I assure you of my particular consideration, for God and Liberty!

"ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA."

It did not take "Old Rough and Ready" five minutes to consider the matter, and he immediately answered:

"SIR—In reply to your note of this date, summoning me to surrender my forces at discretion, I beg leave to say that

I decline acceding to your request. With high respect, I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"Z. TAYLOR."

Taylor drew up his troops with great skill. Captain Washington's battery was posted to command the road, while the first and second Illinois regiments, with the second Kentucky and a company of Texas volunteers, occupied the crest of the ridges on the left and rear. The Arkansas and Kentucky cavalry were posted on the extreme left, near the base of the mountain. The reserve was composed of the Indiana brigade, the Mississippi riflemen, the first and second dragoons, and the light batteries of Sherman and Bragg. The little army had scarce been formed when the vast columns of the Mexicans appeared in sight, and when night fell, their interminable lines were still visible, stretching far back to the utmost horizon. The sight would have appalled ordinary hearts; but the Americans reflected that the day was the anniversary of the birth of Washington, and with this thought returned the heroism of the best age of the republic.

Santa Anna, on receiving the resolute reply from Taylor, deemed it best to await the arrival of his rear columns, as well as to allow a body of troops under General Minon, which had been sent by a mountain pass, to get between Buena Vista and

Saltillo, and cut off the retreat of Taylor. In the evening of the 22d, however, the Mexican light troops engaged a portion of the American left, keeping up a sharp fire, and climbing the mountain-side, evidently bent on gaining the flank of the Americans. Three pieces of Washington's battery and the second Indiana regiment being detached to strengthen this point, the enemy was checked, though desultory musketry discharges, enlivened by an occasional shell thrown from the enemy, continued until night set in. Being now satisfied that no serious attack would be made until morning, Taylor retired in person to Saltillo, for he was anxious respecting the defence of that place. He took with him the Mississippi regiment and a squad of the second dragoons. The remainder of the army slept on the field, without fire, though the night was intensely cold.

While Arthur Stevens lay on the frozen ground, endeavoring to snatch a little sleep before the morrow's struggle, the low hum of thousands came from the enemy's camp, borne on the wind that wailed through the gorge of the mountain as if foreboding disaster and death. Many a brave man heard the sad requiem on that night for the last time.

The dawn of the 23d had scarce broken, when long columns of Mexicans were seen creeping along

the mountain-side on the American left, obviously with the intention of outflanking it. Instantly the ridges in that quarter began to sparkle with the fire of American riflemen, and for two hours a desultory, but obstinate conflict was maintained, neither party perceptibly gaining ground. To cover his real intentions, Santa Anna now advanced a strong column against the American centre, but this attack was soon repelled by the rapid discharges of Washington's battery; while it was going on, however, he proceeded to execute his main design, which was to pierce the American left, by pouring his columns in overwhelming and unintermitted numbers upon that point. Successive waves of infantry and cavalry accordingly came beating against it. For a while nothing could resist the tide. In vain the artillery, galloping within musket range, swept the advancing columns; as fast as one Mexican fell, another took his place; and the living torrent rolled forward, apparently undiminished in volume. Soon the sea of assailants reached the artillery, broke around it, and threatened to engulf men and guns. A corps of infantry, ordered to the support of the artillerists, was involved in a cross fire and driven back with immense slaughter. The wild surge now came roaring on. The second Indiana regiment, mistaking a command, retreated in confusion; the

artillerists were swept away, leaving one of their pieces behind; and an ocean of lancers and infantry, pouring resistlessly along the base of the mountain, bore back the American arms and, spreading over every available point of land, flowed even to the rear of the Americans. The stoutest hearts quailed at the sight. Victory seemed irrevocably gone. At this eventful crisis, Taylor arrived on the field from Saltillo; his approach having been hastened by the increasing roar of battle. His veteran eye instantly comprehended the imminency of the peril. The Mississippi regiment, which accompanied him, was ordered to the extreme left, where the fight hung quivering in the balance; and the noble band of heroes, advancing with loud shouts, for a time checked the onslaught. The second Kentucky and a portion of Bragg's battery had already been detached by Wool to this point. Bragg, in conjunction with Sherman, firing from the plateau, was now tearing huge gaps in the flanks of the advancing enemy. The conflict soon became terrible. The shrieks of those wounded by the artillery; the crashing and hissing of grape, the sharp rattle of musketry; the yells of the Mississippians, and the wild huzza of charging cavalry, combined to make a scene of excitement and horror indescribable. Foremost in the charge were the Mississippians,

who, on this day, performed prodigies of valor. At last, surrounded by overwhelming numbers, they were on the point of being borne down, when they were reinforced by the third Indiana regiment and one piece of artillery. The tide of battle was now checked; then fluctuated, and then began to turn. The enemy made desperate efforts to redeem the day. Again and again the Mexican lancers swooped down on the infantry, but, met by a galling fire, wheeled and fled, a hundred riderless horses galloping wildly away at each repulse. Again and again the infantry, charging with levelled bayonets, fell back staggering from the wall of fire and steel. At last the Mexican column was severed in two, and that portion in front of the American line began to retreat.

The van, however, having reached the rear of the Americans, made a bold effort to still secure the day, by attacking the camp at Buena Vista, hoping thus to strike terror to the army of invaders and call it from its position to the defence of its stores. The main body of Americans, however, kept its station, but May, with the Arkansas and Kentucky cavalry, supported by two pieces of artillery, hastened to defend the threatened point. The assailants were soon repulsed and driven to the mountains. May now returned to the left, where the other portion of the enemy's line was still

struggling to retire. The Americans, from being the conquered, had now become the conquerors; and were making efforts, which promised to be successful, to cut off the whole column, five thousand strong. The retreating masses, hemmed in among the ravines, presented a fair mark for the artillery, which slaughtered them in heaps. When May, with his victorious troops, came rushing upon them, they abandoned all hope, and would have surrendered at discretion, but that Santa Anna, perceiving their peril, hastened to send a flag of truce to Taylor, who ordered the firing to cease. When Wool, however, who rode forward to inquire the meaning of this message, had partially traversed the distance between the American and Mexican positions, he noticed, to his surprise, that the enemy had not ceased firing, and that the column was availing itself of the parley to retire along the mountain. He saw at once the disingenuous trick of which the Americans had been made victims. But it was now too late, the enemy had extricated itself; and Wool, unable to reach Santa Anna, returned to Taylor.

The grand effort of the day had thus signally failed; and for a space there was a lull in the conflict. The Americans, wearied by so many hours' fighting, and expecting fresh columns of the enemy to make a new attempt on their left,

were directing all their attention to that quarter, when Santa Anna suddenly concentrated his reserves in front and hurled them on the centre of the invading army, their weakest point. Amid a tremendous fire of artillery, this splendid column, five thousand strong, advanced to the attack. Well aware that on this last effort hung the fortunes of the day, and knowing that the immediate eye of their leader was upon them, the Mexicans rushed to the onset with an intrepidity that even surpassed that of their bravest displays of the morning, and all had been courageous. The Americans, wholly unprepared for this demonstration, stood aghast at the endless line of lancers and infantry. The first shock fell on the second Kentucky and first Illinois, supported by O'Brien's artillery. For a few moments, which seemed ages, these heroes bore up against the tempest, but were then driven wildly before it; the infantry flying in confusion and the artillerists abandoning their guns, which remained in possession of the foe. Again the Americans made a stand; but nothing could prevail against the overwhelming numbers of the Mexicans. Like a mighty tempest they rushed along; and the little bands of Hardin and McKee were whirled from their path like leaves before a hurricane. For a while the day seemed irretrievably lost. All that could be done

was for Washington's battery, from a neighboring plateau, to pour in a close and well-directed fire on the advancing foe, and thus cover, in part, the retreat of the Americans.

At this terrible crisis the calm heroism of General Taylor saved the army. He had left the plateau, just before, but the sharp detonations of the artillery now recalled him; and he saw, with a glance, that ruin was imminent. The dyke was already breached, and the water rushing in. He threw himself, as it were, into the gap. Ordering up Bragg's artillery, that officer approached at a gallop and, thundering ahead into the smoke, unlimbered within a few yards of the enemy. The spectators held their breath at the fearful proximity. Opening with grape and canister, Bragg for a moment staggered the Mexicans; but it was only for a moment. With howls of rage, they rushed on, and in another minute would have trodden the brave artillerists under foot. Alarmed for his guns Captain Bragg galloped back to where Taylor was riding leisurely forward and cried:

"General—general, send me support for my guns! They are in danger!"

"Support!" cried Taylor, "I have not a man to spare from anywhere; give them more grape."

Bragg did so, and the Mexicans trembled under the fierce onslaught. General Taylor, who was

now near the battery, and saw the signs of weakening on the part of the enemy, issued his memorable order: "Give them a little more grape, Captain Bragg."

A second discharge opened lanes through the enemy, and at the third they fled in dismay. Tears ran down Taylor's cheeks at the happy sight. The day was won. Defeat, he knew, not only meant disgrace, but death. Defeat meant the annihilation of the Americans. It only remained to finish the victory. The gallant Mississippi regiment which had hurried up at the first alarm, reached the plateau at this crisis and, pouring in a murderous volley, helped to complete the rout of the foe, leaving the Americans undisputed masters of the field.

Captain Arthur Stevens was in the hottest of the fight all day long. For the first time he appreciated the heroism of Mexican women, whom he saw everywhere caring for the wounded, regardless of friend or foe.

It was when the lancers were sweeping forward to seize a battery, that he saw a noble young officer's horse go down. That large horse, white as the driven snow, he recognized even amid the fire and carnage. The beautiful side was now gushing a purple torrent, staining the grass beneath.

The rider rose coolly with sabre in hand. His

followers had retreated in the mad flight. With a hoarse yell a score of Kentuckians leaped forward with thirsty bayonets, eager to drink the life-blood of the young Mexican; but with wonderful skill he parried thrust after thrust, knocking three bayonets from their guns.

He could not long resist such overwhelming numbers, and began to retreat with his face to the foe.

He stumbled over his dead horse, and three soldiers with fixed bayonets rushed on him.

"Surrender!" they cried.

"Never!" was the defiant answer in excellent English.

In another instant he would have been pinned to the earth had not Captain Stevens leaped madly forward and, with a backward stroke of his sword, swept away the bayonets.

"Don't harm a hair of his head!" he shouted.

The young Mexican whose life he had saved sprang to his feet and, with a wave of his hand, leaped over a pile of stones, disappearing just as the last grand charge was made by the Mexicans.

Arthur's lines were swept back, and for a few moments participated in that terrific struggle which proved victorious to the Americans. Night, a welcome blessing, fell on the awful scene, and though the thermometer was again below freezing

point, Arthur Stevens, completely exhausted, lay down on the hard ground and slept soundly.

The American loss was two hundred and sixty-seven killed, four hundred and fifty-six wounded

THE RIDER ROSE COOLLY WITH SABRE IN HAND.

and twenty-three missing. Among the slain were Colonels Clay, Yell, Hardin, McKee, and Captain Lincoln, assistant adjutant-general. The loss of the Mexicans was estimated at from fifteen hundred to two thousand.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MEXICAN BROTHER.

On that sad, dark, cold night, while many gallant hearts lay stilled forever on the battle-field at Buena Vista, and while the noble Mexican women were still hovering over the field of death like angels of mercy giving aid to wounded friends and foes alike, a solitary horseman rode along the San Luis Potosi road. He was a Mexican officer, but his once brilliant, gaudy uniform was now dust-stained and dilapidated. He had lost his hat, and a handkerchief bound about his head covered a slight wound above his right brow, and at the same time afforded his only protection.

The road betrayed evidences of flight and retreat. Broken gun-carriages and supply-wagons were everywhere abandoned, and the road was strewn with muskets, belts, cartridge-boxes, swords and broken lances.

"Defeated!" gasped the horseman sadly. "Retreating! Alas, poor Snowflake, you lie dead upon the battle-field; but your fate is no worse

than your master's. You died for victory; I live for defeat."

A mile further the horseman came upon the rear of the retreating army. A sad spectacle it presented. There were wounded men staggering along to keep up, clinging to the ends of wagons or endeavoring to get upon the gun-carriages and escape the enemy, whom they thought near. Sometimes they were knocked down, trampled upon and crushed, their cries mingling with the shouts and curses of the teamsters. The further he went the more dense became the vast columns of retreating soldiers, until the road was one mass of moving humanity. On, on, and on pressed Captain Estevan. His second horse since Snowflake fell was comparatively fresh, and he passed the foot soldiers, leaving them far behind.

"Where is Santa Anna?" he asked of a group of officers.

"I don't know."

"What does he intend doing?"

"We don't know."

"Will they halt to-night?"

"We have no knowledge, señor."

He could not afford to waste his time with men so poorly informed, and pressed on. The retreating army densely packed the road, and Captain Estevan was compelled to ride outside the thorough-

fare, which was not easy to do. The retreating army seemed wholly disorganized. There were no brigades, regiments or companies, only a mingled mass of retreating humanity, hurrying they knew not whither. Dispirited and wearied with conflict, the Mexicans only sought shelter from the fierce northern barbarians. Many deserted that night and the country was overrun with rancheros and guerillas.

At last in the darkness, the Mexican captain came upon a second group of officers, and asked:

"Do you know where General Santa Anna is?"

"He is but a short distance ahead, señor," one answered.

He pressed on and soon came up with the famous general, whom he recognized seated in his carriage.

"General, where are you to halt?" Captain Estevan asked.

"At Agua Nueva," he answered.

The wearied army reached this point next morning and went into camp. Hospitals were prepared for the suffering and wounded and some effort was made to reorganize the army; but Santa Anna, that boasting, scheming politician and officer, seemed overwhelmed by the disaster, and utterly unable to turn defeat into victory. Santa Anna was not fruitful in resources, nor had he the te-

nacity of a northern soldier. Had he remained on the ground with his army and assaulted Taylor as fiercely next day as he did the day before, he must have crushed his little army. But he lacked the power of long continued effort. His full force expended itself in the wild charges of one day, which failing, the field was lost. It is a fault with southern troops that, while they are brave, they expend their force in one wild dash, and then lose all they gain by their impetuosity.

Next day, Felipe heard the rumor that they were to retreat to San Luis Potosi. He hastened to the tent of the general, whom he found walking about by aid of his cane. The general was quite lame, for, as the reader knows, he wore a cork leg.

"General Santa Anna," said Captain Estevan, "are you going to retreat?"

The general paused and fixed his dark, fierce eyes on the young captain of lancers. That he did not like Felipe is quite evident. He had not forgotten the day when he entered his room disguised as an American and threatened to blow out his brains if he entered into a compact with the United States to betray his country.

"You are Captain Felipe Estevan of the lancers."

"I am, general," the young patriot answered.

"I remember you."

"At Havana, general," interrupted Felipe, "but

we need not discuss that now. Are you going to retreat?"

"It has been so decided."

"But, general, why retreat? We can defeat Taylor. He suffered almost as badly as we, and we can surround him. The whole country will be with us."

Santa Anna pressed his thin lips together firmly, and shook his head.

"No, señor, it has been decided otherwise."

"General, we can redeem Mexico. Listen; I was last to leave the field, and I know that an hour longer would have seen the overthrow of the Americans."

Gnashing his teeth, Santa Anna, with his black eyes flashing, answered:

"Those northern barbarians fight like devils, señor."

"But they can be defeated. Remember you did it at the Alamo."

The general shook his head and said:

"It is no use; we will retreat."

Pleading and appealing were in vain. Captain Estevan at last said:

"I trust, general, you will delay the march long enough for me to find my sister."

"Where is she?" asked Santa Anna, with a keen glance of his on the young Mexican.

"In the hills near Potosi at a convent."

"I cannot halt the army to hunt for women," said Santa Anna.

"General, there is no need to retreat, the enemy will not pursue us."

"Señor, you do not know them."

With a polite bow, Captain Felipe answered:

"I beg your pardon, general; but I do know them. I can assure you, General Taylor will not advance a mile. In fact he will fall back to Saltillo. Think, general, of the demoralizing effect of a retreat at this time. It will be construed into a defeat, and we are not defeated. The enemy repulsed, but did not defeat us. It was folly to attack him so well posted; but, general, let us hold the ground."

"We must retreat and get reinforcements," declared Santa Anna.

"Hold your ground, General Santa Anna, and reinforcements will come to you."

But all appeals to Santa Anna were in vain. The once proud, boastful Mexican seemed now thoroughly humbled and would listen to nothing but retreat. We wrong Santa Anna by charging him with cowardice. He was a brave man; but he lacked the bull-dog tenacity found in the Anglo-Saxon race, so essential to a good general. He had not the patriotism nor ability of a Washing-

ton, who, flying before a vastly superior foe, could wheel suddenly upon them and gain two brilliant victories. Santa Anna was not a patriot, he lacked judgment and principle, not courage, or he would have died at Buena Vista, sooner than yielded the field to an enemy.

Captain Estevan soon learned that it was folly to waste further time with Santa Anna, who was determined on retiring to San Luis Potosi, consequently, he must alone set out to find his sister and conduct her to their home, and then hasten to join the rallying hosts of Mexicans, whom he hoped would yet be able to eject the invaders.

The reader may be curious to know why Madelina Estevan did not take advantage of the long armistices after the fall of Monterey to return to her native town and home of her father. After the fall of Monterey, the whole country became overrun with prowling bands of guerillas, like Morillo, who were more dangerous than the invaders. Captain Estevan knew that the peons would be little better than no guard at all, should his sister be attacked, and as he was personally engaged in recruiting for the army, he had not time to accompany her to Puebla.

It was supposed she would be safe at the convent. The "northern barbarians" would not molest her, and the worst of the guerillas would

scarce desecrate a convent. The padre in charge was a warm friend of Estevan's father, and promised to take excellent care of the señorita. Captain Estevan tarried at headquarters until the army began the retreat. Finding that anything he might do would not avail to alter the plan of Santa Anna, the captain mounted a dark horse, and rode away to the hills. He had to pass dangerously near to the American army in order to reach the convent where the señorita was staying; but by taking advantage of a dark night, while a cold, mist-like rain was falling, he managed to get by without difficulty; and as soon as dawn appeared pushed on toward the convent.

When within two miles of it, he saw a man coming toward him. He seemed greatly agitated, and no sooner did he see the armed horseman than he uttered a strange howl and fled as fast as his legs could carry him into the chaparral. The young Mexican felt some uneasiness at this, and pressed on, urging his horse to a gallop. In a few moments he came in sight of the convent and found the gate torn from its hinges, a part of the wall knocked down, and the whole place in confusion. The little chapel near had been plundered of its gold candlesticks and ornaments, and the place was deserted. Not a soul living or dead could be found and his fears for his sister increased.

The whole place bore strong evidence of violence and robbery.

Captain Estevan threw himself on the ground, and in his despair beat his breast, and tore his hair.

"Oh! Madelina, Madelina, my sister, where are you?" he cried in the anguish of his soul.

A light footstep was near him, and looking up he saw a female peon standing at his side.

"Do you belong here?" the young officer asked.

"I did, señor," the peon answered.

"Where are they?"

She pointed along the long road which wound among the vast ranges of hills and sharp peaked mountains.

"Were they captured?"

"No."

"Did they fly?"

She nodded "Yes."

"Who despoiled the chapel and convent?" he asked.

"It was the work of the mountain guerillas," she answered.

"Had they gone before the guerillas came?"

"Yes, señor. The northern barbarians affrighted them," said the peon, "we hear their great guns, and we see the Mexicans fly before them. Then the padre, he fly and take the señorita and nuns

with him. They be gone not long when the guerillas come and ask for the señorita."

Captain Estevan felt his anxiety increasing again.

"Did you direct them aright?" he demanded.

"No, señor," the peon answered.

"It is well for you, you did not, or by the saints I would slay you."

"By the Holy Virgin, señor, I did not."

"Now I will find the lamb before the mountain wolves have set their eyes on her."

In that day and even later it was not an uncommon thing for the guerillas to seize persons, of both sexes, of rank or wealth and hold them for ransom. Captain Estevan had been told by his sister of the frequent avowals of love on the part of Miguel Morillo, and knowing the scoundrel was at large and principal chief among the guerillas, he felt considerable uneasiness.

Should she fall into his hands he could but tremble at the result. The old priests and the servants could make little or no resistance against the guerillas, who were desperate villains.

"Oh, Madelina—sister, where are you?" he repeatedly asked himself, as he spurred his horse along the mountain defile. The day began to wane. The sun hung low in the slate-colored sky, and, through the dim blue mists, which clung

about the distant mountains, looked like a ball of sullen fire. The scenery was grand and picturesque in the extreme. Wild cataracts, yawning chasms and steep hillsides, with valleys, dark ravines mingled in a heterogeneous mass, all went to make up a scene of such splendor as would be calculated to delight the eye of an artist. The long, winding road which wended its way about through the mountains, sometimes hovering on the brink of some precipice and at others entering a narrow pass, was followed by the brother at a full gallop. In places where the road-bed had a partial covering of earth, he found the imprint of carriage wheels which encouraged him to hurry on. But at one place from a by-path entering into the main road, there being more than the usual amount of soil, he noticed that half a score of horses had suddenly entered the narrow defile obliterating the prints made by carriage-wheels.

"Holy Virgin, save her!" gasped the young Mexican. "It is the guerillas; Jesu, pity her!"

Then leaning over low in his saddle he spoke words of encouragement to his jaded steed, stung his flanks with his cruel spurs and thundered down the canyon into which the gathering shadows were fast blending into darker night. No word now escaped the lips of the Mexican brother, which were nevertheless parted in anxiety, as he thun-

dered on into wilder scenes and darker shadows of night, his horse's hoofs leaving a stream of flashing sparks in his rear.

Meanwhile Madelina and her little group had been pressing on in wild flight. She had been one of the noble women whom Whittier calls the Angels of Buena Vista. On the day of the battle she was on the field giving aid to the wounded, friend and foe. She had seen Mexico humbled, and had returned to the convent. When it became known that Santa Anna was to retreat, the whole country became alive with marauders, and the priest of the convent determined to abandon it and go further south.

Madelina's carriage was guarded by four muleteers, who were faithful enough as servants, but the most arrant cowards that ever lived. Like cowards they were given to boasting, and assured the señorita she need have no fears of danger.

One fellow called Pietro, the chief boaster and liar of the four, as they began the retreat, declared:

"By the mass, señorita, it will be a sad day for the guerillas or Americanos if they follow us. I have loaded my horse-pistol and carbine, and I could slay a score with my sabre." Then Pietro proceeded to narrate some of his marvellous exploits, all of which the señorita knew to be false. Juan next came to encourage the señorita by assur-

ing her that he had slain a score of enemies with his good sword alone. Juan had a brace of American pistols and a carbine with which he was quite sure he could conquer a host of Americans or guerillas.

Knowing full well what little confidence could be put in any of the boasts and protestations of the peons, she rode in silence, occasionally counting her beads or offering a prayer to the Virgin for aid. Night fell in that awful wilderness, and still the carriage rolled on. Father Agatone seemed desirous of pressing on as far and as rapidly as possible; but it soon became evident that travelling further in that darkness was impossible, and he called a halt at the foot of some mountains in a wild, rocky ravine, surrounded by bluffs, broken masses of rock and deep umbrageous forests from the depths of which there occasionally issued forth the deep fierce growl of the deadly cougar.

"Pietro, have you your carbine?" asked Señorita Madelina.

"Yes, señorita, and I am sure to hit the mark with it."

"Then take it, go into the thicket and shoot the cougar. It will carry off some of the mules to-night."

Pietro heard the distant growl of the fierce animal, and began to tremble with dread. Shak-

ing his head and crossing himself reverently, he answered:

"No, no, señorita, he would make but one mouthful of me. Pietro will build up a great fire from the pine branches and frighten them away until morning; then, when he can see to shoot, he will kill it."

"But Father Agatone thinks it best not to have fire to-night; it might reveal our hiding-place to the guerillas."

With a look of defiance, and a voice filled with proud boasting, the cowardly peon declared that he would like nothing better than to have the guerillas come. He could annihilate them with his carbine and pistol, and if those failed he had his trusty sabre with which he had slain scores of enemies.

Pietro had, in fact, never slain any one. He was afraid of his shadow, and had he thought there were any guerillas in the valley, he certainly would have fled and risked the jungle with the cougar in preference to meeting them. He prevailed on Father Agatone to have a small fire built, especially as the night air was cold and disagreeable, it being February. The priest having disposed of the women who slept in the carriages, appointed Pietro and one of his own servants named Leon as guards for the first half of the

night. The guard became sleepy ere the hour of eleven approached, and returning to the camp threw on some pine logs and sat down.

"Leon, why should we sit there in the dark?" asked Pietro.

"No use,—the cougar eat us up."

"Diablo! I prefer the fire," and placing his back against a large tree he stretched his feet toward the fire. His companion followed his example, and the two were soon snoring. The night air was sharp, cold and frosty, the peons were tired, and the generous heat from the camp fire soothing to their tired frames. Midnight passed and they were still in the land of slumber. There was a movement down the canyon. One of the mules threw up his head, pricked up his ears and sniffed the air, then pawed the earth. There came from the narrow pass by which the party had entered this dark vale, a solitary human being. His slow, cautious steps as he glided from stone to stone could not be heard by a common ear, and it must have been the keen scent of the mule which warned him of the approach of a stranger. Stooping low and gliding from shadow to shadow, the unprepossessing individual came nearer and nearer, until at last he was at the camp and stood by the fire, gazing on the snoring guards. The spy was Morillo himself. There was a wicked

smile on his face, and his hand rested on the handle of his ugly machete which he half drew from the scabbard.

"Poor boasting fools," he hissed beneath his white, sharp teeth, "you are hardly worth it." Then his eye wandered to Señorita Estevan's carriage. He knew it at sight, and with blazing eyes he hissed, "Proud beauty, I'll humble you! By the mass, your rich father shall pay a thousand doubloons if he sees his daughter again."

The mule began to sniff the air and stamp uneasily, for the presence of the half-breed was distasteful to him. The noise awoke the señorita, who with her maid occupied her carriage, which had been converted into a sleeping apartment. She softly rose and glancing through the partially open door by the dull red glow of the firelight, espied the hated form of Morillo. The carriage of Father Agatone was just opposite from the fire, and she struck the door of it a sharp rap with her knuckle. Morillo heard the priest stirring and turned to retreat to his men, who were to attack the camp at once. Morillo forgot the angry mule, which detested the new-comer, and inadvertently got too near the irate animal, which by one well-directed kick sent the bandit head first through the camp fire, scattering the burning brands in every direction. The sleeping guards awoke with yells

of amazement, for burning sticks were scattered all over them, and in a moment every peon was on his feet. One seized a lance, another his carbine, one a whip and another a stout staff. As Morillo rose like the Phœnix from the flames and ashes, he was struck a blow by the whip of a muleteer, and a ranchero gave him a serious whack over his head with his lance. The stunned guerilla staggered away a few steps and recovering himself ran. By this time the boastful Pietro, having partially recovered from his fright, and realizing that the unwelcome visitor was retreating, without having any very clear idea of what he was about, fired his carbine at him. The shot went wide of the mark, and Morillo disappeared into the pass from which he had emerged, where his men, ten in number, were waiting to attack the camp as soon as their chief should return and report.

"What was it?" asked Father Agatone, hurrying from his carriage to the scene.

"Guerillas, guerillas!" cried the peons, now that the danger was gone becoming quite boastful.

Señorita Estevan alighted from her carriage, to reprove the guard for sleeping, and allowing Morillo to enter the camp. Pietro, who had wholly regained his courage, said:

"By St. Anthony! señorita, you see how I

drove him off. St. Miguel, he hath a bullet from my carbine in his back even at this moment."

"Cease your boasting, Pietro," cried the señorita. Then turning to the priest she added: "Father Agatone, I saw the man and recognized him. He is the guerilla chief Morillo."

"My daughter, this is serious, if you are quite sure."

"I am not mistaken, Father."

"If it was Morillo, he has companions near."

"Doubtless he has. Look to the mule."

The long-eared animal, whose angry heels had played such a noble part in defending the camp against the guerilla, was still stamping the earth uneasily and sniffing the air. Pietro was boasting of his exploits with his carbine, when the priest commanded him to reload his gun at once.

"You may soon have good use for it again, my son."

"By St. Anthony! I can fight all the guerillas in the mountains," declared Pietro, putting a charge in his gun.

"Look to yourselves,—they come!" cried the priest.

The guerillas, eight or ten in number, headed by Morillo in person, dashed into the little valley from the dark and narrow pass. The peons uttered a shout of dismay, and would have fled without

firing a shot, had not the priest and señorita seized them and cried:

"Why fly?— you will be murdered unless you defend yourselves. There come the enemy; defend yourselves. We will stay with you."

Being thus urged and encouraged, the peons, seven in number, fired their carbines at the guerillas as they rode forward at a gallop. One saddle was emptied, and one horse fell. This fire checked the outlaws for a moment; but Morillo who was at their head shot one of the peons, and the others, taking fright, fled to the chaparral.

"We have them! we have them now!" roared Morillo. "Camp, gold and all are our own."

With wild cries, the guerillas dashed forward on their horses into the camp. The priest, as brave as he was pious, seized a burning stick of wood and hurled the heavy firebrand with such precision at the foes, that it knocked one from the saddle. The mule again attested his gallantry by sending his heels with such force and precision into the side of one of the horses, that both horse and rider were sent sprawling upon the ground.

Morillo was enraged at this unexpected resistance.

"By the mother of Jesus, shoot both mule and priest!" he cried: "Aha, señorita, I now have you!"

He sprang to the ground by the side of Madelina, and made an effort to seize her.

"Have a care, Señor Miguel!" cried the señorita, her eyes flashing with fire, as she suddenly drew from her bosom a small dagger. "I will drive this into your breast if you do not go away."

"What, by the mass, here is a beauty in arms," and the brigand gave vent to a wild laugh. Two of his men had seized the priest, and he was about to order them to disarm the defiant señorita, when there suddenly came on the night air from out the dark pass, the wild echoes of horse's hoofs, accompanied by a hoarse cry, and next moment, like a meteor there shot forth into the valley a single horseman, leaving a trail of sparks behind him. Another hoarse cry, and he was among the brigands.

Bang! Bang! went a pair of pistols. Two flashes accompanied the reports, and an outlaw fell. Then there flashed in the faint glow of the firelight a bright sabre, cutting right and left, until the terrified guerillas, unable longer to withstand the storm of this single man's assault, wheeled about and fled. Morillo, clinging to one side of his horse, fled for dear life down the valley, his followers scattered in every direction. Four of them were left lying on the ground. One dead and three placed *hors du combat.*

The new arrival was the Mexican brother, who,

leaping from his reeking steed, seized his fainting sister in his arms and bore her to a spring where he bathed her face until she recovered. By this time some of the female attendants crept from the carriages, and the frightened peons, returning, released Father Agatone.

Pietro, quite crestfallen, picked up his carbine, which he had not even discharged, and began to boast once more what he would do should the enemy come in sight, when the good priest ordered him to keep silent.

"You cowardly knave, you deserved to be scourged!" said Father Agatone.

CHAPTER XII.

NEWS FROM THE RUNAWAY.

For the present it will be necessary to the harmonious development of our story to take a short adieu of our friends in Mexico and return once more to the peaceful scenes in Boone County, Kentucky. There were many anxious mothers and fathers in Boone County who read the war news in the Louisville papers with avidity. Captain Arthur Stevens' company had been raised chiefly from Boone County, as the reader is aware, and there was scarce a family in the entire county who had not some relative or acquaintance, with Taylor first, and then with Scott, for whom they felt the keenest anxiety.

Dr. Trunnels was greatly interested in the war with Mexico. When not busy making sick calls he rode over to the home of Mr. Stevens almost every evening and held long discourses with him on the subject, usually branching off on the depredations of the abolitionists whom he declared would surely take every "nigger" out of Boone County.

"You have never heard from your man John, have you, Major Stevens?" he asked one evening while at the home of Arthur's father.

"No," answered the major.

"And you never will," sighed Dr. Trunnels. "I feel sorry for you, major, yet you must not blame me."

"I do not, doctor."

"I warned you. I advised you to sell the rascal. None of them can be trusted; they may be devoted to you now, while you are their master and have power to flog them, even though you don't; but let the black rascals have a chance, and they will turn the tables and become your masters."

Major Stevens could say nothing. He had told the doctor that he would risk his purse, his wealth, his life with John, and yet John had run away.

"Major, why don't you sell your niggers?" asked the doctor.

"I cannot, doctor, I cannot part with the faithful creatures."

"Faithful creatures!" hissed the doctor angrily. "Faithful devils, you had better say. There is no dependence to be put in them. The best of them will run away."

"Doctor, tell me why you own no slaves yourself?" asked the major.

"Because I know they would slip through my fingers; they would escape."

"But not owning any, why do you hate them? for I believe you are a negro hater."

An expression of pain swept over the doctor's face, and for a moment he was silent. Dr. Trunnels had once been a handsome man; but the evil passions which he had of late years indulged so freely had transformed his features, until he was almost ugly. After a few moments' silence he said:

"Major, painful subjects should be avoided, especially when they lacerate the heart, as this one does. I had almost begged you to spare me this; but my conduct has been so strange, I know it needs some explanation. With your religious views, I know you would teach forgiveness and love instead of hate, but there are cases which your religion does not reach. Yes, I see the expression on your face, but I am an unbeliever, an infidel, so let us not argue questions of theology, but hasten on to the story, which I assure you is by no means a pleasant one. I am a native, as you are aware, of Virginia. There were but two of us, myself and a sister five years older. I lost my mother in infancy and was never loved by any one save my sister. I saw little of my father, who was a trader in slaves and spent most of his

time away from home. My sister married when I was but eleven. Father did not approve the match, for her husband was a poor fellow, with only a small plantation which he partially worked himself, aided by a few slaves; but I loved my sister, and her husband was a good man. She had two bright little children, a little girl and a boy, one five and the other three years of age.

"There was talk of negro insurrections; some did kill their masters, and runaway negroes committed the most horrible depredations. There was a vicious negro from one of the lower counties, named Big Casey, who was induced by some of the abolitionists to run away, even if he had to murder his master. Big Casey killed the overseer and escaped to the woods. My sister's humble little home was situated at the edge of a dense wood, which came almost to the door, and those bright little children often made the dark wood their playground.

"One day, while at the spring near the house, Big Casey, who was hiding from his pursuers, came upon the children and, filled with the devil, as all niggers are, he dealt each of them a blow with his stout club crushing out two sweet little lives in as many seconds. The blows and a half-uttered shriek alarmed the mother, who ran to her little ones in the forest and was met by their mur-

derer.* His eyes were now gleaming like a savage devil's, and all his barbaric African blood was on fire. He scented blood and it maddened him as the scent of it maddens a hungry tiger.

"My poor sister found herself confronted by this monster and cried:

"'Where are my babes?'

"With a burst of demoniac laughter, he seized her and with a keen knife which he carried stabbed her again and again, until she fell dead at his feet. There we found her. A little lame boy, who had been crouching in the bushes near enough to see and hear all, told us the terrible story. Big Casey was chased for many days and committed other murders, but finally got across into the free States, and there the abolitionists concealed and harbored him, with all the blood and guilt on his hands. They hurried the black devil across the State into Canada, where he was a free man, and for aught I know a respected and honored citizen. This, major, is only one incident among a thousand where the black savages have been instigated to murder; but this came near home to me. Runaway negroes killed my father, but for that there might be some excuse. Father was a slave-dealer

*In the ante-bellum days runaway negroes were a great dread. The above incident is the record of an actual event of a runaway slave.

and sold niggers. For the murder of my sister they might claim some excuse, for she was the daughter of a slave-dealer; but for the murder of those two helpless children—those precious babes—I can never forgive the race. Men, for a like desolation and murder, have sworn vengeance against a whole tribe of Indians. Are not the Indians as humane and honorable and far more noble than the cursed niggers?"

Here the doctor drove his heel into the ground with such force that Major Stevens never for a moment dreamed that he could be acting a part.

A few days after this, Tom Flynn, one of the most cruel slave-owners in Boone County, a man who had sold most of his negroes into southern markets, suddenly discovered that his two remaining slaves had run away. He at once set out to find them. The slaves had robbed a house near Anderson's ferry and killed a child to keep her from informing on them. Her body was found several days after. The father of the child was a poor squatter living in a miserable hut, but an honest man. He searched long for his child alone, while the whole country turned out to find the negroes.

Major Stevens, when informed by Flynn of the disappearance of the negroes, asked if Dr. Trunnels had been notified. He had not. The major

went himself and told the doctor, and never did he see a more astounded man. The doctor could hardly speak for several minutes and then said:

"Well, this is strange!"

"Is it any more strange than any other cases, doctor?"

"No, no, no."

"Let us bring them back."

"We will—we'll hang the infernal abolitionists, too!"

Then the doctor once more became wild with enthusiasm, and saddling his horse, headed the party of searchers and unerringly traced the negroes to the river.

"They never crossed at Anderson's ferry, that is sure," said the doctor.

It was soon ascertained that they had crossed on a log. A little white boy had seen them on one dark night. One of them could not swim and he mounted the log while the other swam across pushing him over.

They were in Ohio, and not having the advantage of the underground railroad, they were pursued and overtaken about twenty miles from the river. The guilty wretches tried to fly; but Dr. Trunnels brought his gun to his shoulder and cried:

"Halt! don't you run a step, or by —— I'll

bore a hole through each of you, that I can run my fist through."

The trembling wretches fell on their knees and began to beg for mercy.

"I didn't do it—swar I didn't kill de chile—et war Jim," said one.

"No, massa, he am lyin'—he done et hisself," Jim declared.

"Come here!" cried the doctor, in a firm, stern tone, keeping the runaways covered with his deadly rifle. "If you try to run I will kill you both."

The trembling darkies, bewailing their fate, crept forward and fell on their knees before the doctor, who handcuffed them together, and drove them to Anderson's ferry.

"Don't say Dr. Trunnels never catches runaway niggers," said the doctor boastingly, as he brought the two half-savage barbarians to their master.

The dark hints they had thrown out led to the finding of the little girl. This aroused the worst blood of the Kentuckians, and the runaways were lynched under the supervision of Dr. Trunnels himself.

The active part the doctor had taken in the capture of the runaways for a long time put a quietus to a certain rumor that he was not sincere in his pretensions and efforts.

The lynching of the negroes intimidated others who had thoughts of escaping, and if the "Underground Railroad" men were at work, they did not accomplish anything for several months.

A meeting of citizens assembled at the schoolhouse, shortly after the lynching, in which many incendiary speeches were made. The mob who had hung the negroes was of course in the ascendency.

Major Stevens, at last gaining the floor, appealed to the reason of the people. They had laws he said to punish offenders; murder was a terrible crime, and the murder of a little child, such as the negroes had committed, was so heinous as to make one shudder; but they had strict laws. The culprits deserved death; yet it should have been administered by the law. If one took the law into his own hands in this case he might in any other. The very act of trampling the established rules of society under foot was tending toward anarchy. He was not defending the criminals, for a crime more heinous than theirs he could not conceive; but he was defending the law.

After he sat down, Dr. Trunnels rose and replied:

In the abstract Major Stevens was correct. He meant well by all he said; but there were exceptions to all rules, and this was a case where an

exception would apply. The law was slow in its course. There were many technical delays and loopholes made to protect the guilty, rather than to bring them to justice. While they were waiting for the trial of these victims, their crime would have been forgotten, and other blacks instigated to commit murder by the abolitionists. A speedy retribution would have a wholesome effect upon the others. If mob law were ever excusable, it certainly was in this case. Hang the wretches at once and prevent more crime. Then the doctor arraigned the abolitionists who were instigating the negroes to murder their masters, and who were morally responsible for this offence.

"We know not any night that we close our eyes, that we will not be murdered before morning. Oh, that we could lay our hands on some of those meddlesome cowards of the North,—we would not wait for the law; no, we would hang them higher than Haman."

And he brought down his fist with a tremendous whack on the teacher's desk, which made the ink-horn and papers rattle.

Two weeks after this event, Major Stevens went to the post-office. There was a letter from Arthur, which told of the terrible battle at Buena Vista in February, two months before. The letter was written the second day after the battle when it

was known that Santa Anna was in full retreat to San Luis Potosi. It gave a detailed account of the fight, also of his saving the life of the young Mexican who had rescued him from the lance of the Comanche.

As Arthur's letter would contain nothing new to the reader, we need not give it in detail; but by the same mail Major Stevens received a letter which was a great surprise to him. It was written in a scrawling, cramped hand, unused to handling the pen, on a piece of wrapping-paper. The envelope was rudely constructed of the same material and sealed with a blue wax. That strange missive was written with a piece of lead, and was as follows:

"haverna kuby
"february 10th, 1847

"Dere moster, i tak this chanse to rite yew a letter. i have to rite slow because if i was seen, and it was known i rote to you it would cost me my lyfe. I hav bin several days ritin this to yu. i am in kuby a slave. doctor trunnels hee come to me ann hee told me i could be free hee sed he was a abylishonist settin niggers free, directed uv goddlemity too free slaves. i give him all my muny to free me an nelly. i would not a dunit but for nelly. She had a bad moster & i wanted to go with hur. he said we would go to andersons ferry in covered wagons quakers with big hats an knee briches wuld tak us in wagins an keep us. tha did tak us and travil al nite in wagons hiden us in cellers al da untel we kum to watur whur wus a ship i wus put on bord ship & chained, beat with a whup. tha brot us al to kuby an sol us al. doctur trunnels he got the

muny fur us and he has run of lots ov niggers heer an sold them.

"mi deer moster ef yu kan doo enything fur me fur god-sake doo it. coz i wil di heer in a fu months i aint seen nelly but wunst sins i kum heer. she was then almost ded. wunt yu kum an tak me hom i wunt never run of nor be free evun if the Abylishunists want me to: gud bi

"john."

Major Stevens read this badly scrawled letter half a dozen times before he could make out all its contents. He sat down on a bench on the veranda or porch in front of the village post-office and read it again and again. The major knew that John could write. Arthur had taught him some of the rudiments of education; but the busy planter was wholly unacquainted with John's chirography, and he could not say if this was his writing or not.

"So John is in Cuba, it seems," the major said, folding the letter and putting it in his pocket. He went thoughtfully to the hitch-rack under the old oak, where his horse stood and rode slowly home. Major Stevens was in a quandary. If he believed this letter to be genuine, he must believe Dr. Trunnels to be an impostor and an outlaw. He was not in a hurry to accuse any one who stood so well in society as the doctor did. Reaching home, he turned over the mare to a negro boy, and went to his wife's room.

"Have you letters from Arthur?" asked Mrs.

Stevens, her face expressing alarm, for the face of the planter was grave and serious.

"Yes, mother, Arthur is well and hopeful. They have fought another great battle, at a place called Buena Vista and utterly defeated the Mexican army, under Santa Anna."

"Let me see his letter," cried the mother.

Her husband's face expressed such a look of seriousness that she feared he was deceiving her, and she could hardly believe him until she had read the letter herself, from beginning to end. When she had done so, she again fixed her eyes on her husband's face and asked:

"What has gone amiss, Fernando?"

"Nothing, mother," the major answered.

"Why are you so serious?"

He answered her question by asking:

"Could John write?"

"John—what John?"

"Our mulatto boy, who ran away."

"I believe he could."

"Would you know his handwriting?"

"No; Arthur would; but why do you ask?"

"I have a letter purporting to be from him," and Major Stevens took from the improvised envelope the long strip of wrapping-paper on which was John's letter. He read it through to his wife and asked:

"What do you think of it?"

She was silent for a few moments as if trying to form an unbiased decision, and then said:

"I believe it is true."

"Morgianna, if this letter be true, Dr. Trunnels is a scoundrel and a law-breaker."

Mrs. Stevens made no answer.

"Is there no one who knows John's handwriting?" the major asked.

"None but Arthur."

"And he is in Mexico; we know not when he will return."

Major Stevens pored over the scribbled sheet again and again, then said: "I wish I knew if this be true."

"Think well, Fernando," said his wife, "before you make your decision. Don't you know there has been a strange mystery all along attached to Dr. Trunnels?"

"What you say is true, Morgianna. I can't understand him, that's a fact. Dr. Trunnels is an enigma, yet he has recaptured negroes that ran away."

"It may all be a blind."

"So may this letter be a blind," sighed the major. "I wish Arthur was home."

In his perplexity, the major decided for the present to let the matter rest. If Dr. Trunnels

were guilty, he should be punished according to the laws of the State and to the full extent.

Next day, while giving directions to his field hands, he heard a voice calling to him from the front fence, and turning his eyes in that direction discovered that it was Mr. Warren sitting on his gray horse.

"Won't you alight and come in, Mr. Warren?" asked the planter.

"No, thank you, I haven't time," Warren answered. "As soon as you have set your niggers to work, I want to talk with you a little, major."

"In just a moment I will be through," the planter answered, and turned to the black band of laborers, making a great to-do harnessing horses and mules and looking after ploughs, he said:

"Jim, you and Moses can plough the south quarter field to-day."

"Yes, sah."

"Ike."

"Yes, sah."

"Your collar is too tight, it's choking your horse."

"What must I do, mossa?"

"Loosen it at the top; unbuckle and let it out as far as you can."

"Yes, mossa."

"Jim, one of your trace chains is too long; you will make your horse's shoulder sore."

The slave shortened the trace. Slaves took little care how they worked. They exercised no judgment. "I doan think 'bout nuffin," Jim laconically said. "Mossa, he tell me to do de workin' an' he'll do de thinkin'."

This was a principle followed by most of them, and when the boon of freedom came, their thinking faculties were undeveloped.

When the planter had given the last order, and seen that the harnesses would not gall the horses and mules, he went to the stiles, where his neighbor still sat on his gray horse tapping the fence with his cowhide riding-whip.

"Won't you dismount and come in, Mr. Warren?"

"No; it is pleasant out here. Have you heard from Arthur since the battle of Buena Vista?"

"Yes, we had a letter from him yesterday."

"We got one from Tom. I suspect that was the biggest battle ever fought, from what Tom says."

"Both he and Arthur came out all right, but George Shaw was killed—poor George," sighed the major. "Arthur says he was the only one whom we know that was killed."

"I didn't come to talk with you about that,

major," said Mr. Warren. "I want to know what we are to do with the Martins."

"Are they making trouble again?"

"Yes; Bill went to Gunpowder last night, got blind drunk and fired a pistol into the schoolhouse door as he passed."

"Was any one in the schoolhouse?"

"No; the children had gone home. Then there are Jane and Kate and Christine Martin, the shame-faced creatures. I believe we will have to drive all of them out of the country."

"Whose house do they live in?"

"Some fellow across the creek. I've a mind to raise a mob and burn them out. Rush Martin says he'll shoot any man who tries to drive them out; but no one is afraid of him."

"Rush and Bill are both desperate fellows. They once tried to drive them out and shot Bill in the leg."

"The strangest thing of all is that Dr. Trunnels is the friend of these Martins."

"Their friend!"

"Yes, don't it seem a little odd that a man—a gentleman of his standing should espouse the cause of such people?"

"I would hardly have thought it of the doctor; yet he cannot defend disreputable people. Unless the Martins mend their ways, they must go."

Mr. Warren answered:

"I don't like to offend Dr. Trunnels, he has been very kind to me and when my niggers ran away did all he could to help recapture them, though we never found them."

This remark recalled to the mind of Major Stevens his letter from John, and he said:

"Mr. Warren, I want to speak to you in confidence about a certain matter."

"What is it, major?" asked Mr. Warren.

"I heard from John."

"What! not your colored man John?"

"Yes—John."

"Why, how?"

"I had a letter purporting to be from him, and if it really be from him, there is a wonderful revelation in it."

"What is it?"

"I will bring his letter and read it."

Major Stevens went and brought the piece of wrapping-paper on which were scrawled the lines with a piece of pointed lead. He read it through from beginning to end and asked:

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"I think it is all a lie from beginning to end," was the unhesitating answer of Mr. Warren.

"Well, I am at a loss to know what object there could be in the lie."

"Could your John write?"

"Yes."

"Do you think that his handwriting?"

"I do not know, Mr. Warren. I thought John could write better than that."

"Whether John wrote it, or didn't write it, Major Stevens, it's all an abolition dodge, to throw us off the right track. Dr. Trunnels has caught too many runaway niggers and has helped hang too many abolitionists, for me to believe him a nigger thief."

"If Arthur were at home, he would know John's handwriting."

"What difference does it make, whether John wrote it or not?

"I don't think John would deceive me."

"Wouldn't deceive you! Didn't he run away?"

"Yes——"

"Well, any nigger will deceive you; you can't trust any of them."

"That is true; John did deceive me," returned the major sadly. "I didn't believe he would run off."

"The abolitionists had him write that letter to fix suspicion on Doctor Trunnels, who is so earnest and successful of late in bringing back runaways, to throw us off the guard."

"Perhaps you are right."

"Have you ever mentioned it to the doctor?"

"No."

"Why?"

"I thought it best not to do so."

"I'd go right to him with it."

"I will."

Next day Dr. Trunnels came to the plantation of Major Stevens. He looked very sad and care-worn.

"Pardon me, major," said the doctor, "I know it isn't right to take my cares and woes to others, but I cannot help it. I have no wife to sympathize with me, so I must trespass on my friends."

"What have you to say, doctor?"

"It is this, major: there is poor old Martin, an inoffensive, helpless old fellow, very indolent to be sure, and what makes it worse for him, he has two sons who are drinking, ruffianly sort of fellows, and three daughters, who are a disgrace to their sex. But, major, should the innocent be made to suffer for the guilty? These helpless old people are threatened with mob violence, if they do not move out of the country. Because I espoused the cause of the helpless old people, I have aroused the righteous indignation of many of my neighbors. Major Stevens, I am not understood, I feel quite sure of it. What would you advise me to do in this matter? Obey the combined in-

junctions of reason and conscience, or would you have me follow the advice prompted by prejudice of friends?"

"Dr. Trunnels, I cannot advise any one to act contrary to his judgment and conscience."

"Especially when these instincts are prompted by humanity."

"Yes."

Then the major said he had something to show the doctor. He went to a secretary and took from it John's letter, which he handed him to read. The writing was not very legible and quite difficult to decipher. The major watched the doctor's face closely, while he was deciphering the letter. He changed countenance half a dozen times during the reading. At one moment he was perplexity, next dismay, at last doubt and uncertainty. He read the document through slowly and carefully three or four times before he spoke, whether it was to get the sense out of the badly scrawled letter, or to give himself time to collect his faculties and frame a good defence, the major was not able to tell. At last, folding the document coolly, and with a half-sneering smile which did not part his lips, asked:

"When did you get that?"

"A few days ago."

"Have you the envelope?"

"Yes."

"Does the postmark show that it was mailed in Cuba?"

"Yes."

He was silent for a few moments when he asked:

"Can John write?"

"Yes."

"Do you think it is his handwriting?" asked the doctor. He was not the least moved, but was apparently as unconcerned as if discussing an ordinary business matter, and wished to get at the truth.

"I cannot say, doctor, whether it is John's handwriting or not. No one but Arthur would know."

"Yes; I have at my house a note written by John, now that I remember, in which he asked something about a bee-tree, he had discovered on my land."

"What is your opinion about the letter, doctor?" asked the major.

"I believe your man John wrote it," was the grave, serious answer.

"What?" cried the amazed planter; "do you admit to it?"

"Not the charges in the letter, major," said the doctor, with a calm, assuring smile, which almost convinced Major Stevens that he was the most

honest and the purest mân living. After giving the doctor a puzzled look, the major said:

"Explain yourself, doctor."

"This is the shrewdest, most ingenious scheme I ever knew. I believe John wrote the letter, for I think, as near as I can remember, it will correspond with his handwriting. He either took it to Cuba, or sent it to be mailed to you."

"But it is not like John to be guilty of such a deception."

"Don't blame John; it is the plan of some shrewd abolitionists. Of late we have been successful to a remarkable degree in bringing back runaway negroes. It has become necessary for them to destroy the influence of Dr. Trunnels." He fixed his gray eyes on Major Stevens and seemed the most innocent man living. "Major Stevens, do you believe that letter?" he asked.

"No."

"I was quite sure you did not," and with a harsh muffled laugh at the cunning trick of the abolitionists, Dr. Trunnels bade the major adieu and took his departure.

CHAPTER XIII.

A FRIEND AMONG THE FOES.

For three days after the battle of Buena Vista, Captain Arthur Stevens was like one in a maze. It all seemed a horrible dream, a nightmare. He was disgusted and tired of war. The heroic Christian conduct of the Mexican women convinced him that the people he was fighting were not the brutal, heartless ruffians he had supposed.

In truth, the Americans have never understood the Mexican people. They have judged the entire race by the peons, half-breeds and Indians in New Mexico and Texas. Even with these, they have been harsh in their judgment. The Mexican or Greaser of Texas has long been the scapegoat on whose shoulders were laid the sins of vicious white men. The Greaser is not without his own faults, yet he is not so bad as he has been painted.

Captain Stevens could not but feel some anxiety for the young officer whose life he had saved. Men are so constituted, as philosophers say, that they hate those whom they have wronged. If this

be true, it is also true that they like those whom they have befriended. At any rate, Arthur had good reason to be solicitous about one who had saved him from the lance of a savage.

The army was still lying at Saltillo, when he learned from one of the Mexican nurses, that a young captain of lancers was lying at a hacienda in the mountains, dangerously wounded.

From the description, Captain Stevens came to the conclusion it must be his unknown and generous friend. He found One-eyed Mike dressing a wound his mustang had received on the hip from a Mexican lance, and asked him if he was acquainted with the hills on the northwest.

"Somewhat, Captain!" the guide answered, while his single eye roamed over the person of the young officer.

"I want to go over there."

The old scout, having washed out the wound thoroughly, gathered the skin together and began sewing it. Wodin, unaccustomed to the stings of pain, stamped the ground and flinched to the right and left; but the old man went on with his work as he asked:

"Why do you want to go over there, captain?"

"To see a friend who saved my life. He is dying."

"Do you mean the young lancer?"

"Yes."

The old scout and guide shook his shaggy gray head, as he answered:

"No; he will have the best of care. These Mexican women are not the persons to neglect their own. Better not risk your life among the hills."

"Nevertheless, Mike, it is my duty to look after him."

"Very natural."

The old man put the finishing touches to Wodin's wound and released the little fellow, very much to his satisfaction. "He will be well in a week," said the scout.

"Mike, tell me something of the country over there?" said Captain Stevens.

"Are you determined to go?"

"I am."

"It is a succession of hills and valleys; some of the valleys are cultivated, with fine haciendas, others like the hills are a wilderness of chaparral, cactus and palms. It's a dangerous place to travel."

Captain Stevens, with a smile, answered:

"What is to be feared? The Mexican army has been driven to San Luis Potosi."

"We don't know how many guerillas are in the wilderness," and he reminded him of the fate of Colonel Cross.

But the warning of the guide was of no avail to Captain Stevens, and two days later, procuring a short leave of absence and a horse, he hastened to the distant hills.

Nothing is more deceptive than distance. The hills which did not seem more than four or five miles distant were eighteen, and the day was well nigh spent when he reached the large hacienda which nestled at the foot of them.

The inmates of the house could not speak a word of English, and he was compelled to converse with them mainly by signs, for he had picked up few Spanish words. He, however, made out to ask them about the wounded señor, and an old man pointed across the hills. He mounted his already jaded horse and started along the narrow pass, riding as rapidly as he dared; for he realized that night would soon be on him, and even his stout heart quailed at the thought of passing a night in that wilderness.

The sun had set, and the mountains, bleak and gray, were drawing the sable cloak of night about their heads, when he reached the hacienda to which he had been directed. He saw a priest at the door and heard people going softly about within. The priest, who spoke English quite well, informed him that the señor was dying.

"Could he see him?"

"Yes."

Softly he entered the hall of death, in which lay a noble-looking young man. Two monks propped up his pillows, while a priest, with prayer-book in one hand, held before his dimming vision the sacred symbol, that his last expiring gaze might rest on the emblem of salvation. Another priest in sacerdotal robes, knelt at the foot of the bed, his head bowed in his hands, while his lips moved in prayer.

One glance at the dying man, and Arthur saw it was not the lancer of the white horse; yet he was enchained to the spot by the scene. The hero was dying. His breath grew shorter every moment, and his eye already had the glassy stare of death. Three or four servants were at the doors gazing into the apartment where all was silence, save that awful death rattle more terrible than the roar of a cannon. In a few moments he passed away, and Captain Stevens bowed his head and thought:

"He was a hero,—he died for his country!"

He turned to go. It was night now and the mountain pass was bleak and wild. The priest at the door asked:

"My son, why did you come so far from your own army alone? Do you not know your danger?"

"Good father, I have a friend among the enemy,

one who saved my life. I was told of this dying man and feared it was he. I came to see him."

"It was folly to risk your life thus."

"Had it been my friend I would have been repaid to have held his hand in mine once more, even had I lost my life."

"Where are you going?"

"Back to Saltillo."

"Surely not to-night?"

"Why not? I cannot stay here."

The priest's kind face wore a look of deepest anxiety. Though a Mexican he was a Christian and looked on all mankind as brothers, and he knew full well the dangers of a night journey in the mountains, and, shaking his head, he said:

"It won't do, my son. The country is in an unsettled state, and it would be death to venture across the mountains to-night, for the guerillas and rancheros are in the hills. A league and a half to the west is a monastery, where you will find four monks. You will be safe there until morning. Then return to your friends and venture no more so far away."

The moon had risen, and the broad, plain road to the westward, Arthur was told, would lead to the monastery. He was given some *tortillas* and pulque for his supper, and his horse some carrots and oats, and then he set out on his journey.

The moonlight streamed on the broad white path, bordered on each side by shrubbery. Over half the distance had been traversed, when Arthur was suddenly startled by the ring of hoofs in his rear. His cheek grew a little paler; but his nerves were steady. Hastily examining the priming of his pistols to assure himself they were in good condition, he resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible, should he be assailed by mountain robbers. His pursuer came on at an easy canter and seemed making no effort to overtake him. At this juncture Arthur came to a place where the road forked, and was puzzled which path to take. The priest had forgotten to mention this divergence, and while Arthur was hesitating whether to go to the right or left, a voice behind him called:

"*Quien es? A donde vive, señor?*" (Who are you? Where do you live, sir?)

"*No intinde Mexicano, señor!*" answered Arthur, summoning up all the Mexican he knew, to inform the horseman he could not speak the language. A moment later he was astonished to find himself addressed in tolerably fair English.

"So, señor, you are an Americano. Why are you alone in the mountains?"

"I came to seek a friend among the lancers, whom I heard was wounded here," Arthur answered, keeping his hand on the butt of a pistol.

"Where are you going?"

"To the little monastery. Which of these roads leads to it?"

The horseman had come closer now, and Arthur, though he seemed peaceable, kept his hand on his pistol ready to shoot at the least sign of treachery.

"I think I can mend the ill, señor," said the stranger. "I am going to my hacienda, come with me!"

There was something so frank and open in the man's manner, that Arthur felt that he could trust him. The night air on the mountains was sharp, and they galloped along the road for some distance without a word. Arthur felt sure they had gone twice the distance to the monastery, and yet they had not come in sight of it. He was on the point of declaring he would not go any further, when the Mexican pointed to a house across some jutting crags and said:

"We can rest there."

"That is not a monastery," said Arthur.

"No, señor; it is my house. The monastery be across the chasm, and it be dangerous to go to-night. Tarry here until daylight, and I be glad to go with the señor and show him the way."

Arthur did not like the looks of the man, yet he seemed peaceful and honest. He rode with him to the front of the house and dismounted.

The building was of stone and the walls were massive. Unlike most country houses in Mexico, this building was two stories in height. He saw an ox-cart and rude farming implements under a shed, and tried to persuade himself that the place was safe. Arthur Stevens was at the mercy of the Mexican, for in this wilderness he could not possibly find his way out during the night. He went with the Mexican to tie the horses under the shed, and then they entered the house or hacienda. The apartment was large, though the ceiling was low. A single tallow dip candle but dimly lighted the room. Sitting about on the elevation which ran around the room, was a middle-aged woman, a handsome young señorita, and two or three peons, dark and swarthy as Indians. The Mexican who seemed the owner of the house spoke some words in Spanish to the Mexican elder woman, who was "mucho-mucho" avoirdupois, and supported a mustache and "galways" that would make many a young fellow envy her hirsute charms. She rose and growled out some words in Mexican to the peons and they retired to another apartment.

All the while the fair señorita with the sad, dark eyes sat gazing at the pale stranger from the North. The candle-light showed that the Mexican had a most villanous-looking face. His black,

snake-like eyes and sallow complexion surmounted by coarse hair, with his fierce expression gave to him a diabolical appearance. About his waist was a belt supporting a huge pistol and an ugly-looking machete. Arthur sat in one corner of the apartment caressing the butts of his pistols as his only friends.

The Mexican spoke some low words to the señorita, who retired, and a few moments later he followed her. Then the American was alone in the apartment, his mind harrowed by many conflicting doubts and fears. His fertile imagination was abundantly stored with accounts of travellers beguiled into peaceful-looking habitations in the mountains and murdered. He had read Count Fathom's adventures and the story of Jonathan Wild and Jack Sheppard in his boyhood, and this adventure seemed so like some of them, that his blood ran cold. He even persuaded himself that the Mexican had brought him to this house, which was, perhaps, the rendezvous of a band of robbers, who would murder him in his sleep. He now saw with wonderful force the folly of leaving the American camp, and he asked himself again and again why he had been guilty of such an act. Was it simply gratitude or friendship for the young lancer of the white horse, or was it rather the glimpse of the sweet face and those star-like

eyes of the señorita, which impelled him to make the journey to the hills? Though Arthur would not admit it, even to himself, it was the hope of finding Madelina at the side of her wounded brother, which inspired him to brave the dangers of the mountains. Now that all had failed, his disappointment, embittered by anxiety and danger, made him desperate.

Harrowed by these apprehensions, he had almost resolved to quit the hacienda and entrust himself to the mercies of the howling wilderness as the least of two evils, when he suddenly became aware that some one had entered the apartment, and looking up, beheld the pretty señorita. She was coming softly across the room with her finger to her lips to enjoin silence.

"Señor," she said in a whisper.

He rose, but she motioned him to be seated, and went on in excellent English:

"Señor, why did you come here? Don't you know this is a death house?"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Sh—not too loud, señor. This is the home of Pedro Fuero, the mountain robber. He has only induced you to come that he may murder you in your sleep."

Such an announcement could not fail to fill the breast of Arthur with unspeakable horror. In the

first transports of dread, he turned his eyes toward the door; but the fair señorita gently laid her hand on his arm and whispered:

"It's too late, señor; that avenue of escape is guarded." Then his heart began to palpitate, his hair to bristle up, and his knees to tremble. His thoughts teemed with death and destruction; his conscience rose up in judgment against him, and he underwent a severe paroxysm of dismay and distraction. His spirits were agitated into a state of fermentation which produce an inspiration in desperate men to die as calmly as they go to dinner, and, by an impulse that seemed supernatural, he turned coolly upon the señorita and asked:

"What would you advise?"

"Do not eat or drink anything while in this house, for everything is drugged." Arthur was neither hungry nor thirsty.

"But how am I to escape?"

"Wait. Pedro Fuero is now on guard in front with his carbine to shoot you if you emerge from the door. He has sent a peon to his men who are in the mountains not over two miles away. When the señora comes and offers you a mug of pulque, tell her you will take it to your room and drink it there. She will then show you up the stairway to a room where you are to sleep. Pour the pulque upon the floor and hand back the mug to the

señora. I will provide a rope, by which you may climb down from the south window, which is broken, and I will bring your horse under some trees not far; mount and ride for your life."

"And you, señorita?"

"Never mind me, señor; they will never harm me; I am too useful to them. I never saw one before, whose life I cared to save; but, señor, I will save you," she said, her beautiful eyes gleaming with a strange fierceness.

At this moment, the footsteps of the corpulent señora were heard coming, and the señorita again placed her fingers to her lips to enjoin silence, darted to a far corner of the room as swiftly and gracefully as a ballet dancer skims across the stage, and sank upon the seat. The señora asked the American in very broken English if he would take a drink of pulque. He answered that he would as soon as he was in his room; he was very sleepy and wanted to retire. She pointed to the stairway, and he ascended, the fat señora following him, while the señorita disappeared from the apartment. At the top of the landing, she handed him the mug, and, entering the apartment, he pretended to drink the liquor, which had a very pungent odor; but he poured it upon the floor, handed out the mug and closed the door. By the aid of a wax taper he surveyed the apartment.

There was a cot at one side on which were some skins and a miserable dirty bed. The young American once more looked to his pistols and then calmly went to the windows. Both had been strongly barred with iron; but he found at one of the windows the bars loosened, so that he was able to remove them without much difficulty.

Taking a lariat which he found lying on the floor he tied one end to a solid beam, and threw the other out of the window. It was long enough to almost reach the ground. He waited a short time, listening, then crept to the front part of the building and looked out. There was Pedro Fuero squatting behind a cactus, his carbine in his hand, waiting to shoot him.

Arthur went to the window on the South, and climbing through the broken bars began to descend by means of the rope. His escape was perilous. The least noise might attract the señora within, who would notify her husband on the opposite side of the house, or one of the peons might come that way and discover him; then it would be a death struggle, with chances greatly against him.

He gained the ground, however, without mishap and set out for the tree, according to direction, and found the señorita holding his horse ready saddled and bridled.

"Mount, señor and fly. Go to the South; you may thus escape," she said.

"One moment, señorita," said Arthur gazing into the beautifully sad eyes. "Who are you? I must know who my deliverer is!"

"No, no, señor; don't ask me to explain; go!"

"But I must know whom to thank."

"Thank the Virgin Mary, not me, señor. Think no more about me, señor. This danger, this one good act is the only ray of happiness that has illuminated my dark soul for many years. Pray do not tarry longer, for you know not these fiends. Mount and ride to the South for seven leagues. Go slowly until you are beyond ear-shot; then put spurs to your horse and fly."

Captain Stevens was constrained to obey the fair Mexican. He mounted his horse and rode down the hill toward a mesquite grove. Just before he plunged into it, out of sight of the fair unknown forever, he turned in his saddle and glanced toward her. She was weeping as if her heart would break.

Arthur rode on, and the mystery of her life awaits the final judgment when all thoughts must be known. Half a mile further he increased the speed of his horse to a gallop. The animal was already greatly jaded. Any other than a Mexican horse would have given out hours before, but

Arthur managed to put several miles between him and the enemy before daylight.

When day dawned, he found himself in one of those lovely valleys common in tropical mountain countries. Early as the season was, the valley was covered with verdure on which he allowed his horse to graze, while the exhausted rider reclined beneath a tall palm. He had slept none the night before and despite the dangers by which he knew himself to be surrounded, he fell into a long and refreshing sleep. The sun beamed warm upon the valley, driving away the chill air.

When he awoke, he was astonished to find the sun almost vertical. He felt a gnawing at his stomach which reminded him he had failed to supply its demands. Hungry as he was, he was compelled to go without food. There was a sort of red berry growing on some wild vines, but he dared not eat of them lest they should turn out to be the poison toloachi, or some other terrible vegetable of the tropics, so after slaking his thirst at a clear, cool spring, he mounted his horse and rode away.

Had he gone the required distance southward? he asked himself.

He believed he had, and once more turned his course toward Saltillo. An hour's riding brought him to an impassable barrier of rocks and mountain

walls, and he was compelled again to turn eastward. He held this course until the sun became obscured by clouds, and he lost his way; but continued to wander until night came. Late in the evening he shot a hare with his pistol, and kindling a fire broiled part of the meat for supper. Making a small fire to keep comfortable and at the same time frighten away the wild beasts, he sat by it and dozed and slept at intervals through the long night, while his horse, which was picketed near him, grazed unmolested.

At early dawn he rekindled the fire, cooked the remainder of the hare for breakfast, and resumed his journey. He was now hopelessly lost. The day was so cloudy, he had no advantage of the sun, but rode first in one direction and then the other. The road grew dimmer and dimmer, until it at last gave out altogether, and he found himself in a broken, untraversed wild, from the labyrinthian mazes of which it seemed wholly impossible to extricate himself.

He did not despair, but continued his wandering. As yet, not a human being had been seen since leaving the mountain hacienda.

On the third day he came suddenly upon a broad path leading from the north and winding into a valley southwest. He entered the road, hoping it would take him to some convent, mon-

astery or hacienda where he might hire a guide for Saltillo. Again the day was almost spent, and he had almost reconciled himself to pass another night in the mountains, when he suddenly heard the loud clatter of hoofs behind him. Glancing over his shoulder, he espied a pair of mounted Mexicans, whom he took for harmless rancheros, come galloping up toward him.

Notwithstanding they seemed so innocent and harmless, and scarce took any notice of him whatever, he laid his hand on his pistols, determined not to be taken by surprise. The horsemen seemed as if they would gallop by him without even so much as the customary Mexican salutation. He drew his horse a little aside and they went dashing by. Suddenly a lasso came whizzing through the air with scarcely a perceptible motion from the Mexican throwing it. Arthur saw it coming and tried to dodge it; but it was hurled with wonderful precision, and a motion too quick for the eye. The noose encircled his head, and fell over his shoulders in a second, before he could even draw a pistol, and the guerillas, galloping on at full speed, jerked the American from his saddle, hurling him upon the ground with a force that almost knocked the breath out of his body. He was dragged almost a hundred yards over the rough uneven ground, before his captor stopped

his horse. Then his companion dismounted and ran to tie the hands of the captive behind his back.

Gasping for breath and almost insensible, he was set down at the root of a tree while his captors talked in the Mexican tongue, not a word of which Arthur could understand. His head had suffered a severe contusion from its contact with a stone, and he was confused in his ideas. He had an indistinct idea of other outlaws joining the captors. He heard the name of Miguel Morillo spoken and knew that he was the captive of this terrible brigand chief; but Arthur was too much stunned to feel alarmed.

He was lifted to the back of his own horse and securely tied to the animal, then with his captors six or eight in number set out southward at a gallop, every movement producing the most excruciating pain, for, in addition to the contusion on his head and face, his shoulder was dislocated. At last his groans became shrieks, and one of the Mexicans raised a machete to dispatch him, when the sharp report of a carbine rang out on the air, and a bullet shattered the man's arm. With a yell, he fled, followed by his companions, while Captain Felipe and some peons dashed up to where Arthur's horse stood with his insensible master on his back. The American was removed from the

saddle and carried a short distance to the Señorita Madelina's carriage.

"How far is it, Father Agatone?" asked Felipe.

"Not half a league."

"Let us get there at once, for the señor may be worse injured than we suppose."

The carriages rolled away; but to Arthur all was a blank.

CHAPTER XIV.

MADELINA.

When Arthur awoke to consciousness, it was nearly noon. The awakening came slowly, accompanied by pain. In all his past life he had never experienced such mental and bodily exhaustion as now oppressed him. Every muscle and tendon was aching a bitter complaint against the abuse of the day before. Dull, pulseless pain smoldered in some; in others it was a keen throb like the toothache. Continued lying in one position was unendurable,—changing it a thrill of anguish. His brain was an aching mass, so that any attempt to recall who he was, or where he was produced only pain and confusion. Thinking was torture, for every organ of thought was bruised and sore; yet by degrees the fearful events of the past few days continued to crowd themselves upon his mind. To put them out required a painful effort; to recall and comprehend them was worse. Reflecting upon them now with unstrung nerves made them seem a hundredfold worse; for all was a confused

mass of horrible visions, a terrible nightmare, in which Buena Vista, a dying hero, cowled priests, the hacienda, mountain robbers, and a soft-eyed señorita mingled in a heterogeneous mass. At last, by a stupendous effort and with the most excruciating pain, he threw off the feeling and slowly regained consciousness.

He was lying on a bed or cot, soft, downy, clean and white as the virgin snow on the distant mountain peak. Sunny peace and contentment reigned. The door stood wide open, and, as it faced the South, the noonday sun pushed in—clear to the opposite wall—a broad band of mellow light, vividly telling of the glory he was shedding where roof nor shade checked his genial glow. On the smooth, hard floor, in the centre of this bright zone, sat a motherly cat, giving with tongue and paw dainty, finishing touches to her morning toilet; at the same time watching with pride a pair of kittens playing at hide and seek in the door.

The softest sounds were borne by the balmy air to the room, which was fragrant with tropical flowers. The old Mexican passion for flowers seemed to have reached its climax in this house, hacienda, chapel or convent, or whatever it might be. The view from the doorway was a grand one.

It was a picture set in that frame of white stone

such as no artist ever painted. Far off to the South were distant mountain peaks, whose blue tops seeming to pierce the rain clouds, were capped with eternal snow. Lying between the mountain ranges and the door, were miles on miles of green valleys, sparkling cascades, deep forests, palms, cactus, mesquite and the ever useful maguey plant, which grows alike on the richest soil or most barren plain. The scenery was interspersed with crags, peaks, and delightful shady glens. The whole country save the mountain peaks, was densely covered with verdure. As yet he had seen no living object save the cats and some large birds soaring in the distance. He had not seen a single human being, though at last there came on the air a masculine voice singing in a not unmusical tone:

"Sabe que es pulque—
Licor divino?
Lo beben los angeles
En vez de vino." *

When the singer ceased his wild carol, Arthur hoped to get sight of him, for there was something strange and enchanting in his voice. He was not disappointed, for in a few moments there appeared

* Know ye not pulque—
That liquor divine?
Angels in heaven
Prefer it to wine.

at the door one of the strangest, weirdest-looking human beings he had ever seen. It was an old man, filthy beyond description, barefooted, bare-headed, clad in scanty rags that left breast and limbs uncovered; yet he had a refined grace of politeness characteristic of a Castilian, while his face, still handsome, betrayed the fact that it once possessed more than ordinary intelligence. Under his arm he had a bundle of rags and papers, which he had gathered from the by-ways, and as he paused at the door and gazed on the invalid he murmured the characteristic "por Dios!" of the Mexican beggar, while he extended his hand for a favor.

Arthur made an effort to answer him, but was unable to do so; and the harmless lunatic, seeing his condition, said:

"Pardonez me, señor!" and went away.

He had been gone but a few moments, when the door was again darkened, and this time, to Arthur's joy, he saw the captain of the white horse.

"Good morning, señor," he said with a glad smile on his face. Arthur made an effort to answer, to take his hand; but the room was rocking and his voice failed him. Everything was again swimming before his eyes, and he was in a moment unconscious. His swoon was a slight one.

In a moment he was again conscious and realized that there was another in the room besides the young lancer. An old Mexican doctor, with a pair of goggle-eyed spectacles, was at his side, and felt his pulse, temples and feet, grunted professionally and made his diagnosis in Mexican, which Arthur could not understand, then said:

"*Caraja! Tres dies y noches!*"

He made this out to mean that he would be better in three days and nights; but his knowledge of Mexican was limited. If that was the opinion of the old Mexican, it was correct, for on the third day Arthur was vastly improved. His illness was not so much from injury as from long exposure, fatigue and loss of sleep, which all combined to prostrate his nervous system, so that when he was assailed by the guerillas he broke down under the shock.

The fourth day, he was able to sit up and talk with the young captain, who told him how he had found him by the merest accident in the mountains, and rescued him from the bandits. That he had just rescued his sister from the gang a few hours before, as she was going south to Puebla, and had brought her to the monastery.

"Are we at a monastery?" Arthur asked.

"Yes, señor, a monastery and the mission of the Sacred Heart."

"Is your sister here?"

"Yes, señor."

Arthur's cheek flushed with inexpressible joy. He was unable to explain even to himself why he should be delighted to find himself under the same roof with the sister of his young friend. He had caught but a passing glimpse of her face and had only an indistinct idea of a perfect contour and great, soft, dark eyes; yet to him it was loveliness.

He was about to speak, when he again heard the voice of the wretched old man singing his favorite air:

"Sabe que es pulque—
Licor divino?" etc.

A moment later he glanced in at the door and, extending one miserable hand, whined:

"Por Dios!"

Captain Felipe answered him in the Mexican tongue, went to another apartment and brought him a handful of rags and scraps of paper, with some bits of bread and cold tortillas. The odd old man was quite profuse in his thanks, more especially for the rags and paper than for the food. Adding the former to his already large bundle he went away singing.

Captain Felipe watched the old fellow for a few moments and, returning to Arthur's side, said:

"Poor old Antonio; he is worthy of compassion."

"Does he live here?"

"He lives everywhere. That bundle of rags and paper and his dog are his only property. He usually sleeps in the chaparral or under some sheep shed."

"Is he a lunatic?"

"Yes, señor."

Before he could ask more, the Mexican doctor, accompanied by Father Agatone and one of the monks entered. The priest said in English:

"I am pleased to find you so much improved."

"Thank you, good father," Arthur feebly answered. "Have you forgotten I am your enemy?"

The priest with a smile on his face answered:

"Nay, my son, I never knew it; you are one of God's creatures and God is no respecter of persons, we care alike for friends and foes!"

Arthur took his hand while tears started to his eyes, as he muttered:

"Grand, noble Christian!"

The doctor, exercising his authority, hushed every one and proceeded to examine his patient, and dish out more of his nostrums, talking all the while in the Mexican tongue.

The priest, acting as translator, told Arthur he must be quiet; he administered a dose of medicine, which had the effect of an opiate, for he was soon dozing. Then, sleeping and dreaming, or half

awake and half asleep he could not tell which, he was conscious of a great cloud of blue mist overspreading him like a canopy, and through this appeared the sweetest face he had ever gazed upon. The voice, when she spoke, was music itself. He did not fully wake until late next day, yet all through the night he was conscious of the face hovering over him.

When he awoke, it was gone, yet he knew it had been a reality. He was very much better this morning. Felipe came in sat at his bedside and talked with him about his return to the American army.

"Is Taylor still at Saltillo?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I had orders to join Scott at Vera Cruz."

At this, he noticed his friend start. For a moment he was silent and then with a sigh said:

"So, señor, you Americans intend to invade from the South."

"Yes; but let us not talk of that, captain. Personally, we are friends,—nationally, enemies. Was I very ill last night?"

"Slightly delirious."

"Were you with me?"

"All the time."

"You were not alone?"

"No."

"Where is she? Was she your sister?"

"Yes, señor."

"The one I granted the escort to from Monterey?"

"The same, señor."

He expressed a wish to meet her, and the brother said that Madelina would come and sit by his side that evening, while he went down the mountain to reconnoitre.

"Is there danger, captain? Are the Americans coming into the mountains?"

"No, señor; there is no danger from the Americans. We have the guerillas and brigands to fear more than the invaders just now."

Arthur had little dread of guerillas. His mind was too full of the anticipated pleasure of meeting with the beautiful Madelina to think or care about guerillas.

Arthur was given some nourishing food, cooked to suit his American taste by a skilled hand, which he conjectured was the diamond-eyed señorita. The rice and milk were not only palatable, but wholesome and nourishing. He felt so much stronger he wanted to rise, dress and walk about; but Father Agatone would not permit it. According to the doctor's instructions, he was to remain another day at least in bed.

Though he chafed under the order, when he heard the sound of a musical voice in an adjoining

apartment and instinctively knew it was the señorita, he was partially repaid for his forced confinement. Captain Felipe and Father Agatone had gone away suddenly and mysteriously. He listened to a voice. Now he heard her talking in the gentlest, softest rippling music of her beautiful native tongue, giving some orders to the peons. Then she was heard on the veranda, then in the hallway,—a whisper of soft robes and she was present. He knew,—he felt her presence, even before he raised his eyes to meet the face of one of whose beauty he had dreamed.

"Is the Señor Americano better?" she asked in excellent English, coming and taking his hand.

"I am; Señorita Madelina, is it not?"

"It is, señor."

"Your brother is Captain Felipe?"

"He is, señor," and he thought he observed a glow of pride at the mention of her brother.

"He has gone away and left me?"

"I will sit with you, señor, until my brother returns."

"Thank you, señorita—you are very kind."

"I would be guilty of the basest ingratitude were I not, for you saved my brother's life at Buena Vista."

"In that, señorita, I but repaid a debt I owed him. He saved me from the lance of a Comanche."

She looked at him steadfastly for a moment and asked:

"Señor, had he not saved your life, had he been an utter stranger, would you have permitted your bar—pardon, señor—soldiers to slay him?"

"No, señorita, I don't believe I would. All soldiers are more or less barbarous, and in a battle there is little time for reason or humanity; but still I believe, even had he been an utter stranger, I would have done all I could to save his life. I hope I would."

"Thank you, señor."

"Do you know whither your brother is gone?"

"Down the canyon. There is a rumor that the guerillas are concentrating under Miguel Morillo to attack this monastery."

"Have they no respect for sacred places?"

"None, señor. They are as dangerous to Mexicans as Americans. Morillo is a personal enemy to us, which makes him more dangerous."

"Morillo? I have heard of him, I believe. Was he not in Texas?"

"He was one of the chief agitators in the Texan trouble, was Santa Anna's guide at the Alamo and in the fight and massacre of Fannin's men."

"I would not think Santa Anna would trust a man so unscrupulous."

The señorita's face flushed as she answered.

"Señor, you do not understand the Mexicans. There is too much ambition and too little patriotism among them. When your people gained their independence, they entrusted the reins of government to safe patriots whose judgment was equal to their patriotism. They loved their country more than themselves. When Mexico threw off the Spanish yoke, it became a quarrel among her patriots who should be greatest. There is too much devotion to self and too little to the nation. Our people are brave, but not united."

"I can attest to their bravery, señorita," said Arthur.

"Let us not talk of Mexico," she said at last. "It is a painful subject; let us talk of your home."

"My home?"

"Yes, señor."

"Would it be interesting to you?"

"It would; have you a father?"

"I have, señorita."

"And a mother?"

"I have."

"When did they hear from you?"

"I wrote them a letter just before setting out from Saltillo."

"They have not received the letter yet."

"No, and will not for some weeks."

"Your mother's anxiety must be very great."

"No doubt it is; yet what care ambitious generals or politicians for the anxiety of mothers?"

"Nothing. I have travelled in the United States. I was in New York, St. Louis and New Orleans. It is a great nation, and," heaving a sigh, "I greatly fear our people cannot resist the Americans; there are too many of them, and they never tire."

Arthur made no answer. He could not wish disaster to befall the arms of his country, nor could he express to the señorita a hope that her countrymen would be defeated. They did not discuss the causes of the war, or the rights of either parties. Right is right, and war as often enthrones wrong as it replaces right. Though to Arthur the overthrow of the Mexicans was inevitable, still he felt that the result would not settle the question of right. Since he had met and conversed with the señorita, he could not refrain from asking himself why he was fighting the Mexicans. What cause had he to quarrel with them? They had never invaded American soil. If Houston and Austin saw fit to plant colonies in the territory claimed by Mexico, should they not be left to fight their own battles? To him it had the appearance of a gigantic swindle to rob Mexico of a large part of her territory.

He was still indulging these painful thoughts,

when he heard the voice of the beggar Antonio singing a snatch of Italian opera. The beggar he knew was coming, and in a moment he appeared with a large bundle of rags and scraps of paper under his arm. There was a smile on his still somewhat handsome face, as, extending one hand toward Madelina, he whispered:

"Por Dios, señorita!"

The señorita was expecting him and had prepared a small bundle of rags and papers which she gave him. He never entered the door, but always stood respectfully without, his dog at his side. No beggar in Mexico is ever without his dog.

The señorita asked him if he would not have some *tortillas* and *alboudigas*, or stuffed red peppers. He thanked her kindly, he would, and receiving the food went away singing his favorite songs. When he was gone, the señorita returned to her seat by the side of the wounded captain. Arthur asked:

"Who is that unfortunate man?"

"He is called Antonio."

"Insane?"

"Yes, señor, he was made to drink of the poison *toloachi*."

"Does it produce death?"

"No, worse than that; it acts immediately on the brain, producing at first violent madness and then hopeless idiocy."

"Who did this, señorita? Who was so cruel as to give him this poison?"

"It is a sad story, señor, but if you would like to hear it, I will tell it to you."

"I should very much like to hear it, señorita."

The señorita was doing some light fancy work, with which Mexican women amuse themselves, while she gathered up the threads of the story she wished to tell.

"It has been a long time since I first heard it, señor," she began, "for, though I never saw Antonio until within the last week, I have known his sad story many years. He is a native of Monterey and was highly educated at the college of Mexico and gave promise of being one of the great men of the nation; but long ago he went to Texas. The Americans were coming into the country and settling there, and among them a family named Blunt from some of the eastern States. They had once been wealthy, so the story goes, but had met changes of fortune and came to Texas in the early days, with Austin. Antonio met the daughter of Señor George Blunt. Her name was Caroline, and he became desperately enamored of her. At the same time, Miguel Morillo, the half-breed guerilla, met the American señorita, and was in love with her. She rejected the half-breed, but looked with favor on the suit of Antonio, who was honest, in-

telligent and brave. Some say they were betrothed; but I doubt the truth of that part of the story, though there is every reason to believe she was favorably impressed with the Mexican.

"Your American women are slow to make their choice of a husband, and while she might have expressed a preference, still their vows probably were not plighted. Antonio was not only handsome, intelligent, highly educated and brave, but immensely rich, for at that time he owned thousands of acres of land on the Nueces River, on which grazed thousands of cattle. It was while on a visit to these possessions, he by accident met the daughter of George Blunt.

"Antonio was called to Monterey by a mysterious and deceitful letter, penned no doubt by Morillo himself. Morillo is an educated man, which enables him to carry out his villany. His mother was an Indian and his father a Spanish captain in the regular army, who had his son Miguel educated in Spain. From his Indian mother he learned of the terrible *toloachi.* A few drops of the tasteless juice of this harmless-looking plant, which resembles the milkweed in America, mixed with pulque, wine or food, does its diabolical work with inexorable certainty, and it cannot be detected save in its effects.

"It is said that Antonio, before leaving the

beautiful Caroline Blunt to go to Monterey, told her he would return in a fortnight as he had much to say. Caroline was making herself a new frock, and he begged her for some of the waste pieces which he put in his pocket before setting out for Monterey. At Monterey he met with a hired tool of Miguel Morillo, an American named Giles, who for two hundred doubloons agreed to do the diabolical work. He was a shrewd man and told Antonio he had come to purchase lands in Mexico or Texas and wanted to procure some from him. In the course of the evening he had drawn Antonio into a public house, where he asked him to take a drink of pulque with him.

"Then he produced the poisoned phial which Morillo had prepared for him. From an arbor of flowers, through an open casement, the hateful Morillo watched him pour the fatal drug in Antonio's goblet, and as they quaffed their bumpers, he was in glee. The effects were soon to be seen. At first it was thought Antonio was only drunk; but next day and next week showed that he grew worse and worse, and every one began to suspect that he had drunk the fatal *toloachi*. He was hopelessly insane, and ever since has wandered about the country gathering up bits of rags and paper, prizing them as of more value than so many diamonds. He often talks of going across the Rio

Grande with his treasures to Caroline, for he imagines that he is gathering them for her. You perhaps ask why the man who caused his woe was never punished? He had escaped before suspicion had become a conviction, and as for Morillo, from his complicity in the awful affair, he fled to the mountains, then the frontier, where he has ever since been at the head of a band of desperate men, soldiers in war and robbers in peace. That is the story, señor, so far as I know it."

"But, señorita, did you never learn what became of the fair Caroline on the Nueces?"

"True, I had forgotten that part; her fate was even more tragical than Antonio's. It is said that one year after Antonio became insane, a former lover came from the States and married Caroline. He was poor but manly, brave and strong. He built them a little home in the forest and was happy. They had four fair, bright children. In an evil hour, Morillo learned of their happiness and, with a band of half-breed cut-throats, joined a party of Comanches and, during the father's absence one day, swooped down upon the little home—this part of the story is too terrible,—don't ask me to tell it."

The señorita covered her face with her hands and for a long time was silent, and then said, "I know something of the truth of that part of the

story, we were in Texas when it happened; but do not recall it, señor."

An hour before sunset, Captain Felipe and Father Agatone returned. There was an anxious, careworn look about the face of each. Arthur knew they had some bad news. He arose, dressed himself and went out on the veranda, where the young Mexican and a group of half-frightened peons were.

"Señor, I fear you are doing too much," said Felipe.

"I assure you I am better, I believe the open air will do me good. You have news?"

"Yes, señor."

"It is not good."

"You are correct, señor. The guerillas have assembled in the mountains and are not five leagues away, a hundred strong."

"That is alarming."

"It is, señor, and we have no soldiers nearer than San Luis Potosi."

"How far are we from Saltillo?"

"It is fully as far to Taylor as to Santa Anna."

"Of course you prefer going to your friends?" said Arthur with a smile.

"Certainly, señor; but you shall return to the American army. Your coming was an act of friendship and charity, you shall not suffer by it.

If we escape the guerillas, you can return without parole."

The doctor came along at this moment and declared that Arthur must go to bed. He went to his apartments leaving Felipe, the peons, doctor and Father Agatone with the monks discussing flight and defence. They put the monastery in a state of defence for the night, and as soon as morning came began to get ready to leave. All the gold candlesticks, images, and crucifixes of the little chapel, were placed in Father Agatone's carriage, and the other things that could be moved were loaded in carts by the servants. They had fifteen male servants armed with carbines. Arthur declared himself well enough to take part in the defence, and Father Agatone, though a man of peace, declared he would smite the guerillas himself.

It was noon before all were ready to begin the retreat for San Luis Potosi. In the hurry of departure, poor old Antonio the beggar had been forgotten. On that morning Antonio had failed to put in an appearance, and every one supposed he had strolled away to another part of the mountains.

Only two miles from the monastery, some of the peons who were in the advance discovered him at the roadside, his poor gray head thrown backward among the flowers, the pitiful bundle still clasped

in his stiffened arms. He was stone dead! He had come to his death by violence, for he had a pistol bullet in the region of his heart. His faithful dog lay near him, stabbed and hacked to death by machetes. Felipe gazed on the scene a moment and then muttered:

"Caraja! the devils are at their work. Miguel Morillo has ended his vengeance at last."

Imminent as the danger was, the good fathers insisted on halting an hour to give Antonio Christian burial, and vowed to say masses for his soul. They hurriedly anointed his body while the peons dug his grave, then knelt and prayed. A rude wooden cross was left to mark the spot where the unfortunate man slept.

Then the party went on. It was growing late, when, as they neared the mountain pass, Pietro and Juan, who had ridden ahead as they vowed to clear the path of the enemy, should they be so fortunate as to find them, came galloping back as rapidly as their horses could bring them.

"What is the matter?" asked Felipe.

They informed him that the guerillas were strongly posted in a pass not more than a mile away. Felipe and Arthur rode ahead to reconnoitre and found the statement correct. The carriages and carts came up and the party halted for consultation in a small valley. Suddenly wild shouts in

their rear announced an enemy there. Affairs had assumed a desperate appearance. Arthur knew that the peons could not be relied upon, and that Felipe and the priests, who seldom make good warriors, with himself would stand but small show against those warlike mountaineers. Suddenly Morillo with a white handkerchief rode forward to within a pistol-shot of where the travellers were, and said:

"You are surrounded by a hundred brave men; you can't escape, and if you resist, you shall every one be killed. Will you surrender?"

Felipe wanted to know on what terms they were to surrender. The guerilla said at his own terms. The sun was setting, and while Felipe was parleying with the brigand chief, Arthur had the carts and carriages parked, or formed in a hollow square in the valley and the horses and oxen tethered just on the outside. A camp fire was built in the middle of the camp, and sentries set to watch the camp.

Felipe continued to parley until dark, and then asked a delay until morning and entered the camp where the monks, priests, Arthur, Mexican women and peons were. The young Mexican captain surveyed the disposition of the camp with admiration, and turning to Arthur said:

"You are a military genius, señor."

"Did you accomplish anything with that fellow?"

"He has agreed to wait till morning."

"Will he do it?"

"No; his word is worth no more than the whistle of the wind through the pines. He will attack us at any moment he thinks he can do so safely."

CHAPTER XV.

REUNITED AFTER TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FIVE YEARS.

In all his army experience, even while lying on the frozen ground at Buena Vista, Arthur never passed such a night as the one in the valley. It was very dark, a cold rain began to fall, and the men were soon wet to the skin. The two carriages, which had covered tops, were given up to the women.

Arthur had not fully recovered from the fever, and being still weak he was soon chilled by the cold mountain air and drizzling rain. The constant strain on his nervous system was trying. There was no sleeping that night by any one. All understood that an attack was expected at any moment, and even the Señorita Madelina sat, wide awake in her carriage, holding in her hand the silver dagger her brother had given her. At her feet sat her two maids alternately weeping and wringing their hands, and counting their beads.

The fire was put out shortly after dark as it

would be a beacon light to direct the enemy. Arthur stood most of the night by the side of his sleepy horse, dripping with water, shivering and aching in every bone and nerve.

"Señor, this is trying on you!" said Captain Estevan.

"I wish they would come and have it over with!" he answered.

"That is like you Americans; you are always ready to take desperate chances."

"If I only had one dozen of my Kentucky riflemen here, I would laugh at twice as many guerillas by day or night," said Arthur.

"I wish you had them, señor," said the Mexican. "I care not for my own fate, but my sister —mother of Jesus! I dare not think of her—I will go mad!"

"Captain Felipe, I am weak,—unable to do much, but I will yield my life defending her before a hand of the guerilla shall touch her."

"Thank you; may the saints bless you!"

Captain Stevens had never seen the young lancer so greatly excited before. Partially realizing his anxiety for Madelina he could understand his agitation. Often during that long night which seemed to have no end, he heard him mutter:

"Oh, that she was in Puebla! Oh, that she was at home!"

About midnight as near as they could determine, there came a report from a peon on picket duty that the guerillas were advancing.

"From which side?" asked Felipe.

"From every side, señor."

"*Caramba! Va maladitto,*" hissed Pietro at this moment running against a burro tied to one of the carts.

The men were all drawn within the enclosures made by the vehicles and animals, and waited for full two hours with cocked carbines; but the threatened attack proved a false alarm for no guerillas made their appearance. The long night wore slowly away, and day began at last to dawn. Could it be, after all, that Morillo was going to keep faith with them?

The band of shivering wretches watched the pass, the bluffs, and every point from which an attack would be possible; but day broadened, night fled, and yet not a guerilla made his appearance.

Captain Estevan turned his eyes anxiously toward the dread pass, from which he expected every moment a discharge of carbines, but the pass was silent. Not a living being could be seen save a broad-winged vulture soaring aloft above the tallest crag, on the mountain side.

"Where can they be?" asked the young Mexican.

As the sun rose and still they made no appearance, he determined to ride down to the pass and reconnoitre. Arthur's head was aching and he sat shivering over a fire Pietro had kindled, caring very little for surrounding difficulties. Felipe rode down to the pass. Not a guerilla was in sight. He passed on through it.

They were gone!

A thorough search proved that they were nowhere to be seen; they had stolen away during the night, leaving the mountain pass and neighborhood. "This is extraordinary," thought the Mexican captain.

He returned to the camp to hurry up his people, when suddenly the blast of a bugle smote his ears, and then came a tramp of horses.

Arthur, though freezing with ague and burning with fever, sprang to his feet, waved his hat and uttered a shout of joy, as twenty-five mounted blue-coats rode through the pass and galloped up to their camp. It proved to be a party under Lieutenant Warren sent out to search for the missing captain, and nearly all of them were of his own company.

"Begorra, here's the boss himsilf wid the haythin, bad luck to thim!" cried the impulsive Pat McKune, riding up with his musket slung over his back.

"Surrender, or we will cut you to pieces," cried Lieutenant Warren to Felipe, for the lieutenant was under the impression that Arthur was a prisoner.

"Hold, Lieutenant Warren," cried Arthur. "These people are my friends. They saved my life and must be free to come and go as they please."

"Very well, captain. That is a horse of another color," returned the Kentuckian. "But what's the matter? You look sick."

"I am."

"Why are you here?"

"This gentleman," laying his hand on Felipe's arm, "will tell you all. I am burning with a fever."

Arthur went to the fire and Madelina, seeing his condition, insisted that he should get into her carriage which he did. Felipe explained to the lieutenant the circumstances under which he had met Arthur the last time, and told of the expected attack from the guerillas, whom they found at the pass, but who mysteriously disappeared during the night. When the lieutenant explained that his party had come up about ten o'clock in the night to the opposite side of the pass, and gone into camp, it threw some light on the sudden stealing away of the guerillas. Being naturally

cowardly, they would not dare attack the camp with twenty-five Americans within hearing of their carbines.

It now became a serious question what should be done with Arthur. The Mexican doctor said there was a relapse of the fever, and declared he could not go as far as Saltillo, for three days. He must have rest. Beyond the mountains not more than a league, Felipe said there was a large hacienda where the sick man could remain until he was able to travel, and the señorita offered to share her carriage with him to the hacienda.

This was the best that could be done, so the party set out, Arthur, Madelina and the doctor occupying the señorita's carriage. When the house was reached, the sick man was soon lying on a bed sleeping under the effects of a soothing potion administered by the old Mexican M. D. The doctor being a graduate of the university of medicine at Seville in Spain, was one of the ablest physicians of his time. For one day Señorita Madelina remained at the hacienda; then an opportunity presented itself for her to have a safe escort direct to Puebla, and her brother sent her, while he lingered behind. Lieutenant Warren detailed ten men under a sergeant to escort the señorita and her friends to the San Luis Potosi road.

Arthur was sleeping under the effects of the powerful medicine of the doctor when Madelina entered to bid him good-by. She looked about the apartment and, finding herself alone, went softly to his bedside and, kneeling, raised her clasped hands in silent appeal to the Virgin for the sufferer. After her prayer for the health and peace of the enemy of her country, she rose and stood by his side, a queen of matchless grace and beauty. She was alone with the sick man, the door was closed and she thought no eye save God's saw her. He alone knew how pure her heart, and how noble her soul. Mexican women are impulsive. She bent over the sleeping man and pressed her soft, warm lips to his dry, fevered cheek and, leaving a crystal tear-drop on the hair of the sleeping man, turned and left the apartment.

The second day after her departure, Arthur Stevens was once more fairly on the road to recovery. He was able to sit up and look out of the broad window at the beautiful scenery by which he was surrounded. The doctor said that in another day he could return to Saltillo, and Felipe and Lieutenant Warren had procured a carriage from a wealthy old Mexican in the valley to convey him to the American army.

It was in the afternoon of that day, as Arthur was sitting in an easy-chair Felipe entered, his

face beaming with joy and hope at the recovery of his friend.

"You are looking so much better, señor, that you make me both glad and sorry."

"Why?" asked Arthur."

"To-morrow we must part, perhaps never to meet again!"

An expression of sadness came over Arthur's face, and with a sigh he said:

"It is true, Captain Felipe, we must part and may never meet, but I shall always cherish your memory. You have been a brother to me, and though our countries may fight, we will be friends. In the hottest of battle my hand shall never be raised against you. I could no more strike you than a brother."

Felipe was silent. Brave and generous Felipe —his heart was stirred with emotion. After a short silence Arthur asked:

"Where is your sister?"

"Gone."

"Gone, where?"

"To Puebla."

Arthur's chin sank upon his chest and his eyes rested on the floor. An expression of deep disappointment and sadness swept over his face. Several times he essayed to speak, but his voice was husky and his articulation failed him. After

several efforts he murmured in a voice so low that Felipe could scarce hear him:

"Gone—gone without even saying farewell."

"You wrong my sister, señor, if you think she did not bid you farewell. She came to your room, but you were sleeping."

"Sleeping!—why did they not wake me?"

"The doctor left orders that you must not be disturbed."

"Disturbed—thunder!" ejaculated the angry American. "What do I care for being disturbed on such an occasion?"

"Señor, it might have been at the risk of your life."

"I would risk my life a hundred times rather than she should have gone away without—without——"

He hesitated a moment and blushed like a schoolboy.

"If you have any message to send to my sister, señor, I will bear it."

"Yes, tell her—tell her that—tell her that I must see her again, for I have something to say to her."

Felipe thought he understood what that something would be. He smiled and for a moment was silent. At last he said:

"Señor captain, does it occur to you that we

have known each other a long time not to know our names in full?"

"Are you not Captain Felipe?"

"Yes, señor, but Felipe is not my surname. What is your name in full?"

"Arthur Stevens, of Kentucky; and yours?"

"Felipe Estevan, of Puebla."

"Estevan, Estevan!" cried Arthur. "Let me see, what is that name translated in English?"

"Stevens."

"I know it, father told me that. Did you know my name was Stevens?"

"Not until your officer told me you were Captain Arthur Stevens."

"Captain Estevan," said Arthur, grasping the young Mexican's hand. "Is there a tradition about your family?"

"Yes."

"How far back can you trace your family? When did they leave Spain?"

"Our first ancestor came with Columbus on his first voyage."

Arthur's cheeks were glowing and his eyes sparkling with excitement.

"Good heavens, it is true!" he gasped.

"Don't get excited, señor, you injure yourself."

"I am not excited; I am as calm as a May morning."

"Have you a tradition of your family?"

"Yes."

"Are you of Spanish descent?"

"We are. Our great ancestor from Spain, Hernando Estevan, came in the *Santa Maria* as the cabin boy of Columbus, who was his friend."

"We are descended from the same branch."

"Did your ancestors come with Cortez?"

"Our traditions say not, but that he came later in 1561."

"From Havana, Cuba?"

"Yes, señor."

"Tell me the story; were there two brothers?"

"There were, señor. One was Francisco, consecrated by his parents to the church, and sent to Spain to propagate the Catholic religion." *

"And the other?"

"His name was Rodrigo Estevan and a soldier."

"Do you know whose sons they were?"

"Two sons of Christopher Estevan, the first namesake Columbus ever had, and they were grandsons of Hernando Estevan, Columbus' cabin boy. There is a tradition that on the morning they parted, one to go to Spain and the other to Mexico, they pledged themselves to brotherly friendship, and that their descendants should never wage war against each other."

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*See "St. Augustine," pages 1 to 16.

Arthur shook his head and answered:

"Captain Estevan, the tradition cannot be true. One, being a priest, could not marry."

"He was not a priest, only consecrated to the church, and designed for a priest; and the tradition says he never became one, but that going to France he became enamored of a beautiful French Huguenot. That he followed her to Florida and married her."

"That tradition is true."

"Then you are a Frenchman."

"No, an Englishman."

"How?"

"Of the marriage of Francisco Estevan to Hortense De Barre in Florida there were born two sons, Philip and Mathew. When Sir Francis Drake ravaged the coast of Florida and destroyed St. Augustine, according to our tradition, these boys were carried to England, where their names were changed to Stevens. Philip subsequently settled in Jamestown, Virginia, while Mathew went to New England, 1620, in the *Mayflower*. We trace our ancestry from Philip and the Virginia branch, though our family have for generations fluctuated from North to South."

Captain Estevan fixed his fine dark eyes on Arthur's face in silent wonder for a moment, and said:

"Then, señor, you are a descendant of that brother Francisco Estevan who two hundred and eighty-five years ago left Cuba for Spain?"

"I am."

"And I am a descendant of his brother Rodrigo Estevan, the soldier, who came to Mexico."

The two gazed upon each other a moment in silence. Then they clasped hands, and Arthur said:

"We are kinsmen."

With a smile, Felipe Estevan answered:

"Many times removed, señor; yet we are descended from the same noble branch."

"There can be no doubt, Captain Estevan, that the old tradition is true."

"I have often thought, Captain Stevens, that there was more truth in the traditions we hear, than people suppose. A tradition is seldom if ever without some foundation."

"I have thought so, yet this is an age of scepticism. People do not believe anything they cannot see or hear for themselves, or of which they have no record testimony."

"And yet there is no testimony more liable to be maliciously false than records. If records are destroyed as they usually are, or if the recorder is prejudiced, as he often is, the record is misleading, while the general current of a tradition down from

generation to generation, without having to pass the critical revision of some prejudiced official, is more nearly correct than the record. For instance, all Mexico depends on the official statement of Santa Anna, for a correct account of the battle of Buena Vista. I have not seen his report, yet I will venture the assertion it will be false. Many a soldier in the ranks can give a more truthful history of the battle than he will, yet his official report goes down as history, and is to be believed by future generations. But tell me, did you know there were Estevans living in Mexico?"

"We had heard there were descendants of Rodrigo Estevan in Mexico, but supposed it was like other traditions, unreliable."

"I knew there lived many families in the States called Stevens, for I travelled through the country."

"Did you believe the tradition?"

"Yes, señor."

After a moment he asked Arthur:

"Are you superstitious?"

"Somewhat, all people are."

"Then I will tell you what I have always been told about our ancestors. It is said after the brothers left, one to the east, the other to the west, the mother, Inez Estevan, prayed long for both. She was of course a devout Catholic and little dreamed that he whom she had designed for a

priest, was to be the head of one of the largest families of Protestants in the future, while the descendants of her warrior son, were all to live in the holy Catholic faith. She was old and had long given up Francisco for dead, when she learned that he still lived, and had married a Protestant. The news almost broke her heart. With the eye of a prophet it is said she seemed to pierce the veil of the future, and saw that her beloved Francisco would be the father of a long line of Protestants. She read wars in the future whereby the Protestant and Catholic would be arrayed against each other, and she wept, fasted and prayed continually.

"At a little chapel long since fallen in ruins, and replaced by business houses of the city, she went and prayed standing, and kneeling, it is said by the tradition, for many days, and burned candles at the shrine of the mother of the Immaculate Conception, until the Holy Virgin appeared to her in a vision, and in a voice ineffably sweet said:

"'Weep no more, daughter, thy prayer hast been heard. Thy sons shall never meet in mortal combat nor shall their descendants ever spill each other's blood. When they meet, which shall not be for hundreds of years, they shall be powerless to harm each other, but the links of love which bound thy sons shall be more strong in their descendants, than even the love of brothers.'

"You may smile at this tradition, but it was firmly believed a few generations ago, and the Estevans of the South looked for the Estevans of the North as earnestly as they look for the second coming of the Saviour."

Arthur Stevens was buried in deep thought for a few moments, and said:

"Whether the tradition be false or true, the prophecy is fulfilled."

"Fulfilled, señor, what do you mean?"

"The Estevans of the North have met the Estevans of the South."

"But in battle—enemies."

"True, in battle and as enemies, but yet it seemed as if some divine hand guided us, some unknown power through strange circumstances made us friends."

"But the love of those brothers can never be equalled by our own, señor——"

"Not by ourselves," said Arthur, "but had your sister remained until I could have told her all—the love might have been stronger—I believe in the tradition, in the prophecy and the fulfilment."

Captain Estevan started up with an expression of surprise and pain. Though unknown to Madelina, he had been a witness to her parting from the American, and he saw in such a love only grief

and misery. He knew Madelina's pride, patriotism and bigotry better than she knew it herself. Though she loved the white barbarian from the North more than her own life, she would die rather than wed an enemy of her country. It was the Norseman of old mediæval times and the Saracen. How could his sister, with all her instincts and pride, wed one so opposite in politics, religion and even in domestic thought?

Yet, when Felipe recalled the legend, which he now almost believed, and remembered the promise made to the mother of Rodrigo and Francisco, that the descendants of her sons should be reunited in firmer bonds of love than brothers, he was constrained to believe the union must be through Arthur and Madelina. He fancied that through all these strange events he could see the working of the hand of destiny, bringing about the inevitable.

Captain Estevan was still pacing the apartment when Arthur said:

"Captain, when will you see her?"

"In a few weeks."

"Will you tell her all?"

"Yes."

But his answer was made after a few seconds of hesitation, which Arthur could not fail to notice. After a while, Captain Estevan threw himself on

a seat in front of Arthur, having gained complete control over himself.

"Captain," said Arthur, "you were educated in English schools, do you believe in the philosophy of fatalism?"

"Yes."

"I do now."

"Captain Stevens, what you have said, at this time, is a serious matter. From no other American would I have heard an intimation of love for my sister, who is the joy and pride of one of the proudest families of Mexico. Perhaps this is fatalism, but remember that fate brings misery, the bitter as well as the sweet."

To this Arthur answered:

"I am willing to take the bitter with the sweet, to endure the misery that I may enjoy the happiness."

Captain Estevan seemed to recall some past event and asked:

"Are you from Kentucky?"

"Yes, captain, my father Major Stevens is well known in the State."

"Major Stevens—that's the name."

"What do you mean? Were you ever in Kentucky?"

"No, señor. Did you have a negro slave to disappear some time ago?"

"Yes, John—John ran away."

"That is the name, John. Now I know I am right," said the Mexican, proceeding with care, and recalling one event after the other by the law of association of ideas. "I saw John."

"When?"

"Last Autumn."

"Where?"

"Not where you expect him to be. But first let me describe him so you will know I am not mistaken. He is a tall, yellow, slender man, about twenty-four years of age. He has lost one front tooth, is about five feet eight or nine inches, and is rather good looking and intelligent for a darkey."

"Captain Estevan, that is our runaway, where did you see him?"

"He is not a runaway, he is a slave. I saw him in Havana, Cuba." He then proceeded to tell how, being sent on a secret mission of his country to thwart a scheme of President Polk and Santa Anna, he had travelled as an American and Anglicizing his name, called himself Mr. Stevens of Baltimore. That while lingering about the sugar houses pretending to be a sugar merchant, and being known only as Mr. Stevens, the American, he was accosted by a negro calling himself John, who told how he had been abducted by a

man whom he called a doctor somebody, he could not just then call the name.

Arthur Stevens was far more interested in this story than the legend of their ancestors.

"Captain, can't you think of the doctor's name?"

"No, señor, but it was a doctor, a prominent man who lived in Boone county and was well known there, who professed to the people that he was a strong slavery man, and made speeches and declared the negro liberators ought to be hanged. At the same time he secretly represented himself to the negroes as an abolitionist trying to liberate them. He thus induced them to raise the money to pay their own transportation, and pretending to run them off to Canada, kidnapped them and sold them in the West Indies."

"Captain Estevan, would you remember the doctor's name if you heard it?"

"I might—though the negro talked hurriedly with me; yet I think I should remember the name of his kidnapper."

"Was it Dr. Trunnels?"

"By the mass, that is the name, señor!"

"Captain, you have made a most wonderful revelation. What you have told throws a great light on a mystery of years."

Next morning Arthur rose, expecting to bid Captain Estevan farewell, but learned that he and

his friends had departed two hours before. He set out with Lieutenant Warren and the escort for Saltillo, which place they reached, remained one day, when Arthur with his company and three other companies set out for Matamoras, where they embarked in a sloop and sailed for Vera Cruz, to which point General Scott was hastening with an army. Taylor's services in Mexico were at an end. In fact the old general's military glory had reached its zenith, though his popularity never waned to the day of his death.

CHAPTER XVI.

WITH SCOTT AT VERA CRUZ.

WHILE Taylor was fighting the battles of Monterey and Buena Vista, General Stephen W. Kearney and Captain John C. Fremont were carrying victory into New Mexico and California. June 15, 1846, Fremont captured a Mexican post at Sonoma Pass and routed the Mexicans under General Castro, driving them from that region. Fremont gathered about him the American settlers, and on the 5th of July they declared themselves independent and placed Fremont at the head of public affairs. Two days later, Commodore Sloat, in command of our American squadron on the Pacific Coast, bombarded and captured Monterey; and on the 9th Commodore Stockton arrived at that station and succeeded Sloat in command. On the 17th of August he and Fremont took possession of the City of Los Angeles (city of the angels), near the Pacific coast, now the capital of Los Angeles County, California.

General Kearney with sixteen hundred men marched from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, to Santa Fé, New Mexico, nearly nine hundred miles. The governor and about four thousand men fled, leaving the six thousand inhabitants to surrender the city. Kearney took formal possession of the city, appointed Charles Bent, who was afterward murdered, governor, and pushed on toward California. These invasions were conquests, and the law of right was not considered so much as that of might. Soon Kearney and Fremont became involved in a quarrel over who should govern California, and Kearney being the superior officer ordered Fremont home to be tried for disobedience. Fremont's commission as lieutenant-colonel was taken from him; but the president offered to restore it. He refused to receive it, and again went into the wilderness to engage in explorations for which he deserves most credit. Kearney remained on the Pacific coast until May, 1847, when he returned home, leaving Colonel Matson as military governor of California.

While Kearney was on his march to the Pacific Coast, A. W. Doniphan, a citizen of Missouri, raised a regiment of Missouri volunteers, all expert marksmen, and set out overland to New Mexico. He made a treaty with the Navajo Indians in November, 1846, and at Braceti, in the

valley of the Rio del Norte, he defeated a large Mexican force under General Ponce de Leon. Two hundred were slain. He marched on to Chihuahua, where he defeated an army of four thousand and entered the city in triumph, and in a city, amid a population of forty thousand unfurled the American flag.

After a rest of six weeks, he joined General Wool at Saltillo, from whence they took shipping to New Orleans, having made a march of about five thousand miles. An insurrection in New Mexico, in which Governor Bent was murdered, was quelled by Colonel Price, and a permanent peace was secured. By these conquests, New Mexico, one of the places in the interior earliest visited by the Spaniards, became a portion of the United States. It was first traversed by the white race in the persons of Cabeça de Vaca and the remnant of those who followed Narvaez to Florida. They reached New Mexico some time in 1536, when de Vaca sent a report of what he had seen to the viceroy of Mexico. Expeditions were sent into that region from Mexico, and one of them penetrated to the Rio Grande. Those were the first Europeans who saw the bison or buffalo of the North American continent. Castaneda, the historian of the expedition, calls the animal "a new kind of ox, wild and fierce, whereof the first

day they killed fourscore, which sufficed the army with flesh." *

After February, 1847, the war drifted to the South. Before Captain Arthur Stevens with the remainder of his regiment reached Vera Cruz, General Scott had already invested that city. On the 8th and 9th of March Scott landed twelve thousand men and after some skirmishing had thrown up entrenchments and by the 12th the investment was complete. The steamer *Spitfire* opened a cannonade on the castle, which was returned with spirit. Storms delayed the siege, and it was not until the 22d that it began in earnest with seven mortars on shore in the American trenches and the fleet. Scott had summoned the city on this day to surrender, notifying them that he intended bombarding it and offering to give all European consuls, their families and the Mexican women and children an opportunity to leave the beleaguered city. Strange to say his offer was not accepted.

On this morning, Arthur entered the harbor and was at once sent on shore with the other land troops. Here were many friends to greet him. Among them was One-eyed Mike the scout and guide. Pat was in his glory, for he predicted that they would soon have "the divil's own sport."

* Lossing's "Our Country," Vol. V., p. 1367.

Soon after Arthur reached the trenches, the batteries opened, and the earth shook under the fearful concussions, while the air was traversed by bombs, which, crossing each other incessantly, darkened the sun.

The siege was now pushed with the greatest vigor. Colonel Totten of the engineers superintended the advances, and never perhaps was such skill so bravely seconded. Scott rode daringly along the lines examining the progress and inspiring the men. By the 25th, the batteries had been increased to ten heavy guns, nine mortars and two howitzers. The bombardment was now terrible. The incessant thunder of the artillery, the whizzing of bombs, the plunging of round shot in the streets of the city, the crash of falling houses, and the roar of conflagrations from buildings set on fire by shells conspired to produce a scene of the most awful yet sublime character. The American ships kept up a tremendous fire on the town and castle of San Juan de Ulloa; but that strong fortress, mindful of its former glory, maintained the combat without flinching, and, had it not been short of supplies, it was doubtful if it could have been captured. Firing on the fleet from its seafront and on the army from its landside, it blazed a centre of continual flame. Night added new terrors to the scene. The darkened sky was bril-

liant with burning houses in the city; while bombs, whizzing and whirling on high, tracked the heavens with a hundred trails of fire. The shells from the castle were gigantic ones, thirteen inches in diameter, and traversed the air with a hum and screech that made the soldiers gaze with awe on the terrible missiles. When exploded, they were like an earth-tearing volcano.

On the 25th, the European consuls in the city applied to Scott for permission to leave the town and take with them the women and children. Scott refused, saying he had given them warning and offered them an opportunity to leave and they would not accept, concluding with, "Now my guns are hot, and by G—d I intend to keep them so until the town surrenders." From a military standpoint the answer may have been proper; but it was neither genteel nor humane. However, gentility and humanity are seldom considered in time of war. Historians say the decision "was just though distressing." The memorial of the consuls betrayed that the city was half in ruins. This, indeed, could be seen partially from the batteries. It was evident that the siege was approaching its end. All that night, accordingly, the bombardment went on with increased vigor. There were few sleepers either in the castle or in the lines. In the city, women

rushed through the streets, frantically dragging their children, in vain seeking a shelter, for the houses were crashing all around them. Some who remained at home were buried by falling ruins; others who fled to the church were driven out by the crumbling of the dome; and still others, who thought to find safety in deep cellars, were killed by shells that plunging through the roof and floor, exploded in these underground recesses. Mothers fell mangled upon their babes. Infants were killed in their mothers' arms all because General Scott's guns were hot, and he did not propose to let them cool. This is civilized Christian warfare.

We are glad to say that Arthur had little to do with the siege. As his line of duty was more pleasant, we will follow him and leave the details of the Vera Cruz horrors to the ambitious, who delight in the glory of American arms. On the very day of his arrival, March 22, 1847, Arthur Stevens with his company was detailed to make a scout about Vera Cruz and secure some prisoners from whom the general hoped to gain some information. He took with him One-eyed Mike, Taylor's guide, and a dapper little Frenchman named Raoul, who had joined the army at Vera Cruz where they found him. He had been a sort of market gardener for the plaza, and knew the

back country perfectly. He had fallen into bad odor with the rancheros of the *Tierra Caliente*, and owed them no good will. The coming of the American army was a perfect godsend to Raoul, who volunteered, and did good service for the invaders.

Hours before day, Captain Stevens and his party were treading the mazes of the chaparral. The moon glistened on their bayonets. Their path lay in a southwesterly direction, near the old road Orizava. Here it passed through a glade or opening, where the moonbeams fell upon a profusion of flowers; there it re-entered dark valleys among clustering trees, where the "trail arms" was given in a half whisper. The boughs met and locked overhead, and the thick foliage hid the moon from sight. Now a bright beam, entering through some chance opening in the leaves, quivered along the path and scared the wolf in his midnight wanderings. Out again upon the open track through the soft grass, and winding around the wild maguey, or under the clam-shaped thorns of the mesquite. A deer sprung up from his lair among the soft flowers, looked back for a moment at the strange intruders and, frightened at the gleaming steel, dashed off into the thicket. The woods were not silent by night, as in the colder regions of the North. The southern forest has its voices, moonlight or dark. All through

the livelong night sings the mocking-bird and screams the loreto. A halt was made, and silent and catlike, on his hands and knees, Mike stole

SILENT AND CATLIKE, ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES, MIKE STOLE NEARER AND NEARER, THROUGH THE THORNY BRAMBLES.

nearer and nearer through the thorny brambles, until the true nature of the apparition betrayed itself, in the shape of a huge column of prickly

pear. He returned to his comrades, and the obstacle was passed; some one, as he passed, with a muttered curse, slashed his sabre through the soft trunk of the harmless vegetable.

When day broke, Arthur was ten miles from camp—ten miles from the nearest American picket, and with only thirty men! They were concealed in a thicket of aloes and mesquite. This thicket crowned the only eminence for miles in any direction. It commanded a view of the whole country southward to the Alvarado.

As the sun rose, the forest echoed with sounds of song. The leaves moved with life, as a thousand bright-plumed birds flashed from tree to tree. The green parrot screamed after his mate, uttering his wild notes of endearment. They were seen in pairs flying high up in the heavens. The troupiale flashed through the dark foliage like a ray of yellow light. Birds seemed to vie with each other in their songs of love. Amidst these sounds of the forest, the ears of Arthur caught the frequent crowing of cocks, the barking of dogs, and other well known sounds of the settlement. These were heard upon all sides. It was quite evident that the country was thickly settled, though not a house was visible above the tree tops. The thin columns of blue smoke as they rose above the green foliage proved the existence of dwellings.

At some distance westward, an open plain lay like an emerald lake. The woods that bordered it were of a darker hue than the meadow grass upon its bosom. In this plain they saw horses feeding. They were picketed, and some of them had pulled up the pickets and were straying from the group. There were in all about a hundred, and it was quite evident that their owners were not far away. A thin blue smoke that hung over the trees on one side of the meadow led Arthur to suspect that a camp was near. Then came the baying of dogs, mingled with many human voices. They had evidently stumbled upon a camp of guerillas.

Suddenly a bugle sounded the saddle-up call, wild and clear above the voices of the singing birds. The horses flung up their heads and neighed eagerly, looking toward the encampment. In a moment a crowd of men were seen running from the woods, each carrying a saddle. The few strays that had drawn their pickets during the night, came running in at the call of the well known voices of their masters. The saddles were thrown on and tightly girthed—the bits adjusted and the lariats coiled and hung to the saddle-horns, in less time than an ordinary horseman would have put on his bridle. Another blast of the bugle, and the troops were in the saddle, galloping away over the green sward, and meadow in a

southerly direction. To Arthur it did not seem that the whole transaction occupied five minutes, and it was more like a dream than reality. He could not but admire their horsemanship. A long shot might have reached the guerillas; but even if Arthur had ventured this, it would have been with doubtful propriety. Rumor had fixed the existence of a large force of the enemy in this neighborhood. It was supposed that at least a thousand men were on the Alvarado road, with the intention of penetrating the American lines, with beeves for the besieged Vera Cruzanos. As Arthur watched them through his glass, he let his glance fall on their leader and started. He was Miguel Morillo. Controlling himself as well as he could, he said to Mike who was at his side:

"They got off well, Mike! Had they waited but half an hour longer—oh, for a score of Harney's horse!"

"Captain, may I offer an opinion?" asked Mike, who had raised himself and stood peering through the leafy branches of a cacuchou tree.

"Certainly, Mike, any suggestion——"

"Well, then—there's a town," Mike lifted one of the leafy boughs and pointed toward the southeast. A spire and cross, a white wall and the roofs of some cottages were seen over the trees. "Frenchy here"—meaning Raoul—"knows the

place and says it's Medellin. He's been to it and there's no good road for horses direct from here; but the road from Vera Cruz crosses the meadow far up. Now, captain, it's my opinion, those thieving guerillas are bound for that place. Raoul says it's a good sweep round. If we could get across this step, we'd head 'em off, sure."

The guide swept his hand toward the South, to indicate the strip of woods that he wished to cross. The plan seemed feasible enough. The town, which, in the rarefied atmosphere, seemed quite near, was five miles distant, while by the road which the guerillas would have to follow, it was much further. Could Arthur and his party meet them on this road by an ambuscade, they might gain an easy victory, although inferior in numbers, and Arthur wanted to carry back a Mexican prisoner. The men were all wild with excitement and eager for a fight.

"Raoul," said Arthur, "is there any path through these woods?"

"Close teccket, monsieur," answered the Frenchman and when the opening of the foliage was closed, continued: "There be von road, I make ver sure, by that tree. Vot you call him, big tree." Raoul pointed to some live-oaks that formed a dark belt across the woods.

"Take the lead, Raoul."

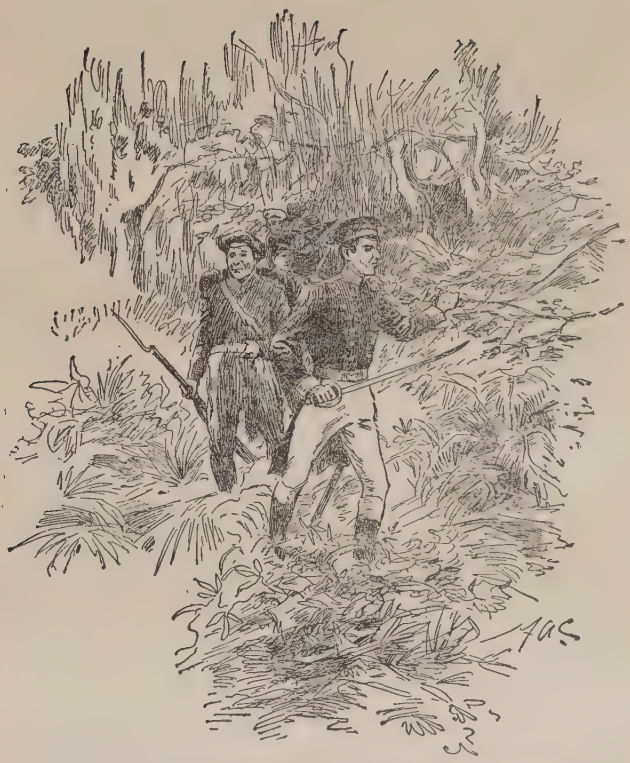
The little Frenchman sprang up and began the descent into the dark woods beneath. The party were soon winding through the shadowy aisles of a live-oak forest. At first the woods were open and easy. After a short march they came to a small stream, bright and silvery; but what was the surprise of Arthur to find that the path here gave out, and on the opposite side of the rivulet the trees grew closer together, and the woods were almost woven into a solid mass, by the lianas and other creeping plants, covered with blossoms. In some places a wall of snow-white flowers rose up before them. Pyramidal forms of foliage, green and yellow, over which hung myriads of vine blossoms, like a scarlet mantle. Still there was no path—at least to be trodden by human foot. Birds flew around, scared in their solitary haunts. The armadillo and the wolf stood at a distance with glaring eyes, while the fearful looking guana scampered off upon the decaying limbs of the live oak, or the still more fearful cobra di capella glided almost noiselessly over the dry leaves and brambles.

Raoul confessed that he had been deceived. He had never travelled this belt of timber before. The path was lost.

This was strange. A path had conducted them thus far, but on reaching the stream had suddenly

stopped. Soldiers went up and down the water course, peeping through the trellis of vines, but to no purpose. In all directions they were met by an impenetrable chaparral.

Chafing with disappointment, the young officer was about to retrace his way, when an exclamation from One-eyed Mike recalled him. The backwoodsman had found a clew to the labyrinth. An opening leading into the thicket had been concealed by a perfect curtain of closely woven vines, covered with thick foliage and flowers. At first it appeared to be a natural door to the avenue which led from this spot, but a slight examination showed that these vines had been trained by human hands, and that the path itself had been kept open by the same agency. Branches were here and there lopped off and cast aside, and the ground had the marks of footsteps. The track was clear and beaten, and Arthur, ordering his men to follow noiselessly in Indian file, took the lead. For at least two miles they traced the windings of this narrow, secret path, through a dark wood occasionally opening out into green, flowery glades. The bright sky began to gleam through the trees. Farther on, and the breaks became larger and more frequent. An extensive clearing was near at hand. They reached it, but to their astonishment, instead of a cultivated farm, which they expected,



ARTHUR, ORDERING HIS MEN TO FOLLOW NOISELESSLY IN INDIAN FILE, TOOK THE LEAD.

the clearing assumed the appearance of a vast flower garden. The roofs and turrets of a house were visible near its centre. The house itself, a strange oriental structure, at last appeared half buried amidst groves of brightest foliage and flowers. Several huge old trees spread their branches over the roof, and leaves hung and fluttered about the fantastic turrets.

What should have been fields were like a succession of huge flower beds and large shrubs, covered with sheets of pink-white blossoms that resembled wild roses. This shrubbery was high enough to conceal the approach of Captain Stevens and his party, as they followed the path—apparently the only one leading to the house.

On nearing this, Arthur halted his men in a little glade, and taking Mike and Pat with him, proceeded to reconnoitre the strange-looking habitation.

A wall of ivy, or some perennial vine, lay between him and the house. A curtain of green leaves covered the entrance through this wall. This appeared to have grown up by neglect. As Arthur lifted this festoon, to pass through, the sound of female voices greeted him. These voices reached his ear in tones of the lightest mirth. At intervals came a clear, ringing laugh from some throat of silver, which seemed strangely familiar,

and then a plunging, splashing sound of water. Arthur conjectured that some females were in the act of bathing and, not wishing to intrude upon them, sent back his two companions and sat down outside the wall. The sounds of merriment continued, and among the soft tones the officer imagined he could distinguish the coarser voice of a man. Curiosity prompted him to enter. Moreover, he reflected that if there were men already there, it would be no act of impropriety to investigate the matter, and perhaps gain some of the desired information.

Drawing aside the curtain of leaves, he looked in. The interior was a garden, but evidently in a neglected state. It appeared to be the ruin of a once noble garden and shrubbery. Broken fountains and statues crumbling among weeds, and untrained rose vines, met his eye. The voices were more distinct, but those who uttered them were hidden by a hedge of jasmins. Arthur went silently up to this hedge and peeped through an opening. The picture presented was indeed an enchanting one.

A large fountain or basin of stone, filled with crystal water, lay between him and the house. In this fountain two young girls were plunging and diving about in the wildest abandon of mirth. The water was not more than waist deep, and the shoulders and busts appeared above the surface.

There was a marked contrast in their color. The face, neck and arms of one seemed carved by a master sculptor from snow-white marble, while the other was of a bright dark red, as any Aztec. There were the same cast of features, the same expression in both countenances, and their graceful forms as they sported like dolphins in the crystal water were just alike. Their long hair trailed after them black and luxuriant, on the surface of the water, as they plunged and swam from one side of the basin to the other. A huge negress sat on one edge of the basin, evidently keeping guard over the bathers. It was the voice of the negress that Arthur had mistaken for a man's.

He caught but a momentary glance of them; but the fairest of the two he recognized at once as Madelina Estevan. Angry with himself at the intrusion, Arthur withdrew without their being aware of his presence. He was determined however to speak with Madelina before leaving the neighborhood. They stole across the flowery field to the road which led to the town and had barely time to form an ambuscade when about twenty guerillas, the advance of the party, galloped up. A boy named Gerry, becoming excited, could not be restrained from firing his musket, and thus warned the main body a fourth of a mile back, and they fled.

Arthur, seeing that the mischief already done could not be undone, ordered an attack and they poured in a volley emptying four saddles, and charged the bandits.

"Americanos! Americanos!" cried the guerillas and fled in every direction.

Two whose horses had been shot from under them were captured.

When the short fight was over, Arthur found Mike leaning on his rifle, his usually stolid face expressing some disappointment.

"What has gone amiss, Mike?" Arthur asked.

"It was a great blunder, captain. I think we should have let the main body come up."

"We would, but for the boy Gerry. He got too nervous."

"Yes."

Arthur then called to the Frenchman.

"*Oui, Monsieur,*" responded the little fellow, hastening to his side.

"Do you know that house, Raoul? Can you tell me who lives there?"

The dapper little fellow shook his head. Arthur was convinced that he would meet with no men, and after marching his force to within a hundred paces of the door halted them and went alone.

When he reached the house, which he approached this time from the front, he found it silent as if

deserted. He stepped upon the long veranda, which, like most Mexican verandas, was a profusion of flowers, and struck the door three times with the hilt of his sword. He heard some one stirring within, and a moment later the negress appeared.

"Where is the young lady from Puebla?" he asked.

"*No intinde, señor!*" the negress answered.

Arthur now mustered up all the Spanish he knew, and asked for Señorita Madelina Estevan of Puebla.

Before the negress could answer, he heard a soft tread from within, and next moment Madelina appeared, dressed in spotless white. She was as much amazed to find Arthur as he was to find her.

"When did you come?" she asked.

He explained that he was from Vera Cruz, whither he had been transferred as soon as he was able to join his regiment.

"So you barbarians are destroying our city of the True Cross, and murdering the women and children there?" she said bitterly.

"Señorita, that is war, and all wars are cruel. Let us not speak of it," he answered sadly. "Have you seen your brother since you left him at the hacienda?"

"No."

She still remained within the door and did not invite him to enter. Arthur thought:

"She has not seen him and knows nothing of the strange story, or my love."

Her reception was so cold that it chilled him, and he almost regretted he had come.

"Let us not be enemies, señorita. I owe such a debt of gratitude to your brother and yourself——"

"Señor, do not mention that," she interrupted. "We did only what was our duty. We are Mexicans and Christians, and the worst enemy we have will receive kind treatment from us when he is sick or wounded. I did no more for you than I would for the humblest slave, señor."

This was certainly not encouraging. Arthur felt his heart sink within him. She who had been so gentle and kind while he was sick and in her power was now cold, proud and defiant when he came as a conqueror. Arthur's hopes sank many degrees below zero. At last he said:

"Señorita, I have not come to humble your pride. I came to tell you that a mutual enemy is in the neighborhood. I just met the advance as they were coming to your house and drove them away, but Miguel Morillo is in the neighborhood and you are not safe near Medellin. I wish you would go to Puebla. I would willingly risk my

life for you; but I can't always be near to guard you."

There was something in his voice more than his words, that touched the tender heart of Madelina. She came on the veranda where he stood and said:

"I thank you, señor, for your interest in me, and hope you will forgive my coldness. I will return to Puebla this very night. My father will be here this evening with a company of soldiers and Morillo will not dare molest me."

"I don't want to meet your father while the war lasts, so I will go, Madelina," he said.

She bade him adieu and as he turned away his eyes fell on the array of geraniums and other luxuriant flowers.

"Won't you give me one?" he asked. "I shall keep it as a remembrance."

She plucked a white rose.

"Won't you give me a red one?"

"No; a red rose means love, or war; a white rose means peace and purity. Let us hope that peace will some day dawn on Mexico."

Even as they spoke they could hear the distant thunder of cannon at Vera Cruz.

As Arthur turned to go, he cast one more glance at Madelina and was quite sure that he had never seen such an entrancingly beautiful creature in his life.

SHE PLUCKED A WHITE ROSE.

"Madelina, when you see your brother he will tell you something that will be strange to you. Believe it; it is true. Adieu!"

He extended his hand, and she clasped it lightly in her own, which trembled.

He joined his company, and they marched back to Vera Cruz, without meeting with any other adventure.

CHAPTER XVII.

FROM VICTORY TO VICTORY.

ARTHUR was a witness to the capitulation of Vera Cruz on March 29th, 1847, and saw the Mexican general and his soldiers when they marched out and laid down their arms. It was a grand sight, a great triumph for American arms; but in Arthur's eyes it was a disgrace on one side and a humiliation on the other. The loss on the part of the Americans in this siege was very slight, ten officers and several privates. The exact loss of the enemy has never been known; but it fell chiefly among the non-combatants, mainly women and children. It was this slaughter of the innocent which caused the early capitulation of Vera Cruz. Historians say the "whole siege was a monument of the skill and valor of an American army." This is true, and we are proud as an American to say the conquered people met kindness and sympathy from their conquerors.

General Worth was appointed governor of the captured city. The desire of the commander-in-

chief was to advance immediately into the interior at the head of a column eight thousand strong; but he was compelled to delay for a fortnight, awaiting the arrival of wagons from the United States. On the 8th of April the van of the army, which consisted of Twiggs' division, began its march. The other divisions followed rapidly. The route of the American army was almost the same as the march of Hernando Cortez the founder of Vera Cruz and conqueror of the Aztecs. The road was a great highway, constructed by Mexican merchants before the revolution, but since broken up in many places and out of repair. At the distance of a day's ride from Vera Cruz, this road crossed an immense stone bridge, known as the *Puente Nacional;* and here it was expected that the army of the enemy, which was advancing from the capital, would make a stand. This pass might have been made the Thermopylæ of Mexico; but it was left undefended and was immediately taken possession of by the invaders, which opened to them a direct highway to the interior. Captain Stevens was assigned to Twiggs in the beginning, and was in the van during nearly all that long bloody march. After the third day, when they left the plains, their march was through some of the most picturesque scenery in the world. The road rose gradually, winding along the side of the

mountains. High cliffs ascended on either hand; deep abysses yawned below; and far in the distance inland Orizaba towered eighteen thousand feet above the sea. The stifling atmosphere of the low sandy plains around Vera Cruz disappeared, and with it all fear of the vomito. Tropical plants began to be scarce, and the well known vegetation of the temperate latitudes supplied their place. Mountain torrents leaped from the rocks and roared into the ravines below. These delightful visions increased in frequency as the army advanced, until at Xalapa, seventy miles from Vera Cruz, and at an elevation of four thousand feet above the sea, the invaders reached the most beautiful point of their march and rested in what is literally the garden of the world.

Strange emotions swayed the breast of Arthur Stevens on that memorable march. He recalled that march of over three hundred years ago, when his great progenitor, the friend of Christopher Columbus, an officer under Hernando Cortez, marched along that same route to the same city to humble the pride of the Montezumas. He was now marching to conquer the descendants of the former conquerors. It is ever thus, nations spring up in waste places and overrun the haughty empires of the world.

But before advancing into this higher country,

and immediately on leaving the plains, the Americans met and defeated the enemy at Cerro Gordo, a strong position, forty-five miles from Vera Cruz. Hither hastened Santa Anna, after his defeat at Buena Vista, traversing the intermediate country with great rapidity, and arrived in the early part of April with an army of fifteen thousand men. The highway winding along the face of the mountain is commanded by numerous elevations, rising one above another; Cerro Gordo, with its tower at the further extremity, overlooking all. At every favorable point Santa Anna had constructed batteries. Twiggs arrived in front of this apparently impregnable position, and made a reconnoissance, on the 12th of April. He determined to attack on the following morning; but Patterson coming up in the interval, the latter concluded to await the approach of Scott. The commander-in-chief made a new reconnoissance, and discovering that an assault in front would only lead to useless sacrifice of life, determined, if practicable, to turn the enemy's position, by cutting a road to his right, which should wind around the base of Cerro Gordo and debouch into the national road in the rear of the enemy. On the 14th, this laborious undertaking was begun. It was nearly completed, when, on the 17th, the Mexicans discovered it, and immediately opened a tremendous fire of grape

and musketry on the working parties. Twiggs seized a hill just below Cerro Gordo, which not only commanded the new road, but all the Mexican batteries except the great one erected on the key of their position. That night, as soon as darkness had closed in, a thousand men from his division were detailed to drag a twenty-four pound gun and two twenty-four pound howitzers up this almost precipitous hill, a task which they performed after eight hours' incessant labor. When morning dawned, the adventurous Americans, who had sunk exhausted to slumber, were roused by the reveille in the neighboring fort at Cerro Gordo, and, cutting away the brushwood which concealed their battery, suddenly presented themselves to the astonished Mexicans. At the same time they opened a heavy fire on all the enemy's batteries; and, as the stunning reverberations echoed through the mountains, their companions in arms below, who had only awaited this signal, advanced to execute the several parts assigned them in the approaching battle.

Twiggs, with his division of regulars, was ordered to proceed along the road cut to the right, storm Cerro Gordo, and get the enemy's rear. He was supported by General James Shields with two volunteer regiments; while Worth, with his division, acting as a reserve, was to follow the

same route. No sooner was Twiggs seen advancing, than the Mexicans opened a fire on him from Cerro Gordo. Colonel Harney was ordered to storm that position, which was done after great loss. General Vasquez of the Mexican army fell bravely fighting at head of his men. His fall produced a panic among the Mexicans. Sergeant Henry, plunging through the smoke, reached the great flagstaff and, hauling down the standard of Mexico, ran up the American flag. At the same time a neighboring ascent was gallantly carried by the first and second infantry and fourth artillery.

Pillow's assault on the front was repulsed; but General La Vega, finding himself cut off and deserted by Santa Anna, surrendered with his troops, after having made a brave but useless defence.

Captain Stevens, who served immediately under Shields, was with that officer of the volunteers when they pushed forward toward Jalapa, in order to prevent the escape of Santa Anna. Santa Anna and General Almonte had fled with about eight thousand men after the fall of Cerro Gordo.

A fort soon loomed up before the Americans. One-eyed Mike, who had gone in advance of the Americans, mounted on Wodin, returned as General Shields rode forward and cried:

"There is a fort over the hill, general. Don't

ride to the brow, or you will get the fire of a whole battery."

General Shields, who was brave as a lion, dashed forward to reconnoitre, and had scarce reached the crest of the hill, when there came a shower of cannon-balls and grape-shot about him. A grape-shot passed through his lungs, and he fell, supposed to be dead.

A wild, angry shout went up from the American volunteers. They had lost their leader, but, being volunteers, needed no leader to act. Regulars would have stood still to await orders or retreated; but volunteers are men who think and act for themselves. As one man they rushed forward and captured the fort, leaving General Shields, as was supposed, dead on the field.*

Arthur pressed forward with Pat on one side, and One-eyed Mike on the other, in hot pursuit, to cut off Santa Anna.

"What the divil is that beyant?" asked the

---

*General Shields was reported in the official reports as killed, and so stands the record, though thirty years after the battle the author heard him in a lecture, describe the battle. In the course of his lecture, he humorously remarked: "I may not be able to make as good a speech as some of you, but I do say I can make as good a speech as any man who has been shot through the body with a cannon ball. If you don't believe it, try it." General Shields died about fifteen years ago at Carrolton, Mo.

short-legged Irishman, who panted as he ran. He pointed with his left forefinger to a dark object at the side of the road.

One-eyed Mike, who rode his mustang, being higher said:

"WHAT'S THAT? A WOODEN LEG, BEGORRA!"

"It's a carriage overturned."

"Hold, Mike, let me reach it first," cried Arthur.

He discovered that the carriage was an elegant vehicle, and no doubt owned by some wealthy person or general. He reached it with Pat and Mike at his side.

"What's that? A wooden leg, begorra!" cried

Pat, seizing Santa Anna's cork leg, which, becoming loosened from its hold, he had been forced to leave behind. As the reader knows, Santa Anna and General Almonte escaped on the mules which they unharnessed from the carriage and fled to the mountains.

Arthur ordered the carriage righted and inside it found some papers, a coat belonging to the General, and a lady's satin slipper. He took the slipper and gazed at it for a moment. It had a delicately embroidered flower on the toe, and he fancied he had seen the toe of that slipper peeping out beneath Madelina's skirt, as she stood on the broad veranda of the hacienda near Medellin.

"Can it be?" he thought. He secured the papers of Santa Anna and turned them over to his commanding officer; but the slipper he placed in his pocket. It was the only trophy of war he asked for.

The victory of the Americans was complete and decisive. The trophies were three thousand prisoners who were paroled, forty-three bronze pieces of artillery cast in Seville, five thousand of arms (which were destroyed), and a large amount of munitions of war. On the other hand, the American loss, according to best authority, was about four hundred and thirty-one. The fugitives were pursued with vigor toward Jalapa.

By this time, General Worth had joined the army, and with his division led the onward march. On the 19th they entered Jalapa, and a few days afterward (April 22d, 1847) Worth unfurled the American flag over the strong castle of Perote, on the summit of the Cordilleras, fifty miles beyond Jalapa. This fortress was regarded next to San Juan de Ulloa the strongest fortress in Mexico. These places had been captured without resistance, for the Mexicans were appalled by the suddenness of the invasion, and the swiftness of the conquests of the invaders. At Perote, the spoils were fifty-four pieces of artillery and an immense amount of munitions of war.

Onward the victors swept along the great national road over the Cordilleras, and on May 15, 1847, entered the city of Puebla (Puebla los Angelos, or city of Angels). The inhabitants, one hundred thousand in number, were struck with astonishment at the boldness of the act. They had been expecting an army of at least ten thousand men. Instead of this, ninety dragoons rode into the plaza alone, where they halted to await the advance of the army, in all not numbering four thousand men. Hundreds of Mexicans counted the soldiers as they crossed the bridge of "Noche Buena," and the feeling that existed in the breast of the Pablanos after the entry of the

Americans into their city was one of shame that they had permitted such a handful of men to take the old, warlike town of Puebla without a blow being struck in its defence.

It seemed as if they might have stoned the "northern barbarians" to death. History repeats itself, and how like the march of Cortez with his handful of steel clad warriors, three centuries ago, this seemed.

Santa Anna, repulsed at Amozoc, had retreated upon San Martin, and now held that fair district with his rabble soldiery.

On finding that it was not in the power of the American commander to advance beyond Puebla for a time, Santa Anna determined to rouse the national pride once more in defence of their capital. He consequently crossed the mountains at Rio Frio, and commenced fortifying the ancient city of the Aztecs, leaving, however, a large guerilla force, roaming at will over the western plain of Puebla and occupying San Martin, Tlaxcalla and Atlixco. These at first commenced hostilities by stopping the supplies of the Puebla market, which depended altogether on the fertile regions of the West. Finding, however, that the American gold received in exchange for the fruits and vegetables of San Martin served their purposes better than revenge, the guerillas after awhile permitted the

produce to pass, levying a heavy tariff on each article.

The hated "alcabala" was abolished at the city gates, and the Indians and rancheros of Cholula, San Pueblo and San Martin flocked to the grand plaza of Puebla. It was a rare sight in the bright mornings of June, this plaza of Puebla. Hundreds of Indian girls seated in groups under their awnings of "petates," gayly chatting with one another, or laughing merrily at the bad Spanish of the American soldier. The Indian marketers were by no means a melancholy race. The great plaza was adorned with happy faces. The slightest witticism or a mispronunciation of any of their wares by a foreign tongue would elicit peals of laughter from the merry market girls, while the almost constant display of their small, pearly teeth and sparkling eyes evinced the lightness of their hearts.

The remnants of several nations exist in the plains of Puebla. These may be easily distinguished on the streets of the city by a singular custom. A few strands of worsted thread, blue, crimson, or purple, twisted into the plaits of their luxuriant black hair, mark the tribe of a village to which the wearer belongs; so that at a glance one might tell an Indian girl from Tlaxcalla or San Pueblo from one of the Cholultecas.

Captain Arthur Stevens, who was among the first Americans to enter the city, took great interest in the scenes on the market or plaza. The strict discipline of the American general in command would not permit him to leave the city limits. Arthur had picked up some Spanish and frequently purchased fruits of the pretty Aztec market girls. One day as he was going through the plaza the face of one of the Cholultecas maidens struck him so familiarly that he paused to gaze at her.

"Will señor buy some fruits?" she asked.

He would. He bought almost unconsciously, while trying to fix in his mind where he had seen that face before. She was the age, height and shape of Madelina, but her skin was the dark red of the Aztec.

"Does the señorita live in the plain?" he asked.

"Yes, señor."

"Were you ever at Medellin?" he asked, for now he remembered the two girls he had seen bathing in the great stone basin, while scouting about Vera Cruz.

"I have been there, señor."

"Do you know Señorita Madelina Estevan?" The girl opened her great dark eyes, and with a gaze of wonder answered:

"I do, señor."

"You were with her at Medellin?"

"Yes, señor; I saw you when you came to the hacienda; but how did you see me? I was far in the house."

He did not explain, but asked at once:

"Where is the Señorita Madelina Estevan?"

Pointing toward the great Cordilleras of the Rio Frio, she said: "Gone."

"And her hacienda?"

"You can see the top from the city gates. It is deserted now, save old Pietro, who takes care of the señora's birds and flowers."

"When will she come back?"

"When the Americans leave the valley."

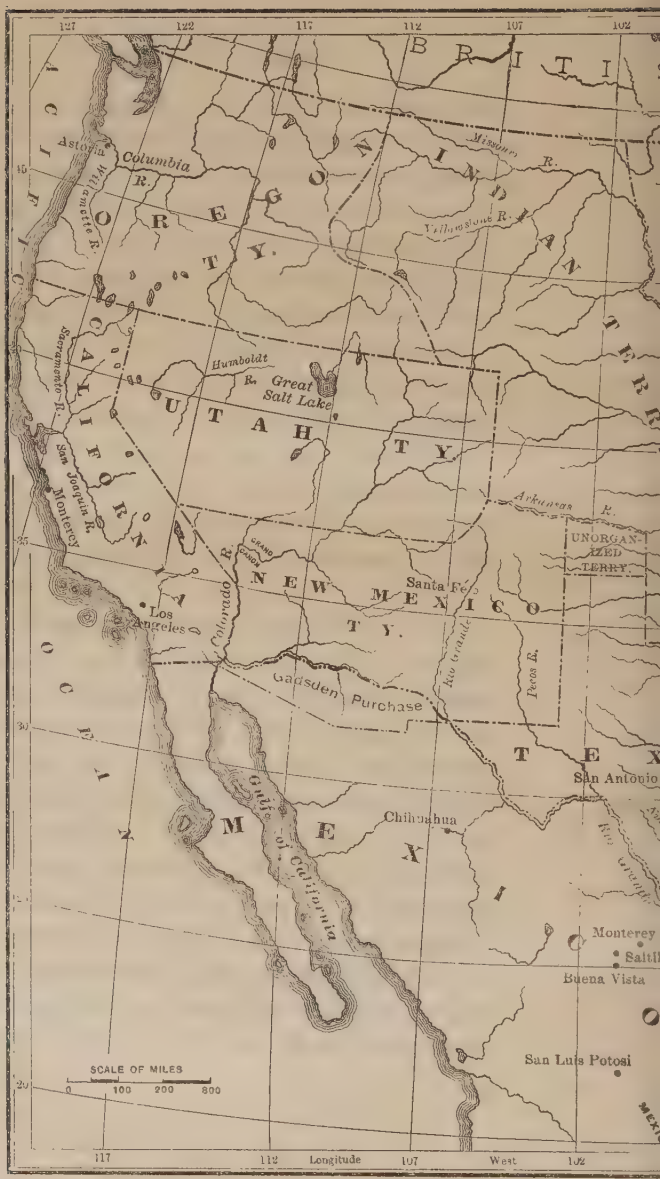
Arthur then asked if she was near Cerro Gordo during the battle. The Aztec maiden said her father's regiment was in the conflict, and she was near him.

"Then," he thought, "the slipper I found in the carriage must be hers."

With a party of soldiers, guided by One-eyed Mike and a Mexican, he paid the deserted hacienda a visit. It bore every evidence of hasty abandonment, and lying on the floor of one of the rooms was another slipper, a mate to the slipper he had found at Cerro Gordo. Arthur would permit nothing to be disturbed and left even the satin slipper lying on the floor.

While the American army lay at Puebla, an opportunity was given to the Mexicans to treat for peace. At Jalapa, General Scott issued a proclamation to the Mexican people very conciliatory in character, but closing with this significant paragraph: "I am marching on Puebla and Mexico, and from those capitals I shall again address you." The government also sent Nicholas P. Trist as a diplomatic agent, with letters to certain persons in Mexico, and clothed with power to treat for peace. He reached the army just as Scott left Jalapa, and went forward with it. All his overtures for peace were rejected by the proud sons of old Castile, who boasted that they could not be conquered.

General Scott was reinforced at Puebla by fresh troops, sent by way of Vera Cruz. His principal officers were Generals Worth, Quitman, Pillow, Twiggs, Smith, Cadwallader and Shields, who had recovered from his wound sufficiently to join the army. On the 7th of August the march on the capital was resumed. The American army was now seven thousand strong. The road lay nearly along the line of march of Cortez, more than three hundred years before, over the Anahuac range of mountains, and up the slopes of the great Cordilleras. The region was beautiful and picturesque, well watered, clothed with the richest green inter-


127
122
117
112
107
102
BRITI
Astoria
Columbia R.
Missouri R.
OREGON TY.
Yellowstone R.
INDIAN TER
Willamette R.
Sacramento R.
Humboldt R.
Great Salt Lake
UTAH TY.
San Joaquin R.
Monterey
Arkansas R.
UNORGANIZED TERRY.
Grand R.
Santa Fe
NEW MEXICO TY.
Los Angeles
Colorado R.
Rio Grande
Pecos R.
Gadsden Purchase
San Antonio
Chihuahua
Gulf of California
Monterey
Buena Vista
San Luis Potosi
SCALE OF MILES
0 100 200 300
Longitude West

MAP OF THE
UNITED STATES and MEXICO
In the Year
1853
Drawn for
"HUMBLED PRIDE"
POSSESSIONS
Lake of the Woods
Pigeon R.
L. SUPERIOR
MINNESOTA
WISCONSIN
MICHIGAN
L. MICHIGAN
Mississippi R.
Toronto
ONTARIO
Buffalo
Albany
Detroit
Chicago
Ft. Wayne
Peoria
OHIO
Columbus
Cincinnati
Louisville
Cairo
Ohio R.
Jefferson City
St. Louis
Missouri R.
Des Moines R.
1845
Arkansas R.
Little Rock
Memphis
Nashville
Natchez
Mobile
New Orleans
Christi
GULF OF MEXICO
Pittsburg
Harrisburg
Philadelphia
Washington
WASHINGTON
Richmond
Norfolk
James R.
Raleigh
Cape Fear R.
Augusta
Milledgeville
Charleston
Savannah
Altamaha R.
Jacksonville
St. Augustine
Pensacola
Lake Okeechobee
Everglades
Havana
Matanzas
CUBA
Puerto Principe
YUCATAN
Bay of Campeachy
Vera Cruz
San Juan de Ulloa (Ft.)
Tampico
Gordo
ATLANTIC OCEAN
92
87
82
77
72
67
40
35
30
25
20
from
Greenwich

spersed with all the gaudy hues of wild flowers such as Mexico alone can produce, with the softest and most salubrious of climes. From the lofty summits of these mountains and almost upon the spot where Cortez stood, General Scott's army beheld, as the Spanish conquerors before them had done, the great valley of Mexico, with its *intervales* and lakes, cities and villages, and the waters of Tezcuco embracing the Mexican capital—the ancient metropolis of the Aztec Empire—now presenting lofty steeples and spacious domes. Down into that valley the invaders continuously pressed, for resistance was expected at the mountain passes. General Twiggs' division led, and on the 11th of August he was encamped at St. Augustine, with the strong fortress of San Antonio before him. Close upon his right were the heights of Churubusco, crowned with embattled walls covered with cannon, and to be reached in front only by a causeway exposed at every point to a raking fire from the batteries. Not far off was the strongly fortified camp of Contreras, containing about six thousand Mexicans under General Valencia; and between it and the capital was Santa Anna with twelve thousand men who were held in reserve. By the 15th, the whole invading army was concentrated in the valley with headquarters on the Acapulco road.

The general disposition of forces was made, and the Americans only awaited the arrival of General Scott to commence hostilities. He came on the morning of the 18th and, after surveying the whole scene, made arrangements for attacking the enemy and fighting his way to the gates of the city. That was a difficult task, for the capital was strongly defended at points nearer than those already mentioned, and approach to it could only be made over narrow causeways, through oozy ground, as in the time of Montezuma. Near the city was the hill of Chepultepec, which was strongly fortified and covered by a Military Institute, and at the foot of it, at the King's Mills (Molino del Rey), was a fortified stone wall and a citadel capable of great resistance. Every avenue to the city was guarded, and no point had been neglected. Chepultepec would have to be carried by storm, and so would the position at Molino del Rey, and the strongholds of Contreras; but first San Antonio and Churubusco must be carried, ere the others could be reached.

General Scott at once addressed himself to the important business in hand. Confronted by the victorious Americans, those invincible northern barbarians, whom they had pretended to despise, the Mexicans prepared for a desperate struggle. With the courage and skill of patriots they made

every effort possible to defend their country and national capital. But the Mexicans were divided among themselves. The opponents of Santa Anna never acted in full accord with him. Many would not serve under him, and many who did only gave him a half-hearted support. The Americans actively prepared for the coming conflict with great skill under the immediate direction of General Scott, ably assisted by Captain Robert E. Lee (afterward the commander of the Confederate forces in the great civil war), the chief engineer of the army, whose services at Cerro Gordo and before Mexico won for him the commissions of major, lieutenant-colonel, and colonel, in rapid succession.

CHEPULTEPEC.

The Americans were ready for the attack by the evening of August 19th, 1847. The day had been spent in indecisive skirmishing. The night was very dark, rainy, and cold, and as Arthur stood at the head of his company drenched and waiting for daylight he thought that the coming dawn might be the last he would ever witness. At dawn of day the great struggle would commence. All others had been small compared to what this would be.

As he passed slowly up and down his line, he heard a voice in the darkness whisper:

"Captain, is it yersilf as is walkin' ferninst us?"

"Yes, Pat."

"Begorra, this is worse than an election day in ould Kentucky. One can git a taste of whiskey there to kape out the wet."

"Silence, Pat."

Day dawned slowly. The rain ceased, clouds partially cleared, and, after the soldiers had been permitted to eat a breakfast from their rations, the order to advance came. The grand struggle began at sunrise. It was brief and sanguinary. In the darkness the Americans had gained a position close upon the Mexicans, in rear and flank, before they were discovered, and, springing up suddenly from behind the crest of a hill, they delivered volleys in quick succession, and with wild yells rushed into the intrenchments, captured the batteries, drove out the army of Valencia, and pursued its flying remnants on the road toward Mexico. The conflict lasted only seventeen minutes. Eighty officers and three thousand Mexican soldiers were made prisoners, and among the trophies were thirty-three pieces of artillery.

Meanwhile, Generals Shields and Pierce (the latter afterward president of the United States) had kept Santa Anna's powerful reserve at bay.

A similar movement was made against San Antonio and Churubusco. Santa Anna advanced with his numerous followers to defend them, and very soon the whole country became a battlefield. The entire American and Mexican armies were engaged. It seemed as if all the powers of darkness had suddenly been let loose in that valley. On one side battled the fierce invader of the North, on the other the fierce cavalier of the South. One fought for patriotism and territory, the other in defence of his native land. The invaders dealt heavy and successful blows. San Antonio yielded; Churubusco was taken, and the forces of Santa Anna were sent flying toward the capital like chaff before the gale. Prisoners and spoils glutted the American army, and the day was memorable in the annals of Scott's military career. In the course of a single day, a Mexican army full thirty thousand strong had been broken up by another less than one-third its strength and number; fully four thousand Mexicans had been killed and wounded; three thousand were made prisoners, and thirty-seven pieces of fine artillery had been captured, with a vast amount of munitions of war. The American loss in killed and wounded was nearly eleven hundred men.

Though they might have easily passed on while the Mexicans were panic-stricken and taken pos-

session of the capital, Scott preferred to once more try negotiations for peace. He advanced to Tacubaya on the 21st, within three miles of the capital, and on the way he was met by a proposition from Santa Anna for an armistice preparatory to negotiations for peace. It was acceded to, and Mr. Trist went to the capital on the 24th for the purpose. At the palace of the Archbishop at Tacubaya, which Scott made his headquarters, the general impatiently awaited the return of Mr. Trist. On the 5th of September, he came with the information that the proposition for peace had not only been rejected with scorn, but that Santa Anna had violated the armistice by strengthening the defences of the city. General Scott, disgusted with the vacillating conduct, to say nothing of the treachery, of Santa Anna, declared the armistice at an end on the 7th of September and prepared to storm the capital.

That formidable castle at Chepultepec, the walls and stone citadel of Molino del Rey and the fortified gates of Mexico manned by thousands of Mexicans yet stood between the American army and the capital. The invading army was on one of the main causeways, in full view of the city. General Worth was sent with between three and four thousand troops to attack Molino del Rey, and they were at first repulsed with great slaughter.

Gallantly rallying and returning to the assault and fighting desperately for an hour, they drove the enemy before them. Nearly one thousand Mexicans were left dead on the field, while the Americans lost about eight hundred.

Attention was now turned to Chepultepec, the site of the "Halls of the Montezumas," and then the only defence of the city left outside its suburbs. On the night of September 11th, Scott erected four heavy batteries, the guns of which might be brought to bear upon the hill. Early on the morning of the 12th, these opened with a furious cannonade, which was kept up throughout the day, and on the morning of the 13th the Americans made a furious charge upon the works and carried them. The occupants were not only driven out but routed with great slaughter and fled to the city along the aqueduct, pursued by General Quitman to the very gates. The pursuers were continually engaged in sharp skirmishes with the fugitives, and the whole valley resembled a battle field or skirmish line.

The Mexican army was hopelessly shattered, and Santa Anna, thoroughly alarmed, fled from the city with the remnant of his troops before daylight on the morning of the 14th. At dawn a deputation came from the municipal authorities, begged General Scott to spare the town, and pro-

posed terms of capitulation. General Scott refused to make any terms, but ordered Generals Quitman and Worth to move forward and unfurl the flag over the national palace. At ten o'clock, General Scott, escorted by dragoons, rode into the city in full uniform on his powerful white charger and made his way to the grand plaza.

Arthur Stevens and his company had entered an hour before and stood within a few paces of the general, when he dismounted, took off his hat and, drawing his sword and raising it on high above his head, proclaimed in a loud voice the conquest of Mexico. The young captain could not refrain from smiling when he heard the well known voice of Pat say:

"He's gone a divil ov a long way and been to a sight o' throuble to say thim words."

CHAPTER XVIII.

REJECTED.

THE glittering pageant of Scott's entrance was over, and the soldiers, subsiding from their excitement, were beginning to break ranks for their quarters, when the population of the streets, comprising the leperos and discharged convicts, secretly instigated by emissaries left behind by Santa Anna, began to fire on the troops. At this conduct, so base, considering his forbearance, Scott issued orders for severe retaliation. The artillery cleared the streets. Parties were sent to break open the houses from which shots had been fired and slay all armed within. The soldiers were not required to give quarter. A terrible but desultory street fight ensued. In some sections of the city the insurrection was speedily put down; in others, it continued during the whole day, and even extended into the night. At last the Americans drove the insurgents from every refuge and, becoming tired of slaughter, refrained from the bloody work. It was ascertained after the riot

that it had been instigated for the purpose of plunder and that Mexican citizens had suffered as much from the leperos if not more than the Americans.

The fall of the capital struck dismay into the hearts of the Mexicans, and though there was some skirmishing on the part of Santa Anna, there were no more great engagements. While Generals Worth, Scott and Pillow were mixed up in their disgraceful quarrel, which followed the capture of Mexico, Arthur Stevens with his company, under the guidance of old One-eyed Mike, was scouting through the country in quest of guerillas. They were at the battle of Huamantla, on October 9th, where the Mexicans were again defeated; and on the 18th of the same month Arthur was with the force that defeated the Mexicans at Atlixco.

Arthur was hastening to Puebla, which the Mexicans were besieging, with his own company and two companies of Missouri volunteers. The valley or plain of Puebla was reached, and the Americans were preparing to go into camp, when Mike scented danger ahead. He went to Captain Stevens and said:

"Captain, if I may venture a word with you, I would state that it would be as well to look into that valley."

"Mike, you may go!"

Mike needed no second permission, but, whis-

tling softly to his wonderful mustang, quickly mounted and melted away into the increasing darkness which surrounded the Americans, while Arthur quietly lit a cigar.

"Hold, Pat, build no fires!" said Arthur sternly.

"Make no fires, yer honor?" said Pat in amazement. "I'd like to know how the divil a man's to cook supper."

"We will have to go without fire."

"Thin we must go without supper."

"Yes."

"Begorra, it's without dinner we've gone, and now I'd like to know how we're goin' to live on air."

At this moment, Sergeant Tuttle, who with four men had been scouting on their right flank, came into the camp at a gallop.

"Hello, sergeant," cried a soldier with the freedom of a volunteer, "we're uncommon glad to see you; but 'pears to me it's hardly wuth while to kill yer hoss an' come tearin' down on us as though a thousand devils were arter ye."

"A thousand devils," gasped the sergeant, dismounting and tightening his saddle girth, "ye may say that. An' if ye put it at two, ye won't be far out o' the way. We followed their trail for a mile or two, till it struck off toward the

river, where they're camped most likely by this time, not half a dozen miles from here."

"And the tracks were fresh?" put in Captain Stevens.

"Not three hours old."

"Some body of guerillas on a marauding expedition," said the captain carelessly.

"I'll be cussed if it was," the sergeant declared. "We followed 'em sharp for a mile or two, and they keep step like regulars."

"How many did you say?" Captain Stevens threw away his cigar and came nearer the sergeant.

"Five hundred,—a thousand,—ten thousand,—as many as you'll want to see, I reckon; we forgot to count 'em."

And without waiting to be questioned further, the Missourian drew his arm through the rein and led his mustang away among the men. They were a feeble force of fighting men; all told they did not number one hundred and fifty. The Missouri officers and Arthur's lieutenants assembled about him, as he was in command, and Lieutenant Warren said:

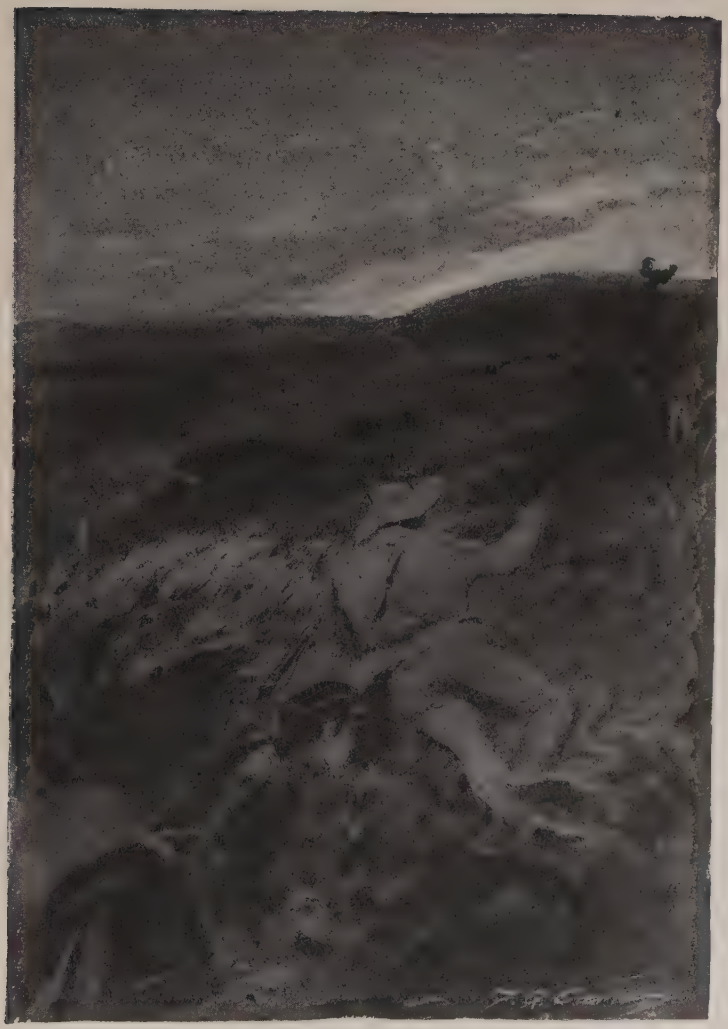
"Captain, what do you think we had best do?"

"Wait until Mike returns."

"Have you sent him?"

"Yes."

"Then you knew of this before?"



ONE-EYED MIKE POINTED AWAY TOWARD THE SOUTHWEST WHERE THERE WAS A DULL RED GLOW.

"Certainly,—have your men ready and wait." Then a silence of death fell on the scene. The most acute ears might then have caught the sound of hoofs, and a tall man on a small horse came galloping up to the group. It was Mike.

He held a whispered consultation with Arthur, who then conferred with the officers, and, leaving the soldiers in charge of Captain Gordon, one of the Missouri cavalrymen, he and Mike set out to reconnoitre. As they approached the crest of the hill two miles from camp, they dismounted and leaving their horses, made the ascent on foot. Arthur imitated every motion of the old scout, falling on the ground and crawling to the top. The grayness of night was deepening about them. The swelling land behind was but an indistinct outline, and their own camp was invisible, as the two men lay side by side on the coarse, scorched grass, while One-eyed Mike pointed away toward the Southwest where there was a dull red glow, which at first might have been mistaken for the reflecting rays of a sun long since set but still lighting the sky. Like mighty steps the hills rose to meet it, the last seeming hardly a mile away. A faint gray cloud lay against the flame-colored sky,—a fixed base, hardly perceptible, moored it to the earth.

"Smoke, by Jupiter!" and Arthur had started

to his knees, when the cautious Mike laid his hand on his arm and said:

"Lie low, captain. Do you see the valley to the South?"

"Yes."

"It is not guarded. It would be a surprise, and they would be caught like rats in a trap."

"I'll do it," said Arthur with all the ardor of a young soldier.

In five minutes they were again flying back to the American camp, where the men silently saddled and bridled their horses, and following Mike set out for the valley. The distance was considerable; but the point was reached about two o'clock in the morning, when they halted and waited for daylight. Day dawned, revealing a scene of wonderful brilliance and beauty. Stretched out below them was the loveliest of vales with a stream of crystal winding through it and palms and maguey and many wild flowers growing in a meadow of brightest green.

The scene was all animation and stir. Tethered horses were all over the plains, camp fires and hundreds of Mexican lancers and guerillas could be seen. The usually dull eye of Mike flashed with fire as he gazed on a guerilla not three hundred paces away. Clutching the captain's arm, he hissed through his teeth:

"At last!"

Mike had always been a mystery to Arthur, and now his strange, half-incoherent, half-muttered "at last!" only intensified the mystery. Arthur glanced at the guerilla chief and recognized him as Miguel Morillo. For a moment Mike's excitement bewildered him; but it was only for a moment, then recovering, in a voice as calm as the morning, he said:

"Captain, we can get to within a hundred yards unseen."

Arthur glanced at the old scout and in an undertone answered:

"We will have to move very cautiously."

The old man's single eye rolled like a ball of fire in its socket as he responded:

"You are correct, for those greasers have keen ears, and the scent of greyhounds. Satan, their guardian angel, seems to always hover about them, and warn them when danger is nigh."

"Can we surprise them?"

The old man's eye again rolled in the direction of the camp and he answered:

"Yes, it may be done."

"If it can be done we will do it."

"You have great confidence in your men."

"I can rely on every one of them."

The old man nodded his head.

"When had we better start?" Arthur asked.

"The sooner it is done the better," was the answer.

Arthur's military judgment told him that a surprise was essential to defeat a force so vastly superior to his own. Consequently he whispered:

"Lead the way!"

The Americans stole in double file down a ravine, winding about the base of a hill and came up behind a thicket of chaparral within easy rifle range of the camp. As the wind was toward them, the Mexican horses did not scent them, and the guerillas, supposing that all the Americans in the vicinity were shut up at Puebla, had not even taken the precaution to put out pickets.

Under cover of the bushes, Arthur formed his men and from the backs of their steeds they poured in a volley and charged. Wild yells broke on the air, and through and through the camp the Americans charged, leaping their horses over the ghastly struggling forms on the ground. Wheeling about, they again dashed through the enemy, shooting and cutting right and left. The guerillas, being taken completely by surprise, made no resistance, but fled in every direction.

They numbered over six hundred, but were pursued and shot down by the soldiers, until fully

half lay on the field. Most of them were half-breeds, and the others were desperadoes, of whom Mexico was thankful to be rid. When the conflict was over, Arthur looked about for Mike, and found him standing by the body of a dead guerilla, whose costly velvet doublet and silver mounted

"WELL, 'TIS OVER. THE END HAS COME AT LAST!"

sabre and pistols proclaimed him to be a chief among the brigands. There was a hole in the centre of his forehead made by a rifle ball from which his life blood had poured forth upon the earth. Arthur recognized the villanous face of the dead man as Miguel Morillo. Leaning on his rifle, the scout gazed strangely and solemnly, yet with satisfaction on the fallen man, as he muttered:

"Well, 'tis over. The end has come at last!"

"Mike, did you know him?" Arthur asked.

He started as if he had been detected in some guilty act and answered:

"Yes."

Arthur felt a delicacy in approaching the subject, yet his curiosity had long been at its height. After gazing on the fallen man for a moment, he remarked:

"Mike, there is some strange mystery about your life and this man. Can you tell me—will you tell me why you, an educated, refined man, have adopted the life of a hunter and rough frontiersman?"

"Captain, I will tell you all at the first opportunity; but not now; we have all we can attend to at present."

His idea of duty recalled Arthur to the fact that he was in command of a very small army in the midst of a very powerful enemy.

It was the fourth night after the victory in the valley that Arthur Stevens found himself with his little army encamped in a narrow valley. Sentries had been posted and the main body of tired soldiers lay about their smouldering camp fires, buried in slumber, their trusty rifles at their sides. The captain and the faithful guide sat by a small bivouac fire apart from the others. Arthur reminded him that this was as good an opportunity

as he would have to narrate his history. After a short solemn silence, Mike began in his mysterious tone of voice:

"I am not a Texan born, as my speech might seem to indicate, but a native of Vermont. In my early life I did not dream that I should ever be a frontiersman, for the romantic glamour of the life of a hunter or scout had no charms for me, as it has for most boys. I loved books, and my greatest ambition was to be a scholar. I graduated at Yale at twenty-three, and became a school teacher. I was thirty years of age, when I accepted the chair of languages in a female college in Indiana. There I met with a young lady—a pupil, with whom I became enamored. Her father was a small merchant in Chillicothe, Ohio, and suddenly failing resolved to go to Texas where Austin, Houston and others had planted colonies. The bright-eyed pupil disappeared, and for some time I did not inquire for her, fearing that my passion which I had striven to conceal had become known, and she was removed on my account.

"It was two years after they had been in Texas, that I learned the truth, and at once throwing up my position, I went there, found her, wooed her so earnestly that six months after my arrival we were wed. My life in Texas was a varied one. The romance of a living heart is wilder than aught

of fiction. The early struggles with savage neighbors, the little clearings so carefully guarded and so tenaciously adhered to, with all the trials of a border life, are known full well. Such a life I led, happily contented with wife and little ones in this western wild, thankful to God for those priceless treasures of affection, and asking no more. Nor did I once pine for the civilization and companionship of men of letters, whose society had once been my charm.

"I learned that my wife had had admirers in her new home before I came to wed her. Among them was Miguel Morillo, the tawny-skinned Mexican, who had been at one time a source of annoyance to her, but it was thought that now she was wed, he would never pester her again. But, alas! we little knew the devil's hatred which is never exhausted in the breast of a half-breed.

"One autumn morning I left my family for a day's hunting, by which to replenish our larder; but, as never before, I went with an unaccountably heavy heart. My wife remarked it, and with a light jest essayed to cheer me, and my little ones fondled me lovingly, yet I left most unaccountably sad and heavy-hearted.

"All that day my eyes were dim, and game escaped me, and long before sunset I retraced my homeward path with only a few birds, but no

larger game. A power unseen, forced me homeward. For hours I resisted it as the folly of a weak brain, but it conquered. Alas! it was too late!"

From this time on to the end of his narrative, his voice was husky, and oftentimes his strong emotions choked his utterances.

"My blood alternately froze and boiled. My very veins swelled with the desolation reigning in my late happy home. What did I see? She who had left father, and mother, and home, to follow me over that rugged path of life,—she who had come to me in blooming youth, and faithfully loved, honored and obeyed me as my wedded wife —she who had borne to me fair children, and nursed and bred them into loveliness lay a gory corpse at my feet. Three little forms were there, —all lifeless too, their merry prattle hushed by savage violence,—the silver cord not loosed, but wrenched in twain; and one was missing,—the pet, the darling, the three-year-old, the only boy. Could I hope?—oh, no!—I knew too well the fearful certainty, for clutched in the mother's grasp was a fragment of a little frock. You can imagine the feelings of a father searching among the smouldering ruins for the missing one. With brains dashed out against the wall, lay all of hope——" Here the brave old scout was com-

pelled to pause. After two or three minutes, he resumed:

"At last, with what feeble strength I had remaining, I reverently gathered together and laid side by side all that was left to me, and in a grave dug broad and deep placed wife and children side by side. Then over them I raised a mound higher and higher. All night I labored, and all day I toiled ere the task was complete. Kneeling on the blood-soaked sod, with face toward the setting sun, I prayed for vengeance deep and broad as the grave I had dug, high as the mound I had raised; then, rising and lifting my hand red with the life blood of all this heart held dear, I swore an oath, dark and strong, that for every hair on the beloved head of each slaughtered dead, should fall a Mexican or Comanche."

Arthur Stevens was strangely moved by his graphic recital of the terrible story. The scout's striking figure with its hoary front, his flashing eye and swelling breast, his powerful arm upraised, and his deep, woe-fraught tones were to him like an avenging angel. At this point of his story, his voice lost its huskiness and assumed a deep sepulchral tone, which rang in Arthur's ear to the day of his death.

"At the approving nod of the great Jehovah, all the hosts of heaven shouted a responsive *amen*

to my vow. I listened. The thunder rolled its mighty echoes over me. I heard it and knew the answer to my prayer had come. I had prayed on bended knees for an answer from the artillery on high, and it was now vouchsafed me. My work of woe is now complete; the bloody account is settled in the death of the cause of all my woes, thanks to the God of vengeance."

The old man resumed his seat by the fire, and his features once more relaxed into their dull, expressionless appearance. Arthur was first to break the silence. After a long while he asked:

"What was your wife's maiden name?"

"Caroline Blunt."

He started. Like a blast there came to his recollection the story Madelina Estevan had told of Caroline Blunt and poor old Antonio, the victim of Morillo's jealousy and the deadly *toloachi*. But he never told the story to One-eyed Mike, and that personage perhaps died in ignorance of the tragic story of his wife's former lover.

Santa Anna having retired from before Puebla, the siege languished until the 12th of October, when it was raised. By the time Arthur reached the town, he found the Americans in undisputed possession of it. Indian market girls again thronged the plaza, and he found among them the pretty Cholultecas whose name was Remedios, and

asked her if the old señor had returned to the hacienda. A look of sadness came over her face as she answered:

"Ay, Señor Americano, it is a sad family group you will find there."

"Why, señorita?"

"The young señor, Colonel Felipe, lies there sadly wounded and at the point of death."

"And she—Madelina——?" he asked eagerly.

"The señorita is there with her brother."

Arthur's soul was tormented by a thousand conflicting passions and regrets. An Estevan, a descendant of his beloved progenitors wounded and dying!

"Who knows but that he might have been wounded by my own hand? Oh this accursed war,—would to Heaven it would cease!" he thought.

Despite the unsettled conditions of the country, and the fact that predatory bands of rancheros and guerillas still roamed over the country, dangerous alike to Mexican and American, Arthur determined to go to the hacienda. Felipe was more like a brother than an enemy, and he resolved to see him or die.

He went alone one morning. He knew the road, as he had visited the grand old mansion when Scott's army was resting at Puebla.

In Arthur's inside pocket wrapped in tissue paper was the dainty little velvet slipper found at Cerro Gordo. He had carried it through all these long months in the heat of the most terrible battles, Churubusco, Molino del Rey and Chepultepec. While exposed to the death-dealing slaughter of the enemy, he had kept the slipper next to his heart.

The day was fine and the road pleasant. He met many of the market girls whom he had seen on the plaza, and all greeted him with smiles and pleasant bows. Some gave the bold Americano a stare of wonder, while they shook their heads at his recklessness in riding out alone at such a time.

Arthur's heart was heavy, for he feared the señor might be dead ere he could reach him. His large black horse carried him rapidly along the beautiful San Martin road, with its tall palms, its blooming cactus and maguey plants, and thousands of flowering shrubs. At last the great old hacienda was in sight. The mansion house, with its many peon cottages, out-houses and stables, looked like a small village.

The young American dashed up to the hacienda and, calling to a peon who sat half asleep under a shed near an ox cart, gave him his rein and said in the best Spanish he could muster:

"Care for my horse until I shall want him, and I will give you two silver dollars. Ill-treat him and I will serve you likewise."

The peon was all smiles, bows, and salutations, assuring him that he would care for the horse as if he were his own brother. Whether he meant if the horse or Arthur were his brother, the American's knowledge of Spanish was not sufficient to determine.

On the great veranda, Arthur was overjoyed to meet with Father Agatone.

"Señor Americano, my son!" cried the amazed priest. "Where have you come from?"

"Puebla!"

"And why have you come hither?"

Arthur was too eager to learn the condition of his friend to answer his question.

"Is he alive yet?"

"Yes," answered the priest.

"Thank God!" he fervently ejaculated, clasping his hands.

"Have you come to see him, my son?"

"I have. Do not tell me I cannot, for I must. You think me foolish to venture so far alone; but I would go any distance and brave any danger to be at Felipe's side in such an hour."

The priest's face was grave, and, with his lips firmly clasped, he said:

"My son, I fear your visit will greatly displease General Estevan, Felipe's father."

"Can I see him?"

"The general?"

"No, Felipe."

"Not now, señor—not now," said the priest slowly and solemnly. "It would not do now."

"Can I see the señorita?"

The priest shook his head for a moment and answered:

"Not yet; come with me and I will show you to a room. You have a friend in me, and perchance I can do something toward reconciling the old don."

He conducted Arthur to the hacienda and thence to a room, which was in the northwest wing. It was a lovely room ornamented with Spanish frescoing and paintings. Fresh flowers were in the vases, and there was a delightful view from the windows. Arthur was instructed to take up his abode in this apartment, and wait until the priest should call for him. At six, Father Agatone came for him to come and dine with him. They were alone in the great dining hall. He saw no one save the peon servants who attended on them. Then the priest and Arthur took a short stroll in a little flower garden near, and he asked about Felipe. He was better, but he could not see him

yet. He asked for Madelina and learned she was at the hacienda; but as yet she was unaware of his presence.

That night, as Arthur lay tossing restlessly on the bed, he could not but think this the most singular of all adventures that had ever befallen him. Here he was the guest of an enemy, under the same roof with the being he loved so madly, and she wholly unconscious of his presence. Next morning he and Father Agatone dined together, and he almost fancied himself a living character in one of the Arabian Nights' tales. He went with the priest on another walk into the garden, and when he returned to his room found it made sweet with fresh flowers, yet he saw no one save the priest and servants.

At noon, the priest ushered into the apartment a Mexican past middle age,—a tall, fine looking old gentleman, with an expressive face and keen, piercing eyes, whom he introduced as General Estevan.

The proud old Mexican gave him a scornful stare and said in English:

"So you have had the temerity to come to my hacienda. I had hoped the saints would leave one spot free from the profanation of the accursed northerners; but it seems that even the sanctity of home is to be invaded."

"General Estevan, I come as a friend, not an enemy."

"A friend! Saints preserve me from friends who come with fire and sword to destroy our people and nation!"

"General Estevan, Felipe your son is my friend —my brother. He is wounded—dying—I came at risk of life and everything to see him and know that he lived."

"Your friend? your brother? It is false—he is your enemy!" cried the proud Mexican, stamping his foot on the floor. "Enemies in war cannot be friends."

"General, have you not read how General Putnam of the American army and Major Small of the British army, although national enemies were personal friends—how Putnam saved Small's life at the battle of Bunker Hill?"

"No!" roared the angry Mexican. "I never read American history. I know nothing of your Generals Small or Putnam."

The priest explained that Arthur had saved Felipe's life on the battlefield, and that the young American was a descendant of the Estevan family, which caused an instantaneous change in the general.

Arthur laid his weapons on a richly carved antique table, and asked:

"Can I see Felipe?"

"I will talk with the doctor," said the general.

It was thought best that he should not see him for twenty-four hours; but Arthur received the gratifying assurance that Felipe was improving.

In due time, he was admitted to the sick man's room, and as he held the hand of the brave young Mexican, and gazed on his wan features, the tears stole down his cheeks. General Estevan left the room, perhaps to conceal his own emotion. Arthur begged so earnestly to come and sit by the bedside of his friend, that he was permitted to spend half his time with him. He was a very careful nurse, and never excited the patient. A week had almost gone by, and yet he had not seen Madelina. She seemed to be avoiding him; but every day during his absence some one brought fresh flowers to his room, which were tastefully arranged in vases.

"Who can the fair donor be?" he thought, as he gazed upon the flowers. He instinctively knew it was Madelina's hand which placed them there. He had not spoken to Felipe about his sister yet, but as he was growing stronger all the time, he resolved to do so the next day.

He did so, and Felipe said she was in his room every day and asked if Arthur would like to see her. Certainly he would. He would hardly have made the dangerous journey, much as he liked

Felipe, had he not expected to meet Madelina. She had not been out of his mind since the hour of his arrival. Felipe said he would probably see her the next day.

He did. She was at her brother's bedside when he came, and when the old surgeon and professional nurse entered, Arthur and Madelina retired.

"Can I talk with you, señorita?" he asked.

"Certainly, Captain Stevens. Let us go into the conservatory." The conservatory of the Señora Estevan was a wonder of beauty and magnificence. Arthur had seen many elegant flowers, gardens, bowers, greenhouses and beauties of the floral world, but nothing like this. The flowers of the tropics mingled with the vegetation of the temperate zone.

Fortunately, this beautiful home had escaped the ravages of the war. The old hacienda still stands not two leagues from Puebla, and is the wonder and admiration of all who see it. Arthur and Madelina were soon sitting on a rustic bench surrounded by tropical luxuriance. At last he asked:

"Were you at Cerro Gordo?"

"Yes," she answered, "I was returning from Medellin when the American army attacked Santa Anna."

"Permit me then to return this," and he drew

the satin slipper taken from Santa Anna's carriage.

She took it and, blushing, asked:

"Was this your only trophy of war?"

"To me it was of more value than banners and cannon." He then told her how he found it. She explained that as she was flying, her father, who commanded a division of the Mexicans, secured her a place in the carriage of Santa Anna, but that the carriage was upset in the rocky pass, and she mounted a horse and came just ahead of the Mexicans to Puebla.

In that first interview, Arthur dared not mention the subject nearest his heart, but gained permission for a meeting next day. As they sat on the same seat, he asked:

"Did your brother tell you of our strange traditions?"

"Yes."

"He told you all?"

"He did."

"And of the prophecy of the vision of the Virgin?"

"He told me everything," and her face was pale as death and cold as marble. Arthur would have given worlds to know what effect that narrative had had upon her. From all appearances, it seemed to have had none. He realized that his

happiness, his life, his all, depended on the result of the avowal, but if she had heard it, she was utterly unconcerned.

"Señorita!" he at last began in a low, deep, earnest voice, "let me hope that you see the same interpretation of the vision and legend I do. I am the Estevan of Francisco, you of Rodrigo; let us hope that the line of those progenitors may be united in us. Señorita,—Madelina, I am an American; but I never loved until I met the fair flower of Mexico, yourself. Consent,—oh Madelina—be mine!"

"Captain Estevan, you forget."

"What?"

"We are enemies."

"No, no, and we never were."

"How can we be aught but enemies? You are an American, a conqueror of Mexico. I hate all Americans!" and the pretty face seemed a thousand times more beautiful in its anger.

"Señorita, I hope you will not treasure such feelings in your heart; it is unlike the good Christian maiden you are. The good father tells you to forgive your enemies."

She quickly interrupted him with:

"It is very well for you to talk of forgiveness, you who are the victor, who know not defeat,—you who are the conqueror and have nothing to

forgive; but place yourself in our position—the humbled, conquered Mexican. See your soil invaded, your rights trampled upon, homes and altars desecrated and innocent women and children slaughtered, and then ask me if I can forgive."

She had worked herself up to a passion, which ended with tears of mingled pity, humiliation and rage. In vain Arthur told her those things were the result of war. In vain he repudiated any part personally with these wrongs, yet he was an American, an invader and an enemy. He asked her forgiveness, he plead his strong love, but all in vain; she would listen to nothing. A sense of hospitality alone made her tolerate his presence.

He hoped this feeling would wear away, and he lingered as long at the hacienda as he dared, and even when he returned to his command had not wholly abandoned all hope. Felipe was convalescent and sat on the veranda to bid him return again. He was pale, and his smile was sad and humbled.

The war with Mexico was over. Santa Anna, deserted by the people, who had never had full confidence in him, was flying for personal safety to the shores of the Gulf. The president of the Mexican congress assumed provisional authority; and on the 2d of February, 1848, that body concluded a treaty of peace with commissioners of the

United States at Guadaloupe Hidalgo. It was ratified by both governments, and President Polk proclaimed it on the 4th of the following July. That treaty stipulated the evacuation of Mexico by the American army within three months, the payment of three million dollars in hand and twelve millions in four annual instalments by the United States to Mexico for the territory acquired by conquest, and, in addition, the assumption by the United States of debts due certain citizens of the American republic, amounting to three million five hundred thousand dollars. Boundary and other disputes were settled, and New Mexico and California, those vast territories from which other States and territories have been made, became the acknowledged territories of the United States.

Arthur Stevens had not yet abandoned all hope of winning the fair Castilian. The American army was to leave Puebla next day, and he was at General Estevan's hacienda for the last time. He and Madelina stood within the embowered conservatory of señorita's mother, alone. He had plead his suit, as never had lover plead before, but all in vain.

"You have humbled the pride of Mexico, señor, and I cannot wed you."

After a long silence, he asked:

"Madelina, if we had met under other circum-

stances—if there had been no war with Mexico—could you have returned my love?"

"It is useless to answer that. We know not what strange events other circumstances might have wrought. The events which have happened estrange us forever."

"Madelina, do you forget I am an Estevan and descended from the same noble people as yourself?"

"I can only remember that you are an American, and that as such you humbled our flag and slew women and children."

Arthur shuddered, and then in a voice of despair asked:

"Oh, Madelina, can you not forgive me?"

"Certainly, I forgive, but never forget, señor."

"I believe you return my love, but in your pride will not admit it. Heaven have mercy on me! will nothing change your resolve?"

"Nothing!"

This cold answer was final. He felt that in six months she whom he loved more than life would be enclosed in the walls of a convent. Slowly and sadly he turned away and went to Puebla. Next day the army took up its march to Vera Cruz, where it embarked for New Orleans, and Arthur went home, a conqueror, yet sad, broken-hearted and humbled.

CHAPTER XIX.

JOHN.

In the very month that the treaty was signed at Guadaloupe Hidalgo, gold was discovered at Captain Sutter's mill on the American Fork of the Sacramento River in California. This caused a tide of emigration to the Pacific coast, which has never ceased to this day. Since the discovery of gold there, the yield of the precious metal has been enormous. In May, 1848, Wisconsin was admitted as a State into the union, making the number of States thirty. President Polk was succeeded in March, 1849, by General Taylor, who had made himself very popular by his democratic ideas, and his bravery in the war with Mexico. His cabinet advisers were John M. Clayton, secretary of state; William M. Merideth, secretary of the treasury; George N. Crawford, secretary of war; William B. Preston, secretary of the navy; Thomas Ewing, secretary of the interior, a department which had just been created; Jacob Collamer, postmaster-general, and Reverdy Johnson, attorney-general.

The rush of emigration into California early entitled it to become a State. That admission brought up the eternal wrangle on slavery. As often as our forefathers thought by compromise or any other way, that the slavery question had been settled, it came up again. Mr. Clay came forward with a measure in congress known as the "omnibus bill," a compromise act, which only deferred for awhile the inevitable blow at the nation.

Even while the discussion of the question was shaking the country with its thunders, threats of disunion were loud, violent and numerous; and opposition to the compromise took the shape of a political party, first in Mississippi, with Jefferson Davis, President Taylor's son-in-law, as leader. It spread to other slave-holding States, and at one time seemed formidable; but the time had not arrived. The great blunder was deferred.

During President Taylor's short administration, some events occurred, which, as they subsequently had a bearing on our story, we will narrate. General Narcisso Lopez, a native of Cuba, led an expedition to that island from the United States, backed, it is claimed, by many men in the southern part of the United States who in less than fifteen years after were actively engaged in the attempt to destroy the union. The avowed object of the invasion was to stir up the creoles, or native Cu-

bans, to a revolt for the purpose of overthrowing the local government, casting off the Spanish yoke and forming an independent State. It is claimed by some that the chief object of the Americans engaged in the enterprise was to seize Cuba, and make it a part of the great slave empire of the South, as had been done with Texas; but there were as many anti-slave as there were slave fanatics in those days, and we are inclined to accord to Lopez the intent of securing the independence of his native island. The expedition of Lopez proved a failure, and he returned to the United States.

The introduction of the compromise act, the first invasion of Cuba, the admission of California as a State and New Mexico, Utah and Minnesota as territories were the prominent features of President Taylor's administration. He died July 9, 1850, of bilious fever, in the 65th year of age, after having served the people as chief magistrate, one year four months and five days.

Millard Fillmore succeeded Taylor. His constitutional advisers were Daniel Webster, secretary of state; Thomas Corwin, secretary of the treasury; Charles M. Conrad, secretary of war; William A. Graham, secretary of the navy; Alexander H. H. Stuart, secretary of the interior; Nathan K. Hall, postmaster-general, and John J. Crittenden, attorney-general.

At this period of American history, there had sprung up a sect in the United States so singular and so powerful as to deserve a word of mention. This sect, known as Mormons, which has given the country so much trouble came into existence about 1830. Their founder Joseph Smith, a native of Vermont, pretended to have revelations from Heaven. In one of these he was directed to go to a hill near Palmyra, New York, where he would find a record of the ancient inhabitants of America and a new gospel for mankind, written centuries before, on plates of gold, in unknown characters and languages. From these plates (it was alleged) Smith, sitting behind a blanket to prevent their being seen by profane eyes, read the inscriptions, which were written down by a scribe who was not permitted to see the "leaves of gold." This copy was published under the name of "The Book of Mormon." It is said that investigation proved that the Rev. Solomon Spaulding, many years before, wrote a work of fiction, founded upon the theory that our continent was peopled by the "lost tribes of Israel;" that the manuscript came, by accident, into the hands of Smith, and that he read to his amanuensis from the manuscript, and not from any plates containing mysterious characters. He established the "Mormon church," which at first had but thirty members. He was

assisted by Sidney Rigdon, who, it is claimed, became possessed of Spaulding's manuscript, and placed it in the hands of Joseph Smith. They established themselves first in Kirtland, Ohio, then at Farwest, Missouri, from which place they were driven, finally settling at Nauvoo, Hancock county, Illinois. While at Kirtland, they were joined by a shrewd young man named Brigham Young, who in after years became the great Mormon ruler. Their peculiar religion, their intense bigotry and, it is said, utter disregard for the rights of property of others brought down upon these deluded people the indignation of their neighbors, who killed their prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hiram and drove them out of the country. They finally crossed the Mississippi and penetrated to the valley of the great Salt Lake, where, in 1848, they seated themselves in a most picturesque region, founded a city, built a temple and increased by thousands, and have proved an element of disturbance to the government ever since.

When Arthur Stevens returned home after the Mexican war, he had many remarkable stories to tell to his father. Among them, of course, he did not forget the meeting with the Estevans. He and Felipe began a correspondence, which was kept up during their lives. In all his correspondence, Felipe never mentioned his sister, directly or

indirectly. His letters indicated sadness and humiliation. He frequently spoke of going to Cuba, and gradually let out to Arthur a plan which some Mexicans and native Cubans had of liberating the island.

Arthur had been home several weeks before he met with Doctor Trunnels. The doctor had been off to capture some runaway negroes. Meeting him recalled to his mind what Felipe had told him of John, and John's story, which he related to his father.

"Do you believe it, Arthur?" Major Stevens asked.

"Yes. Felipe would not tell a falsehood. Whatever you may say of Mexicans generally, this family is the soul of honor and truth."

"Then Dr. Trunnels is an outlaw and a villain, yet hearsay evidence cannot be taken to convict him, and we can't prove it. We must let him go unpunished, for Doctor Trunnels is decidedly popular with the masses."

He then told Arthur of the letter he had received from John, which corroborated the Mexican's story.

Arthur realized how helpless they were to aid the unfortunate slave, and how hopeless a task it would be to bring Doctor Trunnels to justice. The story of a far-away Mexican would be re-

garded more as a tradition than truth, and John's letter could not be admitted as evidence.

The young captain, having retired from army life, was restless and inclined to rove. A letter from Felipe informed him that friends of Cuba were going to organize a force in the United States to free the island from the Spanish yoke. Felipe had relatives in Cuba, who kept him posted. General Lopez was even then in New York organizing an army for a second effort to liberate the island. This was of course done secretly, as the United States government was watching their movements with jealous eyes. Felipe wrote he had decided to join the expedition.

When Arthur read that letter, a strong desire seized him to join it also. It promised wild adventure, and he reflected that Lafayette, a foreigner, had come to assist the Americans gain their freedom, and why should not an American aid the Cubans? He said nothing to any one of his resolve; but under the pretence of going to California, where the gold excitement was at its height, he set out for New York. Letters from Felipe admitted him to a conference with General Lopez, and he was amazed to find over five hundred Americans enlisted under him, among them Colonel W. L. Crittenden, son of the attorney-general of the United States. This was in July, 1851.

General Lopez's Bahia-Honda or second expedition, as it is known in history, was ready to start for Cuba. Arthur found the general a tall, handsome man with dark, piercing eyes, and soul burning with republicanism. Colonel Crittenden, who acted as his lieutenant, was filled with enthusiasm. The mustering took place on a part of Long Island shore which was thinly populated. Arthur was quite sure he never saw a more motley crew. Almost every nationality on earth was represented. At midnight they embarked in boats and were rowed to the vessel in which they sailed. The general met them off Sandy Hook and came aboard. The greatest secresy was requisite, for United States cruisers were on the watch for them. Off Florida Keys they were met by a schooner, on board of which were Mexicans, Frenchmen and negroes.

To Arthur's joy, he found Felipe Estevan among the Mexicans. They had been rendezvousing there for some time to await General Lopez. Arthur, at his request, was transferred to the schooner, where he might be with his friend, and they talked over the old war times, when they fought, yet were friends. Arthur longed to ask him about Madelina, yet dared not do so. He was sure she had long since been immured in a convent and lost to the world forever.

There was little time for discussing the past or the future. General Narcisso Lopez, whose force was now swelled to several hundred persons of all nationalities, landed at Morrillo, near Havana. Never, perhaps, did an expedition evince more madness, for there were forty thousand Spanish soldiers at Havana. Lopez depended on the native Cubans rising in revolt, which they did not do. Fear of Spanish tyrants kept them in subjection, and the madness of the expedition soon became apparent to both Arthur and Felipe.

Leaving Colonel Crittenden at Morrillo, Lopez with the remainder went to Las Pozas. They had scarce left Crittenden, when he was surrounded by an overwhelming force, captured and shot. Arthur and Felipe had accompanied Lopez and so escaped capture and death; but the young men soon realized that the expedition was a failure.

"Felipe, this is madness," said Arthur, on the very day they reached Las Pozas. "The creoles will not rebel."

Grinding his teeth, the handsome young Mexican answered:

"The cowards dare not assert their freedom."

When the fierce struggle came at Las Pozas, Arthur and Felipe fought side by side, and right good work their muskets did that day. The overwhelming force of Spaniards was repulsed with

loss. It was late that night when Arthur and Felipe were summoned to the headquarters of the insurgent chief. They found him pacing back and forth in his small tent, his face expressing the deepest anxiety and apprehension.

"We must retire to the mountains," he said. "The few Cubans who did join us are about to desert, or have done so. True, we repulsed the Spaniards to-day; but they will come in force to-night."

When the retreat began, Arthur at once saw that the insurrection was doomed. They were pursued by Spanish dragoons, hunted and fired at, and their ranks decimated, until immolation seemed inevitable. The retreat became a flight. They were fugitives. Arthur said to Felipe:

"Let us separate from the others; and as we both speak Spanish fairly well, we may escape."

"It is the best we can do, señor."

At night they deserted the little party of Lopez, which a few hours later was captured. General Narcisso Lopez was taken to Havana with six others, where the general was garroted, September 1, 1851, and so ended the second Cuban revolt under Lopez.

When morning dawned, Arthur and Felipe found themselves alone in the deep woods, which are the most fascinating part of all Cuba. Ameri-

cans and Europeans can form little conception of Cuban forests. One has to see them to realize their wonder. Perhaps the noblest of them are in the region along the northern coast. There the stateliness and grandeur, as well as value of these forest trees are almost incredible. The fugitives wandered amid the guabrahaca, the colossal mahogany, the gueso, the guayco and a hundred different varieties of mammoth vegetation, forming deep and solemn shades in which they found friendly shelter.

On the third day's ramble, they came to one of those quaint, rural Cuban homes, occupied by an interior sugar planter. So far as Arthur could see, the structure itself and the daily life within and around this home, had not been affected by the uprising and revolution. He fancied it could have been seen just as it then was, centuries ago. Like most rural houses in Cuba, this was built of the porous Cuban stone, which hardens from exposure. It was immensely large in ground area, with but one lofty story in height; though under the centre of the roof, there was a guardilla, or garret, which the great New England hipped roof could not anywhere equal. Set up a few feet from the ground on large, square stone pillars, permitting free passage of air underneath, as with many southern plantation houses, huge beams of

guabrahaca rested on these, and upon this foundation the walls were laid.

There was something pleasant about the plantation which seemed to whisper of peace and security to the adventurers. They found the planter, a corpulent Cuban past sixty, a good-natured, jolly old fellow, talking with his confessor. He assured the young men that they could stay at his house as long as they wished, and no questions asked; and he gave them a significant wink. When they had feasted, he said he had a healthy apartment in the guardilla (garret) where they could rest undisturbed as long as they desired. The priest who was with them accompanied them to this apartment and for three weeks they lived here while Spanish horse, foot and dragoon were scouring the country in quest of the filibusters.

The old Cuban's pretty daughter Inez soon learned of the hiding-place of the young men and became their voluntary waiting-maid, also their scout and spy to report danger. That Felipe was impressed with her beauty and gentleness was quite apparent, and his love was returned.

Cuban revolts, like the tornadoes of the tropics, fierce as they may be, are soon over, and at the end of three weeks the fugitives could go and come without danger. One day Felipe saw a letter addressed to Antonio Estevan. Could the old

Cuban's name be the same as his own? He asked him and learned that he was Estevan, a descendant of the Hernando Estevan who came with Columbus. Would wonders never cease? Here were men of three nations, descendants from the same branch. It seems that there was a large family of Estevans in Cuba, descendants from Christopher Estevan, by a son born after Francisco and Rodrigo had departed from Spain and Mexico. This old sugar grower was one of them.

Since Felipe had become acquainted with the fair Inez, Arthur saw little of him and frequently wandered about the woods alone with a light fowling-piece shooting small birds. One day while in the forest, he was started by the baying of dogs and heard an exclamation of horror, with tearing and crushing of bushes near, and next moment a miserable creature came through the bushes and fell at his feet. The thing was scarcely clothed at all. The upper body was entirely naked; the head was covered with an almost brimless hat; short trowsers of coarse cotton came almost to the knees; while the lower limbs were naked, and the feet were bare and bleeding from running through the bushes and woods.

He could hardly tell whether it was human being or an animal, as it came out of the thicket on its hands and knees. As soon as the miser-

able creature discovered Arthur, he fell at his feet crying in English:

"Oh, moster—moster, God has sent you to save me!"

"Who are you?" asked Arthur.

"Moster, doan yo remember me, moster Arthur? It's John—John!"

"John!" cried Arthur in amazement. "What! can it be possible?" He gazed for a moment at the once handsome young mulatto, his father's favorite slave, and could hardly believe that this frightful-looking creature, whom misery and ill-treatment had made revolting to look upon, was the same person. But the voice of John convinced him.

"Moster, it's I—it's John, 'fore God, I is yo' nigger John. Save me, moster; I escaped, but they set the dogs after me. They are coming."

Arthur could hear the deep, terrible baying, not half a mile away, and he knew that the owner of the dogs was not far behind them. He was quick to think and act, for whatever was done, must be done quickly.

"John, get upon my shoulders—I must carry you."

"Carry me, moster?"

"In no other way can we throw the dogs off the scent."

"OH, MOSTER—MOSTER, GOD HAS SENT YOU TO SAVE ME!"

"But they'll scent yo footsteps."

"It will be a new trail and mislead them. Come, quick."

In a moment he had his father's slave on his shoulders, and hurried away along a narrow path. It was an odd sight at that age—a man carrying his own slave on his shoulders, assisting him to escape from a slave hunter. Arthur had no clear idea how he would get John away. In fact, he had very little hope of succeeding at all. He instinctively sought a place beyond immediate danger, and trusted to fate for the balance. He went as rapidly as possible, with the fugitive on his shoulders, wading streams, walking on stones and doing everything in his power to throw the dogs off his trail.

After half an hour, he paused by the side of a large mahogany tree and listened to the far-off baying.

"They are at fault now, John," he said in a tone of some encouragement.

"Let me walk, moster."

"Not yet; we must go a mile further."

They went two miles further, and sat on a fallen tree by the side of a small cataract to rest and listen. The dogs were so far away, they could scarce be heard. The plan seemed to be working; but the danger was not wholly over.

"Let me walk, moster—they would not scent me now."

"They would; wait, I have it!" and Arthur began to pull off his boots.

"What do yo mean, moster?"

"Put these on; then the dogs will be wholly at fault."

"And yo walk barefoot?"

"Yes, it is the only way. Come, make haste."

John asked no questions. He quickly donned the boots and, with Arthur limping along at his side over sticks and stones which bruised his tender feet, unaccustomed to such travel, they hurried on. The day was spent in trying to escape the dogs and hunters, and when evening came, they were at one of the cowsheds of the old planter, a short distance from the house.

"You must crawl in under the loft, John, and stay there for awhile," said Arthur.

"Moster, yo will save me? Promise me yo will save me, good moster."

"Alas, John, your poor master will hardly be able to save himself," said Arthur with a sigh. "Like you, I am a fugitive in this island, and I am hunted as yourself; but trust in heaven, and I will do all I can," answered Arthur, putting on the boots which John returned.

John crept into the shed among some mild-eyed

cows, that gave him a curious stare, sniffed the air, shook their heads in disapprobation of the intrusion and then resumed chewing their cuds in perfect contentment.

Meanwhile, Arthur had gone to the house of the Cuban. He took Felipe into his confidence and told him of the runaway, and expressed a determination to take him from the island.

"By the mass, my friend, I fear we will have enough to do to get away from the island ourselves."

"Dare we speak to Señor Estevan about him?"

"I will talk with Inez first about it. Señor Estevan has Spanish blood in his veins, and a Spaniard will risk almost anything."

He spoke to Inez and through her the father was reached. His sympathy was enlisted for the unfortunate John, and his young master, and he consented to dare and do all he could. John was transferred from the cowshed to one of the negro quarters, where it was made believe among the slaves that he was a newly purchased negro. The affair was managed with consummate care and skill, and the Cuban master and hunters were thrown completely off the trail.

One day, Arthur had John sent to him, and asked him about running away. He told him all. The duplicity of Dr. Trunnels was laid bare by

the negro, and the horror of Cuban slavery of which he had had a taste, would shock the reader.

"What has become of Nelly, John?"

At mention of her name, the poor fellow broke down and wept.

"Poor Nelly, moster—she is in Heaven now," sighed John. "It was hard for me to know she was dyin'; she was all I cared for on earth. For her I left the best moster in the world to go we thought to freedom; but it was to an awful death. I only saw her once or twice after we came to Cuba; we never got to talk much, for the mosters were 'round with whips to beat us. It's been a year ago now, as I was passin' a miser'ble hut, some one called my name. I went in, though I knowed I'd get a beatin'. There she lay, moster —black skinned—ignorant—dyin'—what did the world care if she lay there on that pile o' damp straw dyin'? They passed her door, and laughed and talked just the same, and the children on the corner never stopped playin'. 'John!' she called me. I was there. Old before her time, bruised and swollen, her heart ached, her poor dim eyes were full o' tears, moster. As I knelt at her side, I took her poor hand in mine.

"'John, how long was it?' she asked.

"'It's nigh onto four years, Nelly,' I answered, for I knowed her mind went back to the old Ken-

tucky home where we used to be so happy, and sung the same old songs to my banjo.

"'An' de others, John?'

"I knowed she was talkin' about them as come with us, and I said:

"'Dead—all dead. It's been twelve months since de last was brung back from de woods dead.'

"'An' yo is alone, John?'

"'No, not while you live.'

"'But I am goin', John; I'll soon be gone, an' den you may call Nelly,—Nelly,—Nelly, but she will be dead, and can't come back. An' de time has been long for you, John?'

"'Yes, honey. I has been pinin' an' longin' for to go de same way; but it can't be far to de end of de road.'

"'An we has been poo' and lowly?'

"'De same. Hunger, cold an' heat has been our companions, Nelly, since we left our old Kentucky home.'

"'John, John!' an' she spoke kinder peart like, for one who was dyin', 'de good Lawd who takes me will punish Doctor Trunnels for de way he deceive us—but no—no, I am dyin', John, an' I—forgive—Dr. Trunnels.'

"She didn't say no more for a long time, moster, but lay there holdin' my hand; den in a voice like some one floatin' off in the air, she said:

"'Good by, John,—good by,—good by,' an' she was gone."

John could tell no more. He sobbed, and even Arthur's eyes were not free from moisture. As he reflected on all this misery, he was constrained to say:

"This is one of the evils of the accursed systems of slavery."

Next day, Felipe proposed that they venture to Havana. As he and Arthur were strangers, they might go in safety. Señor Estevan had a brother in the city to whom he sent a letter. John was left behind with the assurance that Arthur would endeavor to get him out of the country. They went to the city, and the recent insurrection seemed wholly forgotten. General Lopez and the ring-leaders were dead, and the search for the others was ended. Arthur wrote a letter to his parents apprising them of his whereabouts and how he came there, and of finding John, which fact he asked them to keep a profound secret for the present. He assured them that the wanderer would soon return.

One day as he was strolling in the suburbs of the city, he espied a volante coming at a furious pace toward him. The driver had fallen from his saddle, and the frightened mule was running at full speed. He leaped before the ungainly animal,

struck at him with a stick, and checked him so that he seized his bit, and held him until the owner, an awkward negro, came up with many apologies in Spanish, half of which Arthur did not understand.

The young American glanced at the fair occupant of the volante and cried:

"Madelina, you here!"

"Captain Stevens!" she answered, as much amazed as himself.

"Will you permit me to ride with you?" he asked.

"Certainly, señor."

Seating himself at her side he asked:

"Why are you here, señorita?"

"I am searching for my brother," she whispered. "He joined the insurgents, and our parents are ill from anxiety and grief. I came to learn his fate."

What joy to Arthur to set her heart at ease! He did so in just four words:

"Your brother is safe!" Then he told her all, how, at Felipe's request, he had joined the insurgents. Their drive was a long one, and they talked over all the past and far into the future. She had not, as he supposed, entered a convent, or taken the black veil. He told her of Felipe's love affair, and as the volante finally halted to let the señorita out at the home of her friend, he said:

"Now, señorita, the branches of the Estevans of the South are reunited; let me once more implore you to reconsider your rejection of my suit. Let us fulfil the prophecy to the mother of our progenitors!"

She blushed, was silent for a moment and said:

"Wait! meet me in Puebla."

CHAPTER XX.

CONCLUSION.

ARTHUR felt a hope, long since dead, revived in his breast. Madelina's request to meet her at Puebla, he construed into a favorable answer to his long urged suit. Felipe met his sister, and plans were laid for an early departure. As it was not known that either Felipe or Arthur had had any part in the insurrection they were in little danger.

The sister and brother determined to set sail in three days for Vera Cruz, while Arthur decided to first go to New Orleans, to which place his father had sent him some remittances, and from thence sail for Vera Cruz and travel as rapidly as possible by private or public conveyance to Puebla.

He bade Felipe an adieu. He did not see Madelina, who purposely avoided him. Felipe, learning of Arthur's determination to go to Puebla to again woo his sister, encouraged him.

A bold smuggler on the coast, for a liberal reward, promised to take John to New Orleans,

where Arthur would find him. This the smuggler did, and when Arthur landed at the wharf, he found the delighted mulatto awaiting him. Arrangements were soon made for John to stay as an employee in a large sugar house until his master should call for him, and Arthur set out for Puebla.

We will skip over the long journey and come to the beautiful "city of the angels." The city still showed some of the ravages of war. Arthur tarried long enough only to get some needed rest and change his clothes, and set out for the hacienda in the best conveyance he could procure.

The old hacienda, with its profusion of flowers and delightful scenery, soon loomed up before him, and when he reached it, he found Felipe awaiting him, an eager smile on his face. Even the old general met him on the veranda, and greeted him kindly. The señora, a most excellent Mexican lady, hastened to welcome him.

"I can scarce believe you are an American," said the general. "We seem of the same family."

"After all, general, is not all the world akin? Our antipode brothers, though unlike us in any particular, are still our brothers, as we are descended from the first parents."

"True—true—but let us not discuss those questions; come in and have some refreshments."

The old general had some excellent wine brought,

and the traveller could not but contrast his present visit with his former one. He did not see Madelina until late in the evening, and then she appeared on the veranda arrayed in her most becoming costume. They strolled once more to the beautiful flower garden, and their voices were low and earnest, quivering with emotion.

When he took her hand, it trembled within his own; when his arm encircled her slender waist, the beauty of the sunny land forgot that he was a cold barbarian from the North, and did not ask him to remove it. When he poured the sweet story of love into her ears, she listened to it trembling with silent delight. They were alone, when finally he drew her to his heart, and their lips met in rapturous love kisses.

The prophecy of the old Spanish señora was fulfilled, the descendants of Francisco and Rodrigo were united in firmer bonds of love than the brothers of old.

Arthur pleaded an early wedding so earnestly, that his wishes were respected, and the marriage was celebrated at the great cathedral. Father Agatone solemnized it according to the Catholic church. With his bride, accompanied by her brother Felipe, he returned to New Orleans and, taking John with them, boarded a steamboat for Louisville.

Here John was left with some friends, for Arthur was determined to bring Dr. Trunnels to justice, and John's presence in Boone County might be detrimental to his plans.

Of Arthur's return home, the welcome he and his young and beautiful bride received at the old homestead, and how people came far and near to see the wonderful beauty from the South we may omit the details. Among those who came to see Madelina was Dr. Trunnels, whose ready wit and powers as a conversationalist would have turned a head less evenly balanced than hers.

"Arthur, your wife is a jewel," the doctor declared, when he and Arthur were alone. "I never met a woman possessing so many rare qualifications. Her mind is well stored with useful knowledge, she is charming and vivacious. Her brother, too, is a remarkable man; but he seems to avoid me. All my advances toward friendship are treated with absolute coolness."

Arthur could easily have explained why Felipe disliked the doctor. Although he tried himself to keep the doctor from suspecting his feeling, he found it impossible to do so. The doctor noticed his conduct and asked: "Arthur, why are you so cold and strange? I never did you wrong in word or thought. People don't understand me, and I cannot explain myself. I am the creature of un-

fortunate circumstances; I have been maligned by designing men, Arthur, and for some reason, I know not what, I have lost your friendship. I would I could regain it, but I know not how I can."

Such consummate skill did the villain exercise, that Arthur could but sympathize with him, though he knew full well he was guilty. He consulted with his father in regard to prosecuting the doctor. The next thing to do was to get positive evidence against him. Neither a slave nor a slave's statement could be taken as evidence, they must have a white witness.

One of Major Stevens' negroes called Jeff told his master that Dr. Trunnels had persuaded him to run away. Major Stevens told Jeff he would give him one hundred dollars if he would bring about an interview between himself and Dr. Trunnels, so that white witnesses could hear it. That might be done, as the place of meeting was the stiles near the old house.

Arthur learned that the doctor had lost some of his popularity on account of having espoused the cause of the Martins. The doctor had thwarted every effort to indict the Martins, and Bill and Usher had terrorized the county, while the girls lived such shameless lives, that the people drove them from the house in which they lived and burned it down. The doctor put them in a vacant

house on one of his farms, which so incensed the populace that they warned him they must go out of Boone County, or that house should burn over their heads, and his "elegant brick should follow suit." Acting on the advice of the now thoroughly alarmed Dr. Trunnels, the Martins moved over into Ohio.

Jeff was a shrewd darkey, and he made an appointment with Dr. Trunnels at the stiles of the vacant house to meet after the rising of the moon. He informed his master of the arrangements, telling him that five or six other negroes would be there also, to listen to the proposition to leave Kentucky and slavery for Canada and freedom.

"Our course is very easy now," said Arthur. "We can conceal ourselves under the stiles and hear all that is said."

Arthur took his brother-in-law Felipe and Lieutenant Warren with him. They went shortly after dark, before the rising of the moon, and reached the stiles before the doctor came. Prying off a board at the side, all three crept under and sat down to wait and listen. Arthur replaced the board, so that the suspicions of the doctor would not be excited.

Half an hour passed, and they heard footsteps approaching. The aroma of a fragrant Havana reached the men in ambush, and the doctor walked

leisurely along to the stiles, and unsuspicious of danger took his seat. The moon rose in the cloudless sky, round and full, and while the doctor sat watching it, quietly smoking, he saw dark forms stealing from the woods. The watchers under the stiles a few moments later heard him say:

"You have come, Jeff?"

"Yes, massa," Jeff returned. "De others am comin'."

In a moment more, the spies beneath the stiles were conscious of the presence of half a dozen persons above. They scarce breathed now for their eagerness to hear what he said.

"Well, boys, you are all here now," began Doctor Trunnels. "To what decision have you come?"

"Don' know, massa," Jeff answered.

"It is time you were making up your mind which you prefer, slavery or freedom."

"We mought be cotched and hunged, massa!" ventured one.

The doctor laughed a reassuring chuckle, as he responded:

"Have no fears, if you go with me. I have been running negroes out of Boone County for ten years and never yet has one who tried to escape by my underground railroad been caught or brought back. The colored people don't understand me,

—no one understands me. I have lived here at the risk of my life, pretending to hunt runaways and bring them back, but at the same time at the head of the largest association of abolitionists in the world. I have run off scores of niggers whom you know," and he named several who had mysteriously disappeared in the past few years. "Where are these? All safe in Canada, happy and free. Major Stevens' John, whom you all remember, is free, happy and on the road to wealth. There it is one eternal jubilee. There is no master to order you to work, you need not labor, you live to sing, to enjoy life, to dance. Who would not give up slavery for such freedom?"

"But how 'bout de money, massa?" one asked. "How much must we git?"

"Twenty-five dollars is required of each nigger."

"Twenty-five dollars each,—Golly, massa, dun know how I'll git dat much."

"Hasn't your master got it?"

"Yes, but he won't gib it to me to run off on, yah, yah, yah!" laughed the negro.

"Can't you take it?"

"How?"

"When he don't know it."

"Steal it?"

"You earned the money for him, and now that you are making a noble stroke for liberty, you are

entitled to it. You would be justified in taking it while he slept; but be careful not to have suspicion follow you."

The watchers under the stiles heard the plan from beginning to end. They waited until the conspirators had departed, and then emerged from their place of concealment. Arthur's face was very pale and firm, and next day he swore out a warrant against Dr. Trunnels, charging him with inciting slaves to run away, kidnapping, and conspiring to rob persons.

The arrest of Dr. Trunnels and the return of the negro John, which followed almost immediately after, produced a profound sensation throughout Boone and adjacent counties. The papers at Louisville contained columns concerning the affair, and, as usual, people were divided in regard to the guilt of Dr. Trunnels. The doctor failed to give bond, and he was taken at once to Burlington and incarcerated in jail. The grand jury, being then in session, indicted him.

To every one he declared:

"I am wronged and persecuted by my friends. This is all an unrighteous conspiracy to punish me, because I befriended the Martins. It is no use for me to be tried here, for I could not get justice in Boone County."

And acting on the theory that the whole county

was so prejudiced against him, that he could not get a fair trial, he made an affidavit for a change of venue, and his case was sent to another county, and he transferred to a jail on Licking River.

Dr. Trunnels, from the time of his incarceration, began the exercise of those peculiar talents which denoted, more than any other act of his life, the genius of the man. He was in a close place, and it required all his skill and diplomacy to extricate himself from the dilemma. The jailer named Dawes was a poor man, but thought to be honest. As is often done, he had been given the office as a matter of charity. Dr. Trunnels at once began to study the people with whom he had to deal, the jailer and his wife.

On first being incarcerated, he seemed in excellent spirits, but the weeks which rolled by told on him, and he grew melancholy. He won the confidence and the sympathy of the jailer and his wife, who soon granted him liberties which other prisoners did not enjoy. Knowing that the best way to reach a parent's heart is through their children, he made the acquaintance and gained the special friendship of the jailer's four little sons and one daughter. Professing some knowledge of phrenology, he examined the heads of the children during one of the evenings that the jailer permitted him to leave his cell and come to the rooms which

his family occupied. The reader will understand that a part of the jail building was used as a prison and a part as the home of the jailer. Mr. Dawes

"HE HAS THE FORENSIC ACUMEN REQUISITE TO A GREAT LAWYER."

frequently let Dr. Trunnels come to his room. It was during one of his visits that the doctor called the children to him one at a time, and, passing his

fingers through their flaxen hair, proclaimed each a prodigy in his line.

"This boy will make a great lawyer," said the doctor, passing his hand through the urchin's tangled locks. "A great lawyer. He has the forensic acumen requisite to a great lawyer."

The urchin winced and grinned. The next he examined he declared would make a great physician. A third would be a great financier, and the fourth a statesman. Wealth and honors awaited the Dawes family. He made the children numerous presents and on the birthday of little Henry Clay Dawes, he purchased for the child a toy fish, so charged with magnetism that it would follow the magnet across a bowl of water and seem to have life, while he edified the little folks with an impromptu lecture on magnetism and electricity.

But the doctor who had evinced so much interest in the Dawes family continued to repine and grew very low in spirits. Mrs. Dawes, whose tender heart was touched at the melancholy of the doctor, sought to encourage him. "Your trial will come soon, doctor," she said, "and then you will be acquitted."

He shook his head and with another sigh answered:

"No, no, good woman, I am innocent, but there is a conspiracy to ruin me. Because my heart

was touched with sympathy for poor old Martin and his wife, so that I overlooked the sins of their children, I have brought all this persecution on myself."

It was evening, and Dr. Trunnels and Mr. and Mrs. Dawes were alone.

"Doctor, do you fear a trial?" she asked.

"Mrs. Dawes, as sure as my case comes to trial, I will be convicted," said the doctor. "I feel it, I know it; but I am not the only innocent man who has suffered from prejudice. Even the Saviour of man was persecuted and convicted, innocent as he was."

"I wish you were out of it," said the jailer.

"Do you?"

"Yes, I do."

"Are you willing to help me out of it?"

"Yes, any way I can, so I don't get into trouble myself."

"I am always careful not to get my friends into trouble," said the doctor, drawing from an inside pocket of his coat a letter, sealed and stamped. "Here is a letter; post it."

The jailer did as he was requested. A few days later, a new doctor came to the town and opened an office. He called himself George Perryman, M.D. The prisoner soon became ill, and sent for the new doctor. The news was given out, that

Dr. Trunnels was dangerously ill, yet no physician save Dr. Perryman visited him.

One morning the news was spread all over the town that Dr. Trunnels was dead. A coffin was procured, and the body placed in it. Many who got a peep at the corpse said it did not much resemble the doctor, yet its being considerably emaciated accounted for lack of resemblance. The body was interred, and a few days later the new doctor disappeared.

Now comes the strangest part of the story. Mr. Dawes, the honest jailer, a few weeks after the death and burial of Dr. Trunnels, expressed a desire to emigrate, and, being poor and respected, the good people raised funds and bought a flat boat with a cabin and furniture for him to leave in, and moored the boat on the banks of the river, until his family could go aboard. Uncle Billy Neff, an old Kentuckian who was addicted to periodical spells of intoxication, and who had been in one of his spells for several days, swore that at midnight he saw Dr. Trunnels leave the jail and go aboard the flat boat.

This story caused many to smile. The more superstitious, having faith in Uncle Billy's veracity, thought that he must have seen a spirit, while the incredulous declared it was the spirits Uncle Billy had imbibed. As the boat left during the

night, gained the Ohio and proceeded on its voyage, no one knew where, the matter could never be fully inquired into. The most sceptical could not but admit that there was something strange in the death and burial of Dr. Trunnels.

Major Stevens, who had long studied the peculiar genius and talents of the doctor, believed that he was still alive. John, the returned slave, was a sad negro. He advised his fellow slaves to stay with their masters and be content with their lot, declaring:

"You might make it a mighty sight worse, ef yo' try to do better."

Captain Arthur Stevens became one of the most prosperous farmers in Kentucky. His lovely wife was thoroughly Americanized in a short time. Her gentle disposition won many friends, and those who at first thought Arthur had gone a long distance to get a wife afterward declared he had been paid for going.

Felipe remained a few weeks with his sister, after she had become domiciled in her new Kentucky home in one of the fairest regions of the State, then he bade her adieu, and boarding a steamer at Louisville, went to New Orleans, where he sailed for Havana. There he met the fair Inez and was married.

The great gold excitement in California was at-

tracting the attention of the people of all nations, and a letter from Felipe apprised Arthur of the fact that he was going to try his fortune in the land of gold.

Weeks rolled on into months, and then Arthur received a letter from his brother-in-law, which settled beyond a doubt the question of Dr. Trunnels' death. In his letter Felipe said:

"Dr. Trunnels is alive. I have seen him, also the Dawes family, and talked with young Dr. Perryman. They are all here. The body buried in Kentucky was a subject purchased for dissection from some medical college or hospital at Louisville. Dr. Trunnels planned the whole affair."

The subsequent fate of Dr. Trunnels is not known. There was a rumor, that a man answering to the description of the doctor was seen in San Diego tending bar. It is said that an old acquaintance from Kentucky, who had wandered to the land of gold, sauntering into the bar-room at San Diego, cried:

"Hello, Dock, how air ye?"

Upon which, the bar-tender fixed his eyes on his face and said:

"Depart from me, ye worker of iniquity, I know ye not."

A few words more in regard to the development of the country whose history is indissolubly con-

nected with the Stevens family, and we will close. Shortly after Arthur Stevens' return, this country added millions of acres to her territory by the Sioux purchase in the territory of Minnesota. Territories and States were increasing in number and swelling the volume of representatives in the national legislature. To accommodate these, the halls of legislation had to be enlarged, and in the summer of 1851, the corner-stone of the extension to the capitol was laid by President Fillmore, with appropriate Masonic ceremonies, on which occasion Daniel Webster delivered one of his famous orations.

In the year 1852, there was some slight trouble with Great Britain, in consequence of the alleged violation by American fishers on the coast of British America, of the Ashburton treaty. The president sent a naval force to protect the fishermen of the country, and for awhile trouble seemed imminent; but the matter was patched over. Every one knows, however, that the fishery question is still an open dispute.

In 1853, Commodore M. C. Perry succeeded in establishing friendly relations with Japan, and ever since intercourse between that country and our nation has been free and cordial.

The sympathy manifested by a large portion of the people of the United States in the efforts of

Lopez in Cuba gave rise to suspicion in Europe that it was the policy of the United States to ultimately possess that island and assume control over the Gulf of Mexico (the open door to California) and the West India Islands, which were owned chiefly by France and England. To prevent such a result, the governments of these two countries asked the United States to enter into a treaty with them, which should secure Cuba to Spain, by agreeing to disclaim "now and forever hereafter all intentions to obtain possession of the Island of Cuba," and "to discountenance all such attempts to that effect, on the part of any individual or power whatever." To this invitation Mr. Edward Everett, secretary of state, replied, in the spirit of the "Monroe Doctrine," that the question was an American and not an European one, and not properly within the scope of the interference of European cabinets; that the United States did not intend to violate any existing neutrality laws; that the government claimed the right to act in relation to Cuba independently of any other power, and that it could not see with indifference "the island of Cuba fall into the hands of any other power than Spain."

Mr. Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire was elected successor to Mr. Fillmore, with William R. King of Alabama vice-president. The whigs

nominated General Winfield Scott and William A. Graham, but were defeated.

The administration of Mr. Pierce was peaceful and the country prosperous. The acquisition of California opened the way for an immense commercial interest on the Pacific coast, and in the spring of 1853, congress sent four armed vessels to the eastern shores of Asia, by way of Cape Horn, to explore the region of the Pacific Ocean, which it was evident would soon be traversed by American steamships plying between the ports of our western frontier and Japan and China. About this time, the government of the Sandwich Islands was making overtures for the annexation of that ocean-empire to the great North American republic, as similar overtures are being made to-day. This aroused the jealousy of France and England, who felt disposed to interfere in the matter; but a change of rulers on the islands put an end to the discussion.

In 1854, Stephen A. Douglas presented a bill in the senate for the creation of two vast territories in midcontinent to be called, respectively, Kansas and Nebraska. The bill provided for giving permission to the inhabitants of those territories to decide for themselves whether slavery should or should not exist within their domain. This revived the old slavery question again with tenfold

more force than before, and in Kansas especially, civil war prevailed. The worst element of both parties swarmed in this unfortunate territory. Murder and rapine were so common that the territory was called the bleeding Kansas.

William Walker, a Californian, organized an invasion into Nicaragua in 1855, which at first was unsuccessful, but at last he succeeded in getting a foothold and had himself elected president, but was finally driven from the isthmus. The Walker expedition, some Indian troubles in Washington and Oregon Territories, with the continual troubles on the border of Kansas and Missouri between the jay-hawkers on one side, and red-legs, or border ruffians, or guerillas on the other, each guilty of the worst atrocities, were all that disturbed the otherwise peaceful administration of Franklin Pierce.

But there were premonitions. The very air seemed full of warning, and the friends whose career we have followed so long, living in their peaceful Kentucky homes, felt that the bolt would strike soon;—but where or when? They who had humbled the pride of one nation, might soon witness their own humiliation. Who could tell?

THE END.

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CHRONOLOGY.

PERIOD XI.—AGE OF SUPREMACY ABROAD.

A.D. 1824 TO A.D. 1854.

1825. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS inaugurated president; "era of prosperity,"—March 4.

1826. DEATH of two ex-Presidents, Adams and Jefferson,—July 4.

1828. AMERICAN SYSTEM or Protective Tariff becomes a national policy.

1829. ANDREW JACKSON inaugurated president,—March 4.

PARTISAN APPOINTMENTS in the civil service began.

1830. ACCESSION OF WILLIAM IV. to the throne of Great Britain,—June 26.

PETER COOPER'S ENGINE on Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the first to transport passengers,—Aug. 28.

1831. DEATH of ex-President Monroe,—July 4.

1832. BLACK HAWK WAR in Wisconsin and Illinois.

"NULLIFICATION" in South Carolina; convention met at Columbia,—Oct. 25.

1833. JACKSON began second presidential term,—March 4.

1834. INDIAN COUNTRY formed,—June 30.

1835. SEMINOLE WAR began in Florida.

GENERAL THOMPSON and others killed at Fort King, Fla.,—Dec. 28.

MAJOR DADE and 100 men massacred in Florida, —Dec. 28.

1836. TEXAS became independent of Mexico,—April 22.
ARKANSAS admitted into the Union,—June 15.
WISCONSIN TERRITORY formed,—July 3.
CREEK WAR began in Georgia.

1837. MICHIGAN admitted into the Union, doubled the original thirteen,—Jan. 26.
MARTIN VAN BUREN inaugurated president,—March 4.
ACCESSION OF VICTORIA to the throne of Great Britain,—June 20.
BATTLE OF OKEECHOBEE, Fla.; Taylor defeated the Indians,—Dec. 25.

1838. CANADIAN REBELLION; attempt to gain independence.
IOWA TERRITORY formed,—July 3.

1841. WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON inaugurated president,—March 4.
DEATH of President Harrison,—April 4.
JOHN TYLER inaugurated president,—April 6.

1842. CLOSE of the Seminole War; peace proclaimed,—Aug. 14.
DORR'S REBELLION in Rhode Island; attempt to obtain a constitution.

1844. MORSE'S TELEGRAPH established between Baltimore and Washington.

1845. FLORIDA admitted into the Union,—March 3.
IOWA admitted into the Union,—March 3.
JAMES K. POLK inaugurated president,—March 4.
NAVAL ACADEMY opened at Annapolis, Md.,—Oct. 10.
GUN-COTTON invented.
TEXAS admitted into the Union,—Dec. 29.

1846. MEXICAN WAR; Thornton's party captured east of the Rio Grande,—April 26.

FORT BROWN bombarded from Matamoras,—May 3–9.

TAYLOR marched from Point Isabel to relieve Fort Brown,—May 7.

BATTLE OF PALO ALTO; Taylor defeated 6,000 Mexicans under Arista,—May 8.

BATTLE OF RESACA DE LA PALMA; Taylor captured La Vega,—May 9.

CONGRESS declared war to exist by act of Mexico, —May 13.

MATAMORAS captured by Taylor,—May 18.

OREGON boundary established by treaty with Great Britain,—June 15.

FRÉMONT defeated Californians, at Sonoma, Cal., —June 25.

KEARNEY'S march from Fort Leavenworth, Kan., began,—June 30.

CALIFORNIA declared independent by American settlers at Sonoma,—July 4.

MONTEREY, CAL., captured by Commodore Sloat,—July 7.

CALIFORNIA declared a part of the United States at Monterey,—July 7.

YERBA BUENA, CAL. (now San Francisco), captured by Commodore Montgomery,—July 9.

COMMODORE STOCKTON arrived at Monterey, Cal., July 23.

WILMOT PROVISO offered, prohibiting slavery in acquired territory,—Aug. 8.

SANTA FÉ, N. M., occupied by Kearney,—Aug. 18.

MONTEREY, MEXICO, under Ampudia, captured by Taylor,—Sept. 24.

DONIPHAN'S MARCH from Santa Fé to Saltillo.

TAMPICO, MEXICO, possessed by Commodore Connor,—Nov. 14.

BATTLE OF BRACITO, N. M.; Doniphan victorious,—Dec. 25.

EL PASO, MEXICO, occupied by Doniphan,—Dec. 27.

IOWA re-admitted into the Union with present boundaries,—Dec. 28.

1847. BATTLE OF SAN GABRIEL RIVER, Cal.; Kearney defeated Californians,—Jan. 8.

YERBA BUENA named San Francisco,—January.

BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA (Taylor's last battle); Santa Anna defeated,—Feb. 23.

BATTLE OF SACRAMENTO, Mexico; Doniphan victorious,—Feb. 28.

VERA CRUZ and Fort San Juan d'Ulloa surrendered to Scott,—March 27.

BATTLE OF CERRO GORDO PASS; Scott defeated Santa Anna,—April 18.

PUEBLA taken without a battle; Scott remained three months,—May 15.

MORMONS, under Brigham Young, arrived at Salt Lake Valley,—July 24.

BATTLE OF CONTRERAS; Mexicans defeated in twenty minutes,—Aug. 20.

BATTLE OF CHURUBUSCO; Mexicans retreated,—Aug. 20.

WORTH captured Molino del Rey, outer defense of Chapultepec,—Sept. 8.

FORTRESS OF CHAPULTEPEC captured,—Sept. 13.

CITY OF MEXICO entered by Americans under Scott,—Sept. 14.

LANE defeated Santa Anna at Huamantla,—Oct. 9.

1848. GOLD discovered on a branch of the Sacramento, Cal.,—Jan. 19.

TREATY OF PEACE signed at Guadaloupe Hidalgo,—Feb. 2. (First Mexican cession ceded to the United States.)

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS died,—Feb. 20.
WISCONSIN admitted into the Union,—May 29.
OREGON TERRITORY formed,—Aug. 14.
EX-PRESIDENT VAN BUREN, first candidate of the Free Soil party.

1849. MINNESOTA TERRITORY formed,—March 3.
ZACHARY TAYLOR inaugurated president,—March 5.

1850. DEATH of President Taylor,—July 9.
MILLARD FILLMORE inaugurated president,—July 10.
COMPROMISE OF 1850, or "Omnibus Bill," passed,—Sept. 9. (Repealed Missouri Compromise of 1820.)
CALIFORNIA admitted into the Union,—Sept. 9.
UTAH TERRITORY formed,—Sept. 9.
FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW passed,—Sept. 12.
SLAVE TRADE prohibited in the District of Columbia,—Sept. 17.
TEXAS CESSION of territory to the General Government,—Nov. 25.
PRESENT unorganized territory a part of the Texas cession,—Nov. 25.
NEW MEXICO TERRITORY formed,—Dec. 13.

1853. WASHINGTON TERRITORY formed,—March 2.
FRANKLIN PIERCE inaugurated president,—March 4.
DEATH of Vice-President William R. King, at Cahawba, Ala.,—April 18.
GADSDEN PURCHASE from Mexico,—Dec. 30.

JAN 17 1935 E. Kirkland
NOV 29 1941 C. Hoppin
FEB 10 1943 M. Davis
OCT 29 1943 Wilma Watson

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